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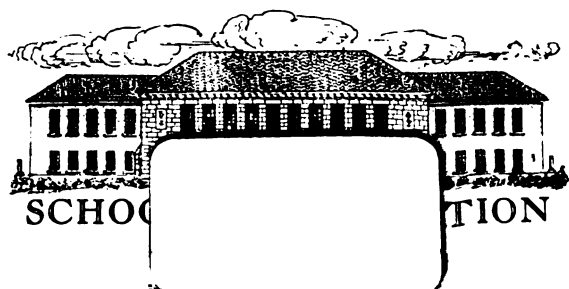
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**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR**



Sincerely yours,
James M. Taylor

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR

(1848-1916)

The Biography of an Educator

By

ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, VASSAR COLLEGE,

CO-AUTHOR WITH JAMES MONROE TAYLOR OF "VASSAR"



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TO
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR
PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE, 1886-1914

SEER AND BUILDER

**WHO TRANSMUTED THE PRACTICAL
INTO THE IDEAL, AND CONSECRATING
HIS LIFE TO THE EDUCATION OF
WOMEN HELD HIGH THE TORCH OF
LIBERAL CULTURE AND SOCIAL
RIGHTEOUSNESS, BY ASPIRATION, DE-
VOTION, AND ACHIEVEMENT DURING
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS, THE SECOND
FOUNDER OF VASSAR COLLEGE.**

PREFACE

The justification for my attempting to write the life of Doctor James Monroe Taylor is this. After we had completed the History of Vassar in collaboration, I protested that its account of his own time was too factual and colorless to be an adequate picture of his work for the college. Doctor Taylor replied: "Never mind. You may add another chapter about me after I am gone." This book is the other chapter. I have tried to make it, not a mere study in the history of education, but a living portrait, and I am grateful to many friends, most of all to Doctor Taylor's family, for the coöperation and the generosity about the use of letters which has made possible a semi-autobiography.

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**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR**

CHAPTER I

Childhood and Early Education, 1848-1864

*"Everywhere around us
Stand the closed portals of events unknown."
Sákoontalá.¹*

THE Taylor stock, according to the genealogical records,² came from that Norman Baron Taillefer who accompanied William the Conqueror to England and, riding with a song on his lips to battle, fell at Hastings before the eyes of the monarch.³ Taillefer's family received from the Conqueror large estates in the County of Kent, and here generation after generation of Taylors and Taylors appeared in possession until the time when one Edward Taylor emigrated to America in 1692 to receive lands in New Jersey, bequeathed him by a brother. This Edward's grandson, John Taylor (son of another Edward), settled in Charlton, Saratoga County, in 1774, and was Judge of the County Court there from 1809-1818. He and his wife had nine chil-

¹ The quotations at the beginnings of chapters are from a notebook and memoranda kept by Doctor Taylor.

² "The Genealogy of Judge John Taylor and his Descendants," by Elisha Taylor, 1886.

³ See Bulwer-Lytton's description in "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings."

dren, of whom Richard, born 1777, was the grandfather of the subject of this biography. Richard Taylor was a prosperous merchant living in Delphi, Onondaga County, New York, a fine-looking man of vigor and geniality, according to his portrait. He was married four times, the last time to Mrs. Phebe Clark, who bore him two sons, James Monroe Taylor and Elisha E. L. Taylor, father of our James Monroe Taylor who was named for his uncle. As both Richard Taylor and Mrs. Clark had children by former marriages, this Taylor family, too, was a large one, and Elisha was brought up in a circle of half-brothers and sisters. One of Richard Taylor's chief delights was a good horse, and Elisha remembered with pleasure how, when he was four years old, he was put on a horse with his brother to ride to mill and *stayed on*. A horse seemed, indeed, such an essential of living to the father that when his son, Elisha, went to college his horse went with him! It was ironic that the old gentleman met his death by being thrown from a wagon, while he was driving. The wife, Phebe, was described recently by an old clergyman as "a Mother in Israel" known for "hospitality to the saints" (that is, the visiting clergy). She was a thrifty and capable housewife and a mother who won and held the affection of her sons. A remarkable joint letter written to their son Elisha while he was in Hamilton Seminary shows the religious zeal and the character of both parents.

To Elisha E. L. Taylor.

DELPHI June 30th 1831

MY DEAR SON

We recd your letter of the 25th Instant yesterday and was gratified to hear from you although all the inteli-

gence was not just such as we could desire; particularly of the pain in your side and stomach. It is probably the effect of Study and I think likely exercise would be good, but you must consult others that have suffered the like affliction as to the best method to pursue and also be observing yourself so as to learn and profit by your own experience and in all cases let your judgment and experience dictate your conduct rather than your fancy and inclination. I wish you my son in all your letter writing to endeavour to take time to compose your letter and review it before you send it. There are several words left out of this one that we recd. It will be of special benefit to you through life as well as great satisfaction to you to learn to commit your thoughts to paper and communicate your ideas in that way in an easy elegant manner, particularly if you should fill any public station in life: it will therefore, be well for you to spend as much time in this way as can be well spared and attend to other duties. I wish you to keep a little book to enter every Item in, that you lay out that we may see and judge of the fitness of the appropriation. And I wish you to make it a maxim in your setting out, to save every Item of expense that will not specially hinder your progress in study or in some way materially injure your usefulness and in this get the advise of others of more years and experience than your self particularly Mr. W. who has Interested himself so much in your welfare, and to whom I trust you and all the rest of us will ever feel gratefull. It is gratifying to learn by your letter that you appear in some good degree to appreciate the duty and priviledge of prayer and my son it is a glorious priviledge and it is what I would not and I hope and trust you would not be deprived of for any earthly good. I hope my son you will be faithful in your attention to your studies whilst you are there for we know not how long you may have the priviledge, nor what the Lord has designed for you to do. I would not wish to be over anxious about it for the Lord will provide for all

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that put their trust in him and obey his will. But if it should please him to qualify you for the Ministry and send you forth to proclaim the glad tidings of Salvation, it would be peculiarly gratifying to me. I would wish however in this as well as all other concerns to say from the heart not my will but thine O Lord be done. The time here is short and I have often thought that our passage through life to the great place of residence throughout eternity is not unlike going to market with a Drove, it is a matter of comparatively little importance whether the road is good or bad or the places of entertainment are commodious or indifferent if we arrive safe, find a good market, make a good sale and return safe home with our wealth. Although in our passage we cannot but have a choice. And so to us if we are so happy as to arrive at the haven of Eternal rest, the disproportion of our life of sorrow and trouble to an Eternity of happiness is so great that it dwindles to insignificance and we may well say that the only way to estimate the value of anything is by eternity. I shall leave the other side for your Mother to fill, who will give you such information as she thinks interesting. My son your parents need your prayers, do remember them and endeavour to be usefull in some way while the lamp of life holds out to burn. "Trust in the Lord and do good and verily thou shalt be fed." May God prepare us for his holy will and pleasure here but especially for that happy state where sin is never permitted to enter is the earnest desire and sincere prayer of your Father.

R. TAYLOR.

MY DEAR CHILD

It was with tears of grattitude to God I trust that I received your letter yesterday. I cannot express my feelings when I think of the Change that I hope and trust has been wrought in your Heart of late. O that we could give God all the Glory and never cease to thank and Praise and Love him forever and ever. My Earnest

Prayer and Desire is that you may be Dedicated to the Lord both time and Tallant and Devote the Rest of your Life to His service and His Cause. All want to see you very much. James often speaks of you and says he is agoing to see Elisha. I am in hast the Feemale Prayer meeting is here this afternoon and it is pase one o'clock now. Give best Respects to Our Friend Mr. W. and all the rest of the Dear Friends of Christ and except a large share for yourself. Pray for us.

PHEBE TAYLOR.

Elisha Taylor's children knew these grandparents only through the vivid recollections of their father. So, too, by family tradition they came to a proud acquaintance with that great-uncle, John W. Taylor, member of Congress from Saratoga County, and speaker of the House, whose ringing pioneer speech against slavery at the time of the Missouri Compromise is quoted by Horace Greeley in "The American Conflict."¹ His portrait, which hangs in the Capital, has the large brown eyes and the distinguishing features of the Taylor family.

Grandfather Perkins was the only grandparent known to James Monroe Taylor and his brothers and sisters. The Perkins family was an old Massachusetts family that came to this country in 1623, but the Rev. Aaron Perkins (the grandfather) began his preaching in Latintown, near Marlborough, New York, and married there Deborah Smith, whose family had lived in Ulster County since 1700. Grandmother Perkins was a name associated with music for the Taylor children; they remembered being told (as Doctor Taylor's sister writes) how, "when her last hours were near, Grandmother asked

¹ Vol. I, pp. 77-8, (Hartford 1873).

her 'boys' to stand around her and sing 'The Shining Shore,' and the thought of this cheerful hymn sung by the harmonious voices of her sons made a lasting and pleasant impression upon our childish minds as of a brave and cheery faring forth upon the unknown sea. With this, too, was associated the simple and beautiful words we saw on her gravestone: 'Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her.' "

Grandfather Perkins lived in Leavenworth, Kansas, in the latter part of his life and there witnessed many of the exciting Indian troubles and the pre-war agitations; saw, indeed, a man hanged to a tree near his own house. A staunch abolitionist himself, he narrowly escaped a similar fate, as masked men called for him one night when, providentially, he was out of town. His grandchildren (as grandchildren will) remember not only his tall, commanding presence, but also his great wig, his habit of drinking green tea, and the fact that when James was a young minister in South Norwalk, Grandfather, on being asked to preach on each visit and accepting, always told the congregation solemnly that he should doubtless never see their faces again, or they his. He was *the* Grandparent to the children and had all the affection that might have been divided among four.

Against such rather vague memories of forbears stands out a peculiarly bright picture of the home life of James Taylor and all it meant to him as a child and in after life; and in the center of that picture are father and mother. The father, Reverend Elisha E. L. Taylor, received his education (classical and theological) at Madison University, Hamilton, New York, 1831-1839, and

after a year more of graduate work there began in Brooklyn that ministerial service which was to last twenty-five years. Mr. Taylor entered upon his labors in a church recently organized, the Pierrepont Street Baptist church, but as soon as it was well developed, with a pioneer band of church members he left it (in 1849) to organize a mission church, the Strong Place. This, too, he built up to power before temporary ill health compelled his resignation in 1865. Then, merely stopping to take breath, he accepted a Secretaryship in the Home Mission Society, with special charge of schools for the American Indians, and as his last activity raised a Church Edifice Fund of \$300,000 to help struggling churches in building,—a mere extension of his mission field interests. Such were the public activities of a long life devoted single-heartedly and happily to the cause of religion. Those who knew the son, James, but not the father, will be interested to find that the qualities which built the success of the Reverend Elisha Taylor were consecration to service, absolute frankness of nature, uncompromising support of principles, breadth of sympathy, tact and unfailing energy in work,—all peculiarly characteristic of his son.

During his student days in Hamilton, Elisha Taylor met a young boarding-school girl who afterwards, on the eve of her eighteenth birthday, became his wife. This was Mary Jane Perkins, second daughter of the Reverend Aaron Perkins,—“The prettiest girl in the school,” she was called,—and the qualities her children most remembered in her were her loving nature and her natural “gaiety of heart.” Elisha and Mary Taylor had six sons and three daughters, and these brothers and sisters,

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with only two or three years between their successive birthdays, were the happiest of comrades in play or work, the boys going off to school, then to college, in relays that delightfully overlapped and helped weld their strong family feeling. "As a family, we children were fairly clannish in our fondness for each other," one brother writes.

The earliest picture of the Henry Street home in Brooklyn, where all but three of the children were born, is in a letter of 1854, written to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who were taking a much-needed rest in Europe away from their family of five small children. (It is interesting to note that, as they crossed on a sailing vessel, the voyage took twenty-three days.) Phoebe Hart, friend and caretaker of the three younger children (the two older boys were in boarding-school), writes in delicate hand and with fine feeling exactly the sort of picture the anxious young mother must have craved.

To Mrs. Elsha E. L. Taylor.

BROOKLYN, July , 1854.

It is eight o'clock and for half an hour, I have been sitting with my eyes intently fixed on the happy group before me, and listening to the sounds which you have so often been delighted with. It is church time. Jamie, Charlie, Mary, Annie and myself compose the Audience. Charlie has just given out the hymn, and they are now singing, "See the smiling sunbeams." And I wish you could see the *smiling sunbeams*. Dear little Mary is sitting close at my side, holding her book, and singing as sweetly as any little bird. Jamie and Charlie are sitting opposite, they require *considerable* room for their *performance* on the *Piano*, and generally take seats at a respectful distance from little "Sister." Jamie



"The Growing Boy."

has requested Charlie to "prayer," and poor child, if he had been put in the *stocks* he could not have put on a more *woebegone countenance* as he said, "Say, Jamie, I *can't* prayer." Now they are singing, "*Twinkle, Twinkle, little star,*" after which they will dismiss. I love to write 'mid scenes like these. I think they bring you nearer home, as you are no stranger to them. Need I say we are well?

Family tradition records that the brothers considered themselves chivalrous protectors of the baby sister in their parents' absence, and that when she cried, they attempted to administer swift and condign punishment to the old nurse, holding her responsible for Mary's tears!

The letter-picture of the boys of six and four shows how early was started the family custom of a good "sing." Negro melodies, college songs, civil war songs, hymns were all included in the repertoire. "Especially memorable for these good times," writes a member of the family, "were our Saturday nights, when the two business brothers came home, often with guests, and also our family reunions at holiday seasons, which were never considered complete without a 'sing.' Sunday evenings we always sang hymns, generally from memory, each member calling his choice."

The Henry Street home was filled not only with the large and happy family and many relatives whom the spirit of the clan assembled frequently, but by many other guests "well-known men and women of interest, and my memories of the table conversation of our childhood were of much spirited talk on national, civic or religious questions, and of the widest interest in affairs of world-wide importance." Even in the midst of such conversa-

tions as these, at Sunday dinner when guests were often present "the Father's warning 'Boys!' was sometimes needed to restrain the live wires who had their own jokes and discussions at their end of the table." Sundays were not hushed or restrained days in the minister's family, and there were no torturing catechisms. All were expected to go to church and Sunday School, but the latter, at least, was distinctly enjoyed, partly, no doubt, because of the hearty singing favored there and the general sociability. Then there were books to read in the afternoon, though the pleasure in them was partly dampened by the father's habit of asking each child to tell at the supper table what he had read, "a performance much detested," and there was the regular family "sing" at night.

From this house on Henry Street the children would take a ten minutes' walk to a school on Tompkins Place, kept by Mr. A. T. Baldwin, a member of their father's church. "Daddy Baldwin," as the boys called him, was "a conscientious and painstaking man, thorough in his methods and a good drill-master." He was in the habit of keeping a "School Diary" of each pupil in a printed form which could be exhibited week by week to the parent at home, signed, and returned. Inside the cover of this small book is the motto "Just as the Twig is bent the Tree's inclined," and below the use of the diary is explained: "As a Diary exhibits to the teacher and the parent the diligence or negligence of the pupil, it therefore often incites to increased efforts on the part of the latter to gain the meritorious marks. Hence it is considered by many teachers an invaluable auxiliary in their arduous profession." In the diary at hand, James M.

and in spite of a quick temper was an excellent teacher, thrilling the boys by the richness of his comments on Vergil, and making all his students enjoy even the pursuit of English grammar. He had certain unique methods of his own to vary routine,—purchased a sail-boat and on Friday afternoons used to take the whole school out on the river and hold classes in Grammar and public speaking as they sailed down the stream. The boy, declaiming with one arm around the mast, must have gained inspiration from his unique rostra.

Seven essays written by James at Essex are before me, the first six when he was eleven and twelve years old, on "Happiness," "Politeness," "Friendship," "America, the Land of Liberty," "A Visit to New York," and "Japan and the Japanese." The first two are very ethical and the one on "Happiness" (Dec. 9, '59) with stoic decision crushes all hedonistic conception of the subject. "Happiness," it begins, "consists in doing as we ought and behaving well. If we do a kind act, we will be happy and know we have done some good." Surely, as President Anderson was to say later, the child of eleven was father to that teacher of Ethics who introduced generation after generation of Vassar students to the "stern daughter of the voice of God!" The essay on "Friendship" is equally as typical of the James Taylor who maintained friendships for over fifty years. It begins "Friendship is intimacy united with affection. It is very important to have friends if they are good ones, but if they are bad ones it is bad for us."

The next essay is equally ethical, but more childish. "Politeness consists in behaving well at all times, but not in wearing fine clothes, and carrying a watch; but if we

Taylor's record is given from Feb. 11 to July 1, 1859, and it is interesting to note that except for an occasional lapse in geography and deportment the small boy maintained a "perfect" record during these weeks. How high a value the father put upon education is shown by the fact that although he was a minister with a large family whose household had to be governed by economy, every child was offered a college education (only one refusing it to go into business).

The boys were prepared for College at a boarding-school in Essex, Connecticut, whither Albert and Morgan went first, later James, then Charles. To this school James went in '59, at the age of eleven, and his first letter written home to his parents is preserved, July 16, '59. The small boy requests piously: "When you send my trunk up here, please send my Bible in it," but adds in a more natural postscript: "How much can I have for spending money. I hope nine cents." He says proudly also: "I have not been homesick and hope I shall not be" (this on the day after arrival!).

The Essex Seminary was situated on a high hill, known as "The Hill of Science" (probably because the village academy was also there), and from the building there was a fine view up and down the Connecticut River. About twenty boys attended the school and all sat at one long table in the dining-room with the principal, Mr. Cummings, and his wife in the center. No one could begin to eat until all were served and Mr. Cummings held up his fork as a signal. The boys slept in small bedrooms, not in large wards. School-room hours were long, from 8:30 to 12, from 1 to 4, and an hour in the evening. Mr. Cummings himself taught all the classes

joined from the boat at sea and the test showed that messages passed, he went down into his cabin and wept. The last essay, "Our Country," written in 1864, the year before James went to college, is about the war and full of fiery rhetoric.

The outdoor life of the boys at Essex was free and vigorous. There were skating on the river in winter, rowing, swimming, and ball games in summer. The first day of skating was always a half holiday, although the boys each year had to go through the solemn formality of petitioning for this privilege. "Jim" as he was called at home and in school, was in all sports, was a good oarsman in the boat of the rowing club, a good skater, runner and swimmer, and good at baseball; indeed, was always to be reckoned with as an all-round sport. One fortnightly report about James sent home by Mr. Cummings, May 15, 1861, has under the heading "Remarks": "Appears thus far to be one of the best boys I ever knew." Dec. 21, the principal commented: "Still as much a favorite as ever," and on Feb. 15, '62, he remarked: "A Jewel of a boy and can be made up a man." All these reports bear the highest mark, 8, under every heading,—scholarship, deportment in school-room and out and at table, neatness in dress and room, and punctuality. On Sundays the boys all regularly attended church. In this atmosphere of careful training in studies, manners, and religion, in a beautiful country where vigorous out-door sports were encouraged, James Taylor was prepared in mind and body for his University work. A letter to his father and mother, written at fifteen, best shows the manliness of the boy at this time.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION 15

Essex, Dec. 22d, 63.

DEAR PARENTS,

Father's letter has just been received, and though I'm very sorry I can't go home, yet I shall endeavour to enjoy myself up here to the best of my ability. I suppose I shall have to study between Christmas and New Years. As to the package you propose sending, Mr. Cummings says that it is safe to send it by the New Haven boat to N. H. and from thence it will come to West Brook by the cars, and then to Essex by the stage, arriving here at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past one (mail time) Friday, if you send Thursday. The boat leaves N. Y. some "where" about 3 P. M. I think. Direct to Essex, Conn. In Haste. With Care. As to the skates I have none, (except a broken pair) do not send them unless you can easily afford them, and I will skate when I can borrow a pair. I am sorry to hear you are getting any poorer, and I shall be as economical as possible. I do not care to go to college, and it will save a great deal I suppose if I do not go. I am pretty well advanced in latin and greek, and if you take us away at the end of the quarter, then I might as Morg. did get a business education in a short time and go into a store in September. I would willingly relinquish all ideas of going to college. I'm sorry to hear that mother and Mrs. B. are so poorly. When you write next I hope they'll be better. Charley is skating, and did not expect to go home much. He has not seen father's letter yet. I hope you'll conclude to do as I propose or something of the kind and I'd soon be in a condition to help both you and myself, for "where there is a will, there's a way." I might study too at leisure moments, or evenings. Think of it and decide. I care not how soon I leave for I'm getting tired of the place. Hoping to hear from you by Christmas,

I remain

Your Affectionate Son,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

P. S. I've joined a "Band of Hope" here under the

leadership of Mr. Bacon. I'm pledged to abstain from liquor in all its forms as a beverage, from tobacco in all its forms, and from profanity. So I'm safe there I think. I'm pledged till 21. C. for life. Rest assured that I'll enjoy myself Christmas, and with love to all,

I am

Your Affectionate Son,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.¹

The boy was not removed from school, and his education went peacefully on until the following summer, when, the year before he was ready for college, a new idea took possession of him and he decided that he wished to be a farmer. The wise father, although this was not at all in accordance with his ambitions for his son, did not oppose his plan, but at once found a place for him with a friend, a retired business man who had a market garden farm on Long Island near Oyster Bay, and here for one summer the boy did a man's work and learned the exacting demands of a farmer's life. The family always thought that the gentleman-farmer had been told by James' father not to spare him in any way so that he should have full benefit of the experience. His brothers still remember how horrified they all were to learn that the asparagus (one of the chief products) had to be cut even on Sunday and how decidedly Jim had objected to such Sabbath-breaking. One summer as a farmer was enough to restore James' desire for an education and he returned to Essex to continue his college preparation.

In 1863 Doctor Elisha Taylor, in view of threatening

¹ Abbreviations which occur in the letters, chiefly in the early ones (like *rec'd* for *received*, *aff.* for *affectionately* and *e* for *the*) have been expanded.



**The Reverend Elisha E. L. Taylor, the Father of James
Monroe Taylor.**

ill-health, purchased a country place two miles from the town of Marlborough on the Hudson, six miles north of Newburgh, a large house with twenty acres of land which were gradually increased to one hundred. Here the family went for the summer of 1864, just before James entered the University, and this, for the ten years following, was a center where they delighted to gather. To Mrs. Taylor, who had been born in Marlborough, this was a joyful coming home to the country she loved.

The Marlborough house, which stood two miles back from the river, high on a hill, had been built as a summer home and was comfortable in every way. As a guest approached after driving from boat-landing or station up the winding wood road, he came under the shade of the row of maples across the front of the house to the steps leading up to the porch that surrounded three sides, and on the porch turned to look back at one of the noblest of river views. For there across the meadow and beyond the wood was a wide view of range after range of hills and below them glimmered the silver Hudson. Such pictures of woods, river and mountains were framed by the many windows of the house. The two living-rooms, which extended straight through the house, ended in French windows on the porch and two windows towards the hill, and at right angles to these was a long dining-room with a bay-window again glimpsing the river. An open house,—that was the Marlborough home.

The farm included a berry patch, currants, a vineyard, and hay-meadows. A letter from his sister describes how James was again given a chance at farming this summer. "The region then as now was a

famous fruit market-garden, and our farm possessed the usual 'raspberry patch' of some extent, which called for an overseer as well as for pickers. Our oldest brother being still in college, and the next one in business in New York, our father appointed James to be manager of the farm in his frequent absences, including the raspberry patch and its pickers. He was just 16 years of age that summer. We younger children, eager to earn an honest penny, offered our services to father as pickers for the berry season at the usual market rates, one penny per basket, and our father agreed to hire us, only stipulating that once hired we must serve the season out, since otherwise he would be left in the lurch.

The young manager was naturally, in that family circle, not allowed to put on any airs! He was expected to pick berries with us, but in addition his duties included the packing of the berries, sending them to market, keeping accounts, managing the men and other details of which we children were ignorant. The group of pickers included any stray cousins, or young guests, and we were all alike disposed to chaff our young 'Boss' and to make life as lively at the beginning of each day as a set of girls and boys from eleven to eighteen years old might do. Every morning at 9 o'clock the conscientious young manager would appear around the piazza, berry-baskets in hand, calling out: 'Come on, fellows, it's time to go down to the patch,' and almost as regularly he had his bad quarter of an hour, while we tried to tease him into believing that *that* morning we *wouldn't* pick berries. Always in the end, however, he was followed and the morning's work honestly done. However, the berry patch was by no means a sad or silent place.

James was reading Walter Scott's poems that summer, and we young ones followed his example (as we so often did in other matters), being especially strong on Marmion, so that this robust poem is indelibly associated for all of us with the Marlboro' berry patch. When the hours dragged too slowly some one, often James himself, would start the ball rolling by shouting a couplet of Marmion from his end of the patch:

"Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,"

and lightning-quick another picker would challenge:

"'And this to me!' he said:
'And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?' " etc., etc.,

until every picker had said his say and was refreshed. The "Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!" was always rendered with the finest dramatic effect. A brother states that the accounts which James kept this summer are in existence and perfect in accuracy and completeness, showing excellent system and ability.

A great delight at Marlborough was driving, for the Reverend Elisha Taylor, trained by his father Richard, always had spirited horses on the place and taught his children to ride and drive. Then there was fishing in the river or a pond near, catching frogs, finding birds' nests (even a nest of young hawks once), and for home sports there were games,—“one old cat,” “fungoes,” pitching quoits, croquet. “Saturdays there were always arrivals from the city, and frequently father or brothers brought friends with them,” so that sometimes as many as twenty-four would sit down at table. And the guests

would join in the ball games and the evening "sings." "In time," a brother writes, "the house was enlarged by another story, and one of the new rooms was always known as 'Jim's' room. There he spent many hours of study, during his seminary years, and presumably wrote out his first sermons, which he rehearsed by himself, out in the woods."

Vignettes of the life at Marlborough appear in James Taylor's letters written in vacations there, after he had entered the University of Rochester, to his college chum, Alonzo K. Parker, of Poughkeepsie. In August, 1865, the day before his seventeenth birthday, James writes of weeding strawberries all the morning, plans a trip to the city on the "Mary Powell" and urges "Lon" to come to see him.

July 30, '66.

Yours of the 18th inst. was duly received, and should have been acknowledged before, had I not been very busy on the farm. Hay and harvest, with an acre of berries, are poor aids to reading, study, or correspondence. You know that I was expecting to have no work to do. Well, we have had such times with our *help*, that I have been obliged to work, a large portion of my time. I have done no study, scarcely any reading, none, I believe, but "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the "Last Man," together with one or two of Dr. Robertson's sermons. I like them very much. One on the "Religious Nonobservance of the Sabbath," occasioned a great deal of argumentation in the family, I being rather inclined to support Robertson. His sermons forcibly remind me of Dr. Robinson's. So you see my reading has been limited.

Another letter (Sept. 2, '67) tells of plans for a drive of twenty-five miles to Cornwall and Canterbury. And

a paragraph from the end of the summer of '66 shows how hard it was to leave Marlborough even for Rochester with all its call of University and friends.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

MARLBORO, Aug. 20th. '66.

DEAR LON,

I am at present enjoying the fullest ease. I ride a great deal, and am enjoying life. But, "miserabile dictu," such enjoyment must cease in three weeks. I am not at all inclined to go back. But away with discontented thoughts. One thought looms before me, which helps, to some extent, to reconcile me to my fate—"I *must* go, *anyway*." It is imperative, and repinings are of little use.

With the best wishes for your happiness, and success,
I remain,

Yours very Truly,
J. M. T.

But these letters are anticipating college days. James Monroe Taylor entered the University in the fall of 1864 not only well prepared in mind by thorough school training and vigorous in body from devotion to outdoor life and sports, but also founded in character by a deeply-rooted feeling for home, a social sense there acquired, and an established habit of religious thought and faith, —no mean equipment for a sixteen-year-old freshman.

CHAPTER II

Education: The University of Rochester, Rochester Theological Seminary, A Year in Europe, 1864-1872

"Milton says 'I call that a complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public, of peace and war.'"

WHEN James Monroe Taylor entered college at sixteen in 1864, the University of Rochester was a struggling institution in an inland town, yet with a vision which far overbalanced lack of stimulating environment, material equipment and splendid edifices. There were no residence halls for students; the buildings were few; and the endowment (\$130,000) with which the University opened in 1850 was so inadequate that bankruptcy was often faced by the administration. The number of students, too, was small, smaller even than usual on account of the war. But that famous definition of a University as a log with the student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other was most happily illustrated here again where, opposite the boy of sixteen, sat President Martin Brewer Anderson.

This remarkable man, who, during a presidency of thirty-six years, shaped the ideals and policies of the

University, had been prepared first in the school of poverty. Of Scotch-Irish stock and state of Maine environment, worker in a shipyard first, then struggling student in college and theological seminary, next a tutor in classics in his own college,¹ for a brief period an editor, he came to the office of college president with varied experience of men and life and a fixed ideal of service.

With feeling little short of veneration, his students have recorded his large, vigorous, magnetic personality, his "noble simplicity of manner," and his incessant activity. Although he was possessed of "encyclopaedic knowledge" on many subjects, his aim as teacher was never the mere imparting of facts, but the discovery of truth and in that quest his own mental processes were not so much the scientific as the intuitive and the inspired. Special lines emphasized by him in the work of the University were the teaching of art as essential for culture, the teaching of history and political science to convey the lesson of the past to the present, and what he aptly termed "the editorial function of the teacher"—weekly review of current events and interpretation of them in the light of past history. During the civil war he taught the duties of citizenship in many eloquent addresses both within and without the college walls. Above everything else, his interest in education was ethical and his aim as an educator was "to make the largest and best kind of a man" out of each student in the University. And his interest in such educational work never flagged. David Jayne Hill, President of the University of Rochester from 1888 to 1896,² said of him: "In most men the

¹ Waterville College, now Colby University.

² Ambassador to Germany, 1908-11.

interest in education is but an occasional and spasmodic impulse; in him it was a burning, inextinguishable passion of life-long endurance."

This passion found expression in class-room discussion, in chapel talks, in sermons, in personal interviews through all of which ideals and visions were conveyed to the boys under his charge. With no children of his own, President Anderson was a father to hundreds in his care, and these foster-sons paid back his devotion with their love and his inspiration by their character. Letters show how James Taylor felt his power.

Two Rochester professors also touched the imagination and the mind of the youth, Doctor Ezekiel Gilman Robinson, President of the Rochester Theological Seminary and afterwards President of Brown University, and Doctor Asahel Clark Kendrick. Doctor Robinson held the professorship of Biblical Theology in the Theological Seminary, Doctor Kendrick the professorship of Greek. Like President Anderson, Doctor Robinson was a man of lifelong devotion to education and had great qualities for his work which were summarized at its end by Doctor Taylor, who spoke of him as an able administrator, a counselor and friend of students, a man fearless in the pursuit of truth, of great human interest and of simple faith. When James Taylor entered Rochester both President Anderson and Doctor Robinson had been invited by Matthew Vassar to be among the charter trustees of Vassar College, which opened in 1865. How little could be foreseen then the future relation of president and trustee which the boy of sixteen and his President and professor were to hold!

Two letters written in 1867 to his "brother in AΔΦ"

Alonzo K. Parker, show the effect upon the sensitive boy of Doctor Anderson's powerful pleas, and how under that influence the great decision of a life-work was about to be made. Certain snapshots of the faculty in the same letters picture the informal friendliness between teachers and students which existed in the small University.

ROCHESTER, February 15th, '67.

DEAR LON,

At our last week's meeting Dr. Anderson gave one of his most stirring addresses. He exhorted us "to take our bearings," to be diligent in work. He spoke on *preaching* also. He said that he had never before spoken to students *here*, on the subject. But he wished each of us to consider candidly, whether or not we were called *to labor directly* for God. We must be willing to *preach*, he said, to do *anything* for the Master, if he called us. If not, we were not converted. How earnestly, how eloquently he put it, only those can conceive who have heard him on such a subject. He believes that within a few years there will be a dearth, a terrible want, of ministers. Is it your duty, is it mine, to help prevent this dearth which threatens the church?

By the way, a young Dr. Kendrick has come into the world. On the Dr.'s entrance into chapel the other morning, it being known that he had a son, he was vociferously applauded. He laughed heartily. After prayers, *by understanding*, we all remained, took our seats, applauded, called for speech, &c. Dr. A tried to drive us out by waving his hand, but he was laughing and we heeded him not. Soon the faculty, shaking hands with Dr. K, amid the applause of the students, marched out of chapel. We have the Dr. first hour. So C. asked him to read to us. He could not refuse, of course. But he postponed it until today. So today we had it—from Whittier. When, in reading Maud Muller, he came to the passage in which Maud expresses herself to the effect

that 'the *baby* should have a new toy every day'—he was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and I scarcely ever saw him indulge in a heartier laugh. A *small thing* may produce much merriment, in college, especially. A remark he made to our class the other morning, when we applauded him, was characteristic. Said he—"Gentlemen, you were all born once," and then becoming suddenly solemn, he continued, "and I hope, if you are not already, will be born again," and commenced the recitation. But I've written a good deal on such a matter, but I thought I must tell you.

Most sincerely,
Your Bro.

J. MONROE T.

ROCHESTER, March 8th, 1867.

DEAR LON,

Your last reached me just one week ago today. It was the day after College-Prayer-Day. On that day, which we so enjoyed one year ago, I attended morning prayer-meeting, as usual. We had an excellent meeting, Dr. Anderson addressing us on "Self-sacrifice," mainly, and Dr. Kendrick, on the importance of the present period of our lives. In the afternoon I attended the Theological meeting. A remark of Dr. Northrup made a deep impression upon my mind. I will give it to you. Said he, "The great fundamental problem of Christian life, is to *get out of one's self*." The doctrine is not new, but how comprehensive the statement! Others before self. This problem I desire to solve. Did you ever hear the statement, that "Demosthenes' orations were logic, heated red-hot with passion?" Dr. Anderson quoted it, applying it to sermons. "Heated red-hot with the love of Jesus." But you know the Dr. on such occasions. I have seen no special evidences of unusual interest. Last Friday's meeting was enjoyed much by some, I among the number.

I suppose you have not heard about our spree Washington's Birthday. A large number of students gathered in F.'s and M.'s room per a few hours notice. C. was orator; M., poet. I was too late for the oration. The soberest students, *all*, agreed in pronouncing the oration a wonderful success. Johnny kept them laughing steadily. I lost most of the poem. What I heard gave me quite an idea of M.'s poetic genius. After many toasts, drunk in ale and cider, we proceeded to serenade. Prex was serenaded for some time, and just as we were leaving he got out of a sleigh and made for his door. (Joke on us). We sang again, and called—Speech. He said it was too frosty. As we were leaving he poked his head out of the door and said "Good night, Gentlemen"!!!! We proceeded to Dr. Kendrick's. After some singing (by us) he responded to our calls of "Speech." What was he up at that hour for? It was a very characteristic speech. We left well satisfied. You know the 22d Feb is a legal holiday now.

Yes, I am delighted with Macaulay. I expect to finish his History in about two weeks. I think I shall then take up his Essays, and read two or three of them. Motley must be read soon. I try to guard against Macaulay's partiality, but I declare I think he is pretty sound. I have written an essay on "The House of Stuart." I consider it one of my best productions, though capable of much, very much, improvement. It is not historical, but considers their weaknesses, the causes of their failures as monarchs, &c. By the way, I have my Freshman Prize—"Stones of Venice," in 3 volumes, handsomely bound in light brown. Have not read any of it yet.

You ask my opinion of the ministry. I have not come to any conclusion in the matter. Still, I think I shall preach. I believe I desire to 'know nothing among men,' "but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Nothing could be more glorious than to preach the gospel—the Good Tidings of salvation to men. I know many, at least some,

of my friends, think it is not my vocation to preach. But they cannot decide for me.

Can I do more good in the ministry than any-where else, can I "get out of myself" better, in the ministry than any where else,—these are the questions which require an answer, and that answer points out the path of duty. I think, as a pastor I should with God's blessing, do much good. I should not be much as a preacher, but I believe God would bless my labors. If I continue to think thus, my life is carved out. If not, as a business man I shall try to do God's will. The question is an important, a vastly important, one. It requires for its decision in the affirmative a spirit of sacrifice,—and yet not in all. It will not be a sacrifice in me. It may be in another. I have sometimes thought of being a Missionary. I do not like the idea, in fact do not consider myself as well fitted for a missionary as for a pastor. I must, however, be willing to be a missionary, "to be anything, or nothing, for Christ," before I take upon myself the sacred calling of the Christian ministry.

I do not know that you can get much of an idea of my feelings from the above. I can explain my feelings better in conversation—that is, unless I write carefully, which perhaps I should be ashamed to say, I have not done.

Very affectionately Yours—

MONROE.

It is not surprising after reading these letters to find the student writing on Aug. 25, '69, of a happy day spent in New York with Doctor Anderson, and again in '72 when doubts about his fitness for the ministry cloud his sky, to hear that he yearns to accept Doctor Anderson's invitation to spend a month with him. The same devotion to this great educational leader and to the University appears in a letter of Oct. 10, '74, on Rochester Revisited.

SOUTH NORWALK, Oct. 10, 1874.

MY DEAR LON,

.
 I had a good time in Rochester, though very quiet. Was at the Seminary and University a good many times. Had lovely times with Dr. Anderson, and Dr. Buckland, and was most kindly received by all the Profs. I was disappointed not to see more of dear old Dr. Kendrick, beloved *καὶ παῖ* (accents were a *late* invention), but saw him and spoke a few moments with him. Dr. Anderson took me about the college, told me what they were doing, gave two hours one morning to showing me new books, &c.,—and was as fatherly as could be. The blessed man lectures on Art every Saturday A. M. from now till March. What a treat! The college owns some \$1200 worth of engravings &c.! Really the improvements are very great in the University. They are doing good work. Prex talked $\Delta\Delta\Phi$ to me at a lively rate, introduced me to some of the boys! The seminary has a bowling alley!

I was in Morey's room once or twice. He is a capital, wide-awake, thorough teacher. His room was a revelation to me—of possibilities of life and interest in Freshman Latin. I read Livy's preface, and considerable beside that.

Morey gave me some good ideas. He is working finely. He inspired me to study Roman Hist. and I am going to, from a political point of view. Just now I've nothing but Dew's Digest (!) to begin with, but I shall buy. The little I've gained from Dew,—studying from this point of view,—has given me new ideas of the growth and decay of Republics, and opened my eyes more widely to the tendencies of our time. M. says that all the questions, even financial, of today, were worked out at the period of the Gracchi.

A few great teachers, new studies, new books were effective stimuli to a boy already vested with a strong

sense of responsibility to himself and to others. He had already received the year before the Freshman mathematical prize so that his habits of work seem to have been assured from the first, and he was making a Phi Beta Kappa record. Two letters in '67 picture the young student at work.

ROCHESTER, March 29th, '67.

DEAR LON,

Next Wednesday, will, as you are probably aware, finish this term. Already we have finished recitation, and only await in anxious fear of the examinations to come. German, Chemistry, and Natural History are the studies which are to try our patience and our pains. Today we bade farewell to Mr. Orton, who will probably go to Williams College, to fill the chair of Natural History.¹ Therefore next term we shall probably take up Political Economy and English Literature, under Cutting. Half of our class is making a desperate (?) effort to get Kendrick next term, instead of Richardson. We want Plato, the others Horace. I go for Plato, not because I like Greek better than I do Latin, but because I fancy that Plato would, in a measure fit me for Prex' instructions. It is doubtful yet which side will carry the day. Kendrick is with us. "Rich," I suppose is for Horace. Of course he has the precedence, but Dr. K. thought he might possibly change off the Fresh. for us. If he does, next term will be a pleasant, though pretty hard term. . . .

Of course I am glad the term is gone, though it has been a pleasant one, and the most profitable I have ever spent. I think I grow in my willingness and desire to study. . . .

Yours most Sincerely,

MONROE.

¹ James Orton, Professor of Natural History and Geology at Vassar College, 1868-1878.

ROCHESTER, June 14, '67.

DEAR LON,

Class-day has passed and Friday has come. Hence a topic presents itself, and my letter day has arrived. How revolutionized are my habits since we roomed together. Think of my sitting down deliberately to write letters, without having prepared for Saturday and Monday. The fact is, lessons have been easy. We are reviewing Astronomy, and I get that mornings. Political Economy also employs my morning hour, and Latin has employed an hour or so after dinner. But "Prof. Rich" being unwell is to be absent the remainder of this term. Prex is to take us in "English Literature." Its a pleasant change, if it will be harder work. . . .

It is interesting to note that Doctor Taylor's lifelong habit and sense of duty about steady general reading were well established in his college days, and we find him apart from his regular curriculum work devouring Macaulay's "England," refreshing himself with "Old Curiosity Shop," asking "Lon" if he has seen O. W. Holmes' "Bill and Joe" in the *Atlantic*.

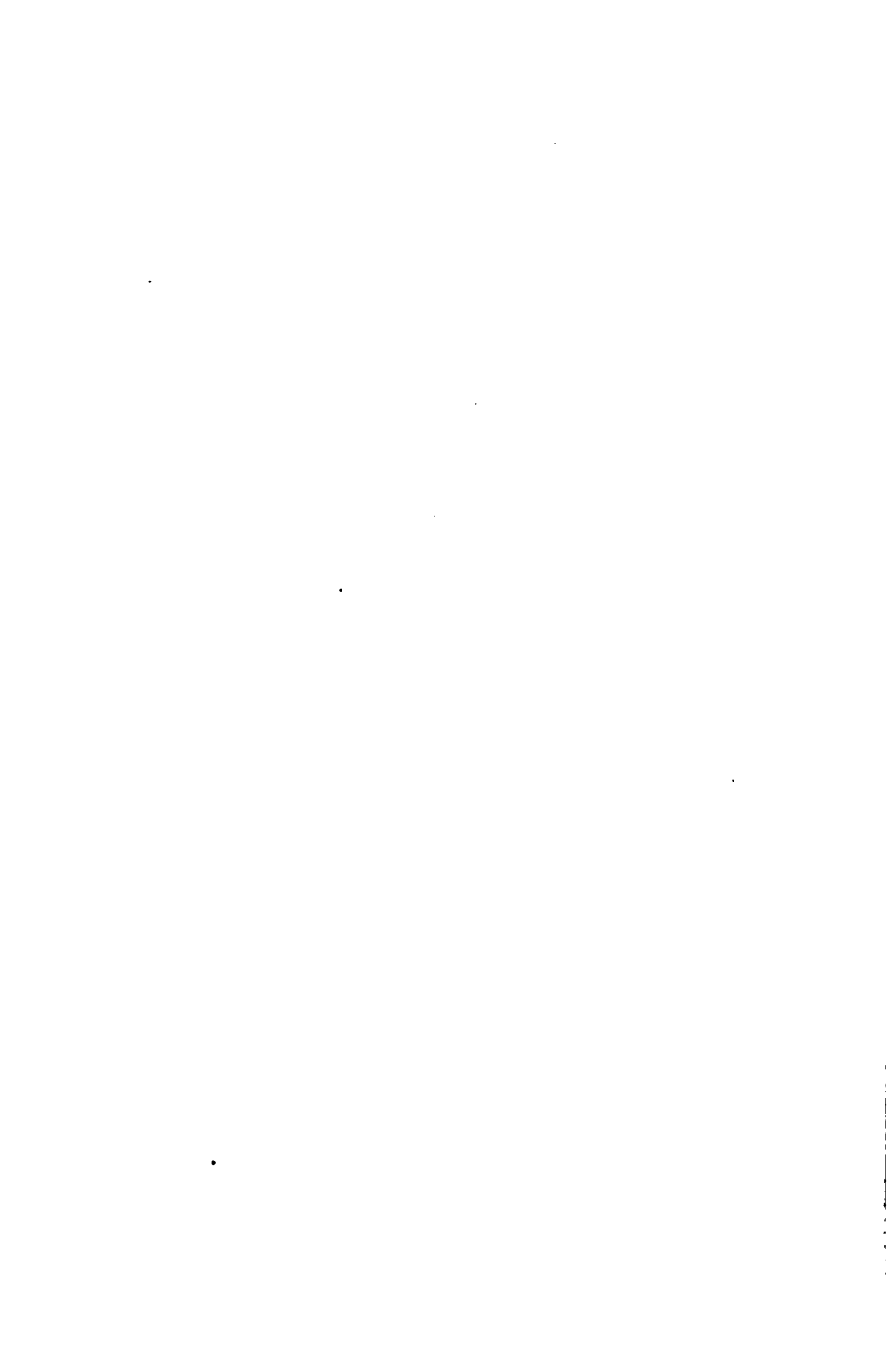
Inspiring professors and stimulating studies were enough to awaken a youth even in an inland city and with limited numbers of fellow-students about him. As great a formative power in his life were the friendships made in his fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. The strongest of these and one of lifelong duration was that (already attested by the letters) for Alonzo K. Parker, class of 1866, later professorial lecturer and recorder of the University of Chicago. This Alpha Delta Phi brother, somewhat older than himself, became first the "chum" of the boy of sixteen, later the friend to whose congeniality and sympathy he constantly turned in letters when absent. Most for-

tunately Doctor Parker preserved the letters written to "Lon" by "Monroe" and the series makes almost an autobiography extending as they do from the first in the spring vacation of 1865 (April 8) to October 1, 1916. The letters are a remarkable record of a great college friendship of fifty-one years' duration.

With foundation for happiness in his fraternity, the free, yet close social life of the boys together was constant joy to one who had been brought up in a large family and in a home which hospitality filled with guests. The letters show the pride of the boy in being corresponding secretary of the chapter, his keenness that they should secure the best possible new members, his feeling of sorrow for them all when one proved unworthy, his sense of honor maintained in the prizes their men won. As the University of Rochester from '64 to '68 depended not on its buildings but its professors, so the fraternities of the time gained their meaning not from luxurious and extravagant club-houses (one hall or "lodge" for the meeting of the $\Lambda\Delta\Phi$ is mentioned), but from the men in their ranks.

One of the members of this fraternity was Frank Huntington, the son of a Rochester business man, who was a trustee of the University from its foundation to his death. The Huntington home in the outskirts of the city was the scene of constant hospitality and here, as her brother's friend, James Taylor came to know intimately the young woman who was to be his wife.

Kate Huntington had Puritan blood in her veins from Simon Huntington, the English ancestor who went to America in 1633. Tradition said, moreover, that the Huntingtons had a line back to Robin Hood, the Earl





"Bienvenue," the Huntington Home, Rochester, New York.

of Huntington and (to anticipate by many years this history!) though neither Doctor Taylor nor Mrs. Taylor cared for genealogical records, it was a pastime among their children to discuss jocosely which was superior, the Norman or the Saxon line.

In the Huntington house, James Taylor found that hospitality which was characteristic of his own home, in fact, the very name of the place, "Bienvenue," suggested what a visitor once said of it, that as one came up the walk, the spacious house with its great front door always looked as if it were saying, "Come in." Built by Mr. Huntington sixty-five years ago, it still stands unimpaired by time. It was a large house with high rooms, tower of observation on the top, wide porches on the sides, and about it were park-like grounds with fine old trees, stretches of green lawn and wide fruit-orchards. The house was always filled with friends and on such occasions as Fourth of July often as many as a hundred would gather for a celebration, and every Sunday night friends dropped in for the informal suppers which were the precursors of Mrs. Taylor's Sunday night suppers at Vassar. Here at Bienvenue small tables were set through the living rooms or on the piazzas and, while supper was served informally, Mr. Huntington, a genuine *paterfamilias*, sitting in his favorite arm-chair, used to talk on the many subjects which attracted his alert mind or quote favorite poetry from the inexhaustible storehouse of his memory. Of Mr. Huntington, Mrs. Robinson (wife of Doctor Ezekiel Robinson) wrote Mrs. Taylor later when her father at the age of ninety had just gone: "He was so lovely, so companionable, so cheerful,

so full of beautiful thoughts of his own, and of those fine spirits whose words he so wonderfully remembered."

In this delightful atmosphere, the young people became intimately acquainted. Letters tell of happy rowing parties on the river with Kate Huntington and others, one recorded Nov. 9, '66, when Doctor and Mrs. Robinson were with them . . . and James glows with admiration of "Mrs. Rob" and pride in her praise of his rowing. Feb. 23, '70, he writes of going to Vassar College and seeing K. there and on March 15, '70, he writes with some anxiety about the effect on her of certain teaching at Vassar. "What think you of — as a Bible Class teacher? He tells them prayer has only a reflex influence, —cannot touch God. Rather dangerous to put such ideas among young women who don't know enough,—or rather have not yet examined the subject enough to maintain their balance against a professor's dictum. Am sorry — touches such subjects. There's enough to teach without such undermining of all faith. K. was somewhat troubled in her own mind."

A letter from Munich, Feb. 23, '72, asks: "Lon, which is worse, not to have a wife, or to have one almost so,—and be separated from her? If I didn't think all this experience was fitting me not only for a more useful, but for a better man,—was giving me more sources of happiness,—and so her, also,—I'd not stay here long."

Graduation in June, '68, found James Taylor with systematic habits of work established and keen intellectual interests aroused; with lifelong friendship formed and lifelong love awakened; with a resolution to prepare for the ministry which sometimes wavered, but finally prevailed; and with an ideal of service for others that was



James Monroe Taylor at Graduation from the
University of Rochester, 1868.

never dimmed through his long life. For few could college years be more significant. The channels of his life's currents had been cut so deep that it is not strange to find President Anderson later quoting of him "the boy is father of the man" or to learn that James' commencement oration in '68, for which he received the second gold medal, was on the theme "The Power of a Controlling Thought."

Doctor Taylor might have been commenting on the meaning of his own college course when he wrote in 1898:

"But the College! The Youth is at the most susceptible stage of his training,—the mind opening to the range of life's powers and responsibilities,—kindling toward new ideals, reaching out for direction in pathways of thought and questioning, new and untried,—eager for friendships which shall make or mar the life,—with the feelings of the adult, with the self-restraint of the immature, all life, physical, mental, religious awakened, eager, susceptible, longing for suggestion, or ambitious to transgress all bounds,—this is the age of the teacher's largest opportunity,—and of the student's gravest danger. The after-life is made for most in these four years."¹

Graduation was followed by a summer at Marlborough during which plans matured for entering Rochester Theological Seminary. This institution, which had maintained a precarious position without endowment or buildings, received new life and dignity after Doctor Robinson was made President in 1860. Endowment funds to guarantee salaries for new members of the faculty were raised by President Robinson and a gift was secured for the

¹"From Woman's Education," address at Cooper Union, 1898, ms.

erection of a suitable building for residence and lectures, Trevor Hall, which opened in the autumn of 1868. To enter this Rochester Seminary where Doctor Robinson was President was for James Monroe Taylor almost a return to his educational home, all the more so because he was again fellow student with Alonzo K. Parker.

Two new lifelong friendships were made during the years at the Seminary and a unique quartette, based on intimacy here, met year after year for informal reunions. I take the liberty of quoting the letter which Doctor Parker has written me about the meetings of the four friends:

July 31, 1918.

The 'club' of which you ask was merely the intimate association of four men whose friendship began when they were students at Rochester Theological Seminary, James M. Taylor, W. C. P. Rhoades, James M. Bruce and myself. There never was anything like a formal organization. We happened once to go to the Oriental Hotel at Coney Island together for a day and a night. We enjoyed this outing so much that we agreed to meet again the next summer. And we just kept on meeting year by year for a quarter of a century or more. Time and place were agreed upon by correspondence. We were together for a week at the longest and only once or twice for that time. When we could do no more we met for a dinner, followed sometimes by a visit to the theatre. It was very remarkable that the time and place of the meet having once been settled never once did a member of the Quartette fail to meet the appointment. By different routes one and another would drop down upon the designated spot. I am quite unable to recall the places we visited beginning with Coney Island, Yonkers, where Bruce lived, Rhoades' summer home on Round Island, St. Lawrence River, Providence, Siasconset,

Plymouth, my cottage here in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, Portland, Me., Boston, Rochester. More than once we dined or lunched together at the Century Club in N. Y. The last meet was there, when James lay upon a sofa after luncheon and talked with all his usual animation and spirit.

We never had a 'programme' or anything like a formal discussion of a topic previously selected. We behaved and talked quite freely and irresponsibly. There were serious hours, of course. Year by year we were growing old together. Last June, Rhoades, Bruce and I slipped out of the Vassar Trustee meeting, found a motor car, and drove down to the Poughkeepsie Cemetery to stand together for a few minutes in the golden afternoon by Taylor's grave.

As James Taylor and Alonzo Parker were together again now in Trevor Hall, in 1868-69, there are no letters from the college year but they are resumed from Marlborough in the summer vacation of '69 and here the young theologian with his strong sense of duty is trying to write his first sermons and get time to read although his "horses are waiting at the door."

MARLBORO', July 19, 1869.

DEAR LON, . . .

My life *flows* on as usual,—always containing, to my view, more of those petty troubles which wear upon me so, than I seem to be able to conquer. People used to talk to me about working hard. Bosh! Worrying hard is more like it. But this by the way. I am gaining a little more time to read, but have not done much. It is so easy to go riding, when your horses are waiting at the door. I began to copy my sermon, this morning. I expect to preach Aug. 8, morning and evening. How's that to begin on? Unwise? Well, I thought I'd do better

twice than *once*, and Mr. B. was anxious. It is his vacation. Can you come down? My second sermon reposes peacefully in my brain,—at least that is the charitable supposition. I hope it does. Mr. Beecher is much alarmed, and Mr. Spurgeon hopes I will be moderate. Poor men! They can't always expect to "run" things. . . .

Write when convenient, to

Yours sincerely,

J. M. T.

A manuscript exists labeled "My first sermon Preached for a license—Nov. 1869 Strong Place." Based on the text Matt. 16:6, "Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees," it is a fervent denunciation of formalism in religion in both faith and work and an eloquent plea for deep, spiritual life.

In the second year at the Seminary, a terrible strain and sorrow came upon the student. The happiness of the family circle in Brooklyn had already been broken by the death of a little sister of five mentioned in a letter, July 17, '68. "Extend my sympathies to — in his affliction. I know from my short experience, that the loss of a little one from the family is more felt than is generally thought." On Feb. 23, 1870, a letter written from the Henry Street home in Brooklyn tells of the serious illness of the older brother, Albert, and from February till June James remained at home acting as night nurse much of the time, yet keeping up his theological studies and writing and preaching some sermons. The letters which tell the story of this half year show his homesickness for the boys in Trevor Hall, and the depression which was bound to come at times under such a strain.

EDUCATION, A YEAR IN EUROPE, 1864-1872 39

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

329 Henry St.,
BROOKLYN, Feb. 23, 1870.

DEAR LON,

I find A. cheerful, most of the time,—weak, but in a pretty comfortable state, for him. He reads the morning paper; I read to him; we talk, &c, most of the middle portion of the day. . . . I am satisfied more and more that I ought to be here. There are a thousand things occurring, in which I can render aid, and I shall probably remain as long as A. does. I cannot say positively, however, as Father may object. He will continue his absence, unless A. shows marked failure of power.

But I simply write to inform you how things are, and must be brief. I do a little reading every day, and shall take up my Theology again, immediately. . . .

Hoping "things" are better at "Trevor"—I am

Yours Sincerely,

J. M. T.

329 Henry St.,
BROOKLYN, March 7, '70.

DEAR LON,

Your very interesting and welcome letter arrived two or three days since, and I thank you for your full account of the state of things in general, and Trevor Hall in particular. . . . I suppose Rhoades has left you,—a real loss. . . . I might go on recalling as I often do, the jokes, the friendships truly formed, the better things of the life at Trevor,—which after all, counterbalance the discomforts we have suffered. I never thought to make as good friends again, as those I believe we have gained this year. I thought of you all on "Prayer Day," too,—wished I might be with you,—and prayed for you. . . .

My duties here have increased, since I wrote you last. I haven't slept all night in a bed, in a week. One night I retired at 1 o'clock,—and that's the earliest. I didn't go to bed at all, one morning, and this A. M. only did

so for the sake of undressing, remaining there only an hour. I sit up, and sleep so, always waking readily when I'm wanted. A. has been much weaker than when I first came, but seems a little better today. . . . His conversation is a source of great strength to us who hear him. Of course we do not fully realize that we are so near parting,—for my part, I felt it more when in Rochester. This being in Death's presence at all times tends to make one regardless of the fact. . . .

My time is fully occupied,—my nights in sitting by A.,—my morning with Theology,—reading to A., sitting here, &c,—sometimes errands. My evenings are generally my own, but I am weary then,—but am doing a little,—very little reading. . . .

Excuse mistakes, &c, but I write in haste. Write when you can. My love to the H's—and all the boys.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. T.

329 Henry St.,
BROOKLYN, March 30, 1870.

DEAR LON,

Your entertaining and brotherly letters open Rochester, "Trevor," &c to my mental vision,—if they are denied to my physical sight;—in fact they are the loop-holes through which I catch an occasional glimpse of the life of which I cannot feel I have yet ceased to be a partaker. I can not give you such letters,—neither as long, for interruptions, and other duties, are constant, nor as interesting, because these scenes are not to you what "Trevor" is to us. . . .

By the way, I've preached in O. since I wrote you. I enjoyed the day much more than any previous "preaching-day,"—*felt* my sermon, and preached it so. The people with whom I stopped, old friends, were pleased;—how it impressed the majority I cannot say,—though they paid excellent attention. In fact, I *enjoyed* it,—and was encouraged. Possibly I may preach in New York, Sunday,

but it is not decided. Just as possibly, I may *not*. Have planned a sermon out,—good plan, for me,—but I do not seem to gain time to write it. I am kept busy,—this week on Theology. Am clear behind, but am trying to work up surely. I read some, too, on other subjects,—but home, *at such a time*, isn't meant for study. . . . And while I am about it, I may as well tell you that I spent Saturday at the Astor Library, trying to work on the Catechumenate, which I haven't touched since leaving R. I found nothing on it, *new*, and wrote but little. I have thought some of looking up its later history, and preparing a monograph. But I can't tell. I shall need your help in suggestions on literary execution, before I'd dare put such a composition in print. Ambitious? No,—but think the subject worth reading on, and think I have a tolerably full account of it. . . .

Your European fever I can appreciate. . . . Go, if you can, by all means,—though I may be ready another year, and we were going together. What if I couldn't though? I cannot tell. No one knows so far ahead. . . . I tell you, with A. so low, . . . and mother very poorly, . . . and the children sick,—it looks dark sometimes. God will keep us,—anyway, he will take us. Sometimes I think I ought to go right back to R.—and yet, how can I?

I have given you a sort of "hash,"—but such is all my brain affords. Add a dose of brotherly affection and try to swallow it. By the way, if you can spare your 2d volume of Theol., may I have it by Express, C. O. D.? Love to my friends. Don't forget the Robinsons.

Affectionately

MONROE.

Monday P. M.

BROOKLYN, Apr. 11, 1870.

DEAR LON, . . .

Have begun my review,—having reached "Limits," in the prefatory lectures. A little work will place me in "Inspiration," and my progress will thence be more sat-

isfactory. Church History I am entirely behind on, and my lectures are in Trevor. Just as well, perhaps,—for I guess Theology is enough. I find more inclination to read, than study,—for literature rather than Theology. Have been reading Tasso, considerably,—and declare a decisive liking therefor,—notwithstanding,—perhaps for the very reason of,—the great amount of the supernatural which is weaved into the poem. I am coming to doubt all poetry which hasn't a strong, imaginative, vein. This may be sweeping. So is my inclination. Mills' "Comte" has also been perused, with mingled interest, and lack thereof. Comte wasn't so "awful wrong," was he?—if he had only looked at the co-truths. His later speculations are simply maniacal,—not *simply* so, either,—for there is a deal of good, sound, sense, mingled with his frenchified nonsense. "Utopia," too, is drawing me,—but not extensively, as yet.

I believe I wrote you of my preaching at O. Last week, the 3d, I went to 42d St., and seemed to get along pretty well,—though I did not enjoy it, as at O,—for it was work to speak. Yesterday, I "addressed" the Carroll Park Mission,—at its quarterly concert. "They" seemed to think it pretty good. I had the pleasure of differing from them. It's hard work, isn't it? I *dread* it, sometimes,—thoroughly. . . .

You want to know about A. For four nights he has had almost no rest. . . . He is apt to go at any minute. Well, he is ready. Mother is very poorly, now. . . .

Love to the boys, and all my *friends*. With much for yourself,—and hoping to hear from you, whenever it is convenient for you,—I am—

Yours Sincerely, J. M. T.

329 Henry St.

BROOKLYN, June 1, 1870.

DEAR LON, . . .

The fact is, Lon, I believe more and more, everyday, that our work is not so much in preaching, which is

comparatively empty,—but in working as men, heart to heart,—the much sneered at, and often odious “pastoral” work. I have little faith in the preaching that at least is not followed up by such hand to hand work.

But I didn’t start off to lecture. . . . You have heard from C. the particulars of A.’s death. It was beautiful.

Well, it’s hard to think of,—and strange. People think we forget such things. . . . We don’t. . . . But there’s no need to show them to others. . . .

Well, Lon, we know better how to sympathize. I often wonder how I could endure it, without a Christian trust. Must go now. They keep calling.—

Yours Sincerely,

J. M. T.

After this sad spring, the young man of twenty-one recuperated at Marlborough, getting the needed relaxation, yet half disturbed by a sense of duty to theology even in summer days.

MARLBORO’, July 6, 1870.

DEAR LON,

It is a good while since I’ve written you,—but I have thought of it often,—and this morning must say I’m not more than in the mood Epistolare. (What language the adjective is, I know not.) Fact is, I’m in a half-chronic worry. I want more time for my books, and I cannot get it. I do not want to be so outrageously systematic, in vacation, as my friends are wont to make me out in term-time,—but I must do more work. A little theology has gotten itself reviewed,—about four chapters of I Cor. have been studied with the utmost pleasure, Dean Stanley assisting,—and a little miscellaneous reading, principally Lamb, has capped the climax of my intellectual. Intelligible phrase! What have I done? Roasted, trimmed vines, driven horses, *loafed*! Perhaps I shall be just as well off. I know I am gaining more of that physical

elasticity which is by nature mine, and which I have not really felt for nearly six or eight months. And the books!—well I hope to do something after my return from Rochester. . . .

Yours,

J. M. T.

September finds him again in Trevor Hall, separated from "Lon," who has been graduated in June, and writing to him about his theological studies usually seriously, occasionally humorously.

Sept. 17, '70.

DEAR LON,

Just one week tonight since you left,—and it seems as though enough had been crowded into it to make a month. It has been just one constant run on original sin.

A letter from Trevor Hall later in the fall gives some idea of his lines of work.

TREVOR HALL, Oct. 17.

DEAR LON, . . .

I've been very busy, and so has time, I should think, judging from his rate of progress. A class sermon has been engaging my time,—due on Wednesday, and half copied. I am writing on Christian Unity, finding it in the highest individuality of every member,—all bound by the Christ in us. What I have made out I do not know,—but shall by Wednesday P. M., I suppose.

I have an Essay to prepare on Schleiermacher's view of Sabellianism, which I have not begun, but hope to, now that my sermon is out of the way, "so to speak." I am also reading on a historical subject,—The English Reformation, and the English Church,—and shall prepare my essay upon it if I ever get through the mass of authorities about me. Froude is my present objective

point,—enjoyable enough. A page of references will supplement *him*. So you see,—if you add the regular reading to be done, to my extra duties, my time is well filled.

So much for me. We are on the Person of Christ, in Theology,—and are studying 1 John with Dr. Hackett, meeting Dr. B. also, two days weekly. . . .

Yours Sincerely

J. M. T.

The spring of this year was saddened as the year before had been by the shadow of illness in the family, this time the beloved Mother's.

BROOKLYN, March 29, 1871.

DEAR LON, . . .

I came home on account of mother's illness, and find her failing rapidly. We feared she would pass away night before last, but she is still with us, though very weak. She suffers a good deal, but without complaint, thinking now, as she always has,—rather of us than herself. It is a sad coincidence, my being home now,—with this time last year. My Seminary course has been interrupted for a longer or shorter time, each year,—by the affliction of our family. I shall be here—perhaps some time,—perhaps a few days only. We cannot tell. I only know this, that I shall not leave while mother is so poorly.

I have done little, and seen little, since coming here. I keep at home most of time,—copy a little, on Theology,—read a little, and sit in mother's room when she is able to talk with me. But it is a great, if a sad satisfaction, to be here. . . .

Sincerely and affectionately

JAS. M. TAYLOR.

Mrs. Taylor lived only until April seventh and her son returned to Trevor, finished his work and received his

degree in June. But the family plans for his education were not yet completed and an undated letter from Marlborough shows that the dream of a year abroad expressed in an earlier letter was to be gratified. The letter simply tells of his steamer and begs "Lon" to come to see him before he goes. James was accompanied on the trip by a young brother of sixteen years, Electus, who has written a letter of reminiscences of the year. The boys settled at once in Berlin and remained there until January, living in the family of a clergyman, Rev. G. W. Lehmann, "a vigorous old Teuton, who as a young man had been in jail for his religion." January first, traveling began with short stays in Leipsic, Dresden, and Nuremberg, a longer halt in Munich, a short stay in Vienna, the spring in Italy with the joy of Venice, Naples, Rome and Florence vivifying the letters. A walking trip in Switzerland, a month in Paris, finally England completed the itinerary. Monthly letters to Mr. Parker and weekly letters to Miss Huntington show fully the significance of the year in the young man's life.

Homesickness, for the first time, is the undertone of the letters and in spite of interest in new cities, joy in picture galleries, enthusiasm over mountains, and surrender to the charm of Italy, the traveler was at times half sick for family, friend, and fiancée, a feeling increased by the difficulties of learning the German language and responsible perhaps in part for new doubts about theological dogmas and personal fitness for the ministry. The difficulties with the German language came partly from the unwise method, prompted by

economy, of working without a teacher. Several letters to Mr. Parker show his discouragement.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

BERLIN, Oct. 6, '71.

I'm studying without a teacher. It may seem very foolish,—and I sometimes doubt,—but with an education of a sort, at least, with a little previous study, and with a family to help me on a few knotty points,—I have thought perhaps I could do well without a teacher, and save the money for travel. Moreover, and this may disappoint some of my friends,—I do not see how I can hope, anyway, to get any such thorough knowledge of German as Bruce gained. I could do it if I could afford to go to a small town, and give myself up to it, which I'd do had I money and time enough. But I've come to feel that the seeing picture galleries, art collections, &c, has an equal place with a knowledge of the language. I can learn to read German in 5 months, I'm sure, and if I don't speak it,—well, I must yield to the force of circumstances. Between that accomplishment, and the profit which comes from good travel, I must decide for the latter, if it can be but one.

Nov. 6, '71.

I feel driven to make up all I can,—driven by a sort of despair which you could better appreciate, had you ever, in the midst of full health and strength, devoted yourself exclusively to such puerile work as the acquisition of a language,—and that with very indifferent success. . . . Not that I'm unhappy. I've improved, in this respect, since writing you,—and am a little more encouraged, otherwise,—but still questionings will come—led on, mostly by the discouraging work of learning a new language. I don't get on fast,—for I've trained my ear very little, greatly less than my eye. I know a good many words "by sight,"—which I'd not recognize by ear,—because I've let my reading run away with me. But

I hope to do better this month, in all respects. I can talk a little, can say more than I can understand, and read better than all,—but at best one cannot be jubilant in looking upon six weeks work made up of a little advance in German.

A very creditable list of German reading follows.

A letter from Munich Jan. 30, '72, speaks more cheerfully of reading Goethe's *Italian Journey*, Schiller's *Thirty Years' War* and Heine's poems with considerable pleasure and of having a teacher who "expressed himself as astonished, when I told him I'd been here but four months."

Homesickness, however, was recurrent through the year. In the first letter to Mr. Alonzo K. Parker, Oct. 6, '71, comes the first expression of this feeling: "Perhaps you have heard from the folks that I have not been overwhelmed with joy, as yet, in this semiaccomplishment of our long cherished plan. . . . I never knew before, what a pleasure I could find in writing those who are dear to me. It seems something like talking with them, and I've felt the need of such communion. Lec is very companionable, a boy I love and admire, manly, studious,—and full enough of fun. You know what I mean. I feel the need of some one who can study as I can, who knows more than I do, and with whom I could labor more as a companion than a teacher. You understand me." In another letter, depression and doubts intermingle in expression:

BERLIN, Dec. 4, 1871.

DEAR LON, . . .

Many and many a time have I thought that our old plan,—you and I studying here together, would settle

my troubles,—those troubles of mind to which I've before referred, and with which I do not propose to burden this sheet. It has been a consequence of my loneliness and unsatisfiedness, that I've "poured out my soul" a little too freely upon my friends. I rather regret my egotism,—and certainly hope it has not been my custom to inflict my mental griefs on others. To be sure the outlet has been beneficial,—*to me*. I look at things with a better heart, now, but the remembrance of the past is with me. . . . I read today in Goethe, that man is seldom reduced to the *Either Or*,—there being as many chances and ways of action between the two, as grades between the Roman and the Pugnose. (I don't quote exactly). Had I seen myself so reduced I might have saved myself much discomfort. Allow me another quotation,—which I read some years since in a translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, I think :

A bitter and perplexed 'What shall I do?'
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

You may have that. How very true it is! I am pleased to look over the past as you suggest,—as a God appointed method of leading me to the acquirement of something better,—perhaps a closer trust in him,—perhaps a deeper capacity for feeling with others. . . . How like children we are! How we grope about here and there,—don't know what is before us,—but struggle on with childish impatience, restlessness,—and too often,—inefficiency. Happy he who, like a good child, can trust the leadings of the Heavenly Father! And by this, Lon, I don't mean that I'm through with either loneliness or doubts. The first,—you and every one who knows what good friends and a loved home are, would make up your mind to expect; the second, you know the meaning of,—and the special tendency to such of theologically educated young men, who haven't yet learned to put their theology into life. But I am content,—happy as I can be in a foreign land, increasing my means of enjoyment, certainly, and

of usefulness, I hope. As you can easily imagine, the time goes vastly more pleasantly since I've begun putting my knowledge of the language to practical work. I did so, from the beginning, in a measure,—but it's very little pleasure, as you know, to read where you must look out most of the words. But I can read with some degree of pleasure now, and am daily getting into the language more and more. . . .

God keep you Lon, and answer our prayers for your *true* success.

Yours,

J. M. T.

Jan. 30, '72, he wrote: "I shall rejoice when the year is past, and I'm home again. But I'm happy,—as happy as could be away from all I sympathize with and love." A great wave of sorrow sweeps over him in Florence, (May 4, '72): "There are sad Anniversary times, Lon. Tomorrow two years since, A. left us. Apr. 7th mother went. These things grow no easier to bear."

On April eighth in Rome he had written to Miss Huntington more fully of his mother: "Just a year ago was mother's last night, and I shall never forget the sweet talk we had! It is painful to recall the time, and yet joyous to think of her happiness. I sat with mother a part of that night, I'm happy to remember, and we talked of her death, and our loss. She was such a perfect mother, K. The feeling of our loss was intensified Sunday, the anniversary of her death. . . . It has lost nothing, this grief, by one year's passage."

Many of the foreign letters not only center in the home of the past, but yearn for the home of the future as in this one to "Lon" in Florence, May 4, '72: "Meantime my bride is waiting and I am waiting, and it gets only

worse and worse. . . . I suppose this is one thing a person gets for youthful engagements. Well the pleasure is more than the pain thus far."

Such quotations from letters, however significant when assembled, perhaps cannot convey the personality of an individual as one complete letter might. Here is a typical letter from this year, virtually in itself a summary of much of the year's experience.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

MUNICH, Feb. 23, 1872.

MY DEAR LON,

I'm beginning a letter to you though I know I cannot finish it tonight,—for it is near 10, and I've been up too late, recently. But I've wanted to write you,—have thought about it all day,—and don't mean to go to bed without making a beginning. I meant to devote my whole evening to you, but got discussing art and literature at supper, and so was deterred therefrom. A discovery! A revelation! I can move my ears as you can! It came like an inspiration. I sat at this desk, reading Jean Paul, my scalp involuntarily twitched, and I became suddenly conscious that my ears did likewise. What a triumph! I need no longer blush at my weakness as you astonish audiences by "those ere" movements of "yourn." Indeed I've just tried to see if the success was merely temporary,—and after some hesitation and adjustment of my muscles, was blessed with the most gratifying success. Alonzo, you have a companion in your quondam uniqueness. Much as you will be astonished, I must tell you that notwithstanding my sudden discovery, I've not sat working my Hearers all day. Indeed, but a few minutes after, I put on my boots and overcoat, and started for the depot,—not to rush home and display my new talent,—but by a *plan*,—to visit a Lake about 20 miles from here. Munich, you may know,

lies in a plain,—the mountains being about 40 miles distant. The Lake, Starnburger See,—is about 20 miles from M., and the mountains, though far off, are yet from there plainly and grandly visible. I never saw *mountains* before. These rise grandly, the summits too high to allow of visible vegetation,—and so their naked forms clearly distinguishable. It was a perfect clump of rugged jutting peaks,—for miles around,—all covered with snow,—and reflecting most gorgeously in the sunlight. The Lake itself is not of great account,—but combined with the mountains formed a picture inspiring to a man who loving the grandeur of Nature, has been doomed to the miserable flatness of Munich and Berlin. I do not think I shall soon forget the impression made upon me by the first snowcapped mountains I've ever seen, especially the sunset, when one peak seemed to gather all the sunlight, and reflect it from its white surface in more than its original splendor. I expect to see much finer mountains, before many months have passed,—but these are my *first* and that means much, you know,—The Lake is a great resort of Munich, in summer, and has many villas around it, among them one or two belonging to princes. I saw no fine ones, none of any special taste,—none to compare with our Hudson River Homes. But then, how can we expect anything to compare with our homes? Isn't that cosmopolitan? Well, I must say that I am more American than Cosmopolitan, yet, and seem to become more and more fond of American institutions. You read Dr. J. R. Kendrick's Sermon on his impressions of Europe,—in the Examiner. That touched some of the causes of my increased respect for American customs and morals. Yet I think I am more Cosmopolitan too. From that broad Cosmopolitan mind,—that enlightened judgment which throws down all bounds, and loses itself in infinite vagueness, I hope to be long delivered. N. B. That's a reflection,—a philosophic jewel,—*so to speak*,—i.e. if you don't mind what you say.

We came home about 7, and then went to supper. Do

you think you'd like living here,—in this way? I don't. I shall appreciate home life, I think, where you needn't see any bill of fare, or know what each thing is to cost you. That isn't my full idea of "home life," you know, but it bears on my present experience. How often, though, I've wished you here! My life would be so different. I've gotten somewhat accustomed, of course, to being quite alone, spiritually almost wholly so. I have no such blue times as I had in Berlin,—but the times do come when the whole sense of my lonesomeness comes over me,—and when my whole life seems merely trifling. I am used to, now, and even find enjoyment in the company which was at first distasteful. . . . —but in the main I find the good in the men. Some of them are real good fellows, naturally, but what can one expect of a young man in a place like this, if he has no religious scruples,—and a wholly negative faith? I tell you it taxes a man's faith in the All-Good sometimes,—the state of life one finds here. But I'll not particularize. We can talk this over sometime, in your study. I don't want to write it.—The experience has not been bad for me, I think. Who ever did think a past event, an experience, bad for him? I see more what ideas rule men generally,—indeed see much of that much prated-about "life," which, I still think it does no man good to know. I must see it,—and I trust it may fit me for more usefulness. But I'm not a believer in the "through evil to good" system. I see I'm off on a tack. I'll go back. You have never told me how you live. Do you go out for your meals, as I suppose,—or have them all alone? Do you have two or three rooms, in your parsonage, and how otherwise are you fixed? Of your "conditions" you've not told me much. I want to know just how you are situated. I've thought a good many times, lately, of my proposed visit to you. How would you like me to be with you a month, next winter, with the avowed purpose of studying with you,—that is, to be long enough in your parsonage to be "one of you,"—and to put myself once

more, and under more favorable conditions,—beside you in your every day life? Is this visionary? I hope not. But no man knoweth the future. When I shall be home I know not. But if I get on this tack I shall go on until too late. I do not feel more than first rate tonight,—and must say good night. It's nearer 11 than 10, now. —More I trust, on the morrow.

Saturday night.—I've put off writing till tonight in order to have a quiet time with you. It's a little late, to be sure, but I mean to *finish* tonight. We got talking on colors at supper, on the Venetian School, and on the theory of a gentleman who thinks he's found the secret of their coloring, and so we stayed till 9 o'clock. We don't go till 7, and it's very easy to pass an hour and a half or two hours, thus.

I see I was writing on my proposed visit to you, and on the uncertainty of the future to us all. Only tonight I received a letter from father, urging a trip to Palestine most strenuously,—that if I could not go this year on account of the lateness of the season, I could carry out my summer plan, and then next Fall or Winter, go to Egypt and the Holy Land. I shall let it rest till Fall. I've enough "plan" on my hands, till then. I shouldn't think of going, of course, unless I had a companion older, abler,—indeed a man who knew something about Palestine and what one should see there. As I say, we don't know the future, and I shall simply keep on,—though if I thought I should be here another winter, my plans after leaving Italy might be varied. How is it? Could your church spare you a year? I do want to see the Holy Land, and I do also want to go home in the Fall. But that's six months ahead.

Since I wrote you last my time has been pretty well filled up. For sometime we had a teacher come daily, with whom we conversed,—merely,—but he became sick and our talking German has not much improved. As a matter of usefulness I don't much care, but as a matter of pride I often feel a little sore to think I can speak

so little German. If I compare myself with those about me, I find myself generally better informed on the language, but when I think of Bruce, who was here about the same length of time, I feel a little ashamed. Yet why? I've worked faithfully, I'm sure,—but have had few advantages. There's but one rapid way,—to go to a town as Bruce did, see no English or Americans,—and *have* to speak German. I've had no such advantage, and less in Munich than in Berlin. But in reading I've made rapid improvement here,—though I'm only learning how little I really know. I've read Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Lessing,—prose and poetry, considerably, and some miscellaneous reading besides. For a week I've been at Jean Paul. He is the foundation of our Carlyle's style, but C's is much better. Jean Paul is very hard, at first, and so far as I have read him I don't think he pays. Here and there comes out a most beautiful thought,—but one has to hunt through such a mass for it! "Hesperus" is the work I've been at and the last one of his that I expect to read for sometime. I don't think it pays to read a man's works because a great many people rave over them. There's an immense amount of strained sentimentality in this book. I am reading a little from Klopstock, too. I've tried to work hard here, and have read a good deal, but don't feel much satisfied. Still I begin to feel as though I'd learned something. My study of Romans has greatly increased in interest, as you'll appreciate when I tell you I'm near the middle of the 8th ch. How I shall progress when we travel is doubtful,—but slowly, I fear.—We expect to leave here next Friday, March 1st, for Vienna, and after a week there to go to Italy. Our route will depend upon certain undecided contingencies. (That's like a *true fact*). Anyway we expect to be in Rome, March 31st, Easter. We shall be there about a month, either April,—or after visiting Naples,—till the middle of May. I begin to feel as though I were *going to see Rome!* But of our travels, when we've journeyed.

You refer to my remarks on "Study in Europe," and are happy to find that we agree. I am more and more convinced of the correctness of my opinion, and I meet many University Students from home who confirm it,—though I'm bound to say,—some that thoroughly like the system. Of course opinions will differ, and of course those who favor "foreign study" have the advantage of the glamour which gathers about everything European, as well as the general truth that a man anxious to learn *will* learn here. I only think I could learn a great deal more in Rochester! I refer to Dr. Anderson, as supporting this view. He told me he wouldn't settle down anywhere to study, save for the language. How much better I'd do though if I were coming again, and how I could help a fellow coming here to study. . . .

Keep up your spirits, Lon. . . . When you get lonesome imagine my spirit as hovering about you,—though it may be a little lonesome too. . . .

As for me, I'm well, happy as a man could be under my circumstances, have much better spirits than formerly, and much better health, and am thankful daily for what I have,—and have had. Can I tell you anything about Europe,—or will you wait till we can talk? Excuse scraps, but I didn't intend writing so much.

Your letter came the 11th, one Sunday A. M. forming a delightful accompaniment to my coffee—I *expect* your letters. Do you recall that poem of Holmes, "Bill and Joe." I've been thinking of it, tonight.

My love to your folks—Yours very Affectionately,

J. M. T.
"Monroe"—

For so buoyant a nature as James Taylor's, however, this blue undertone of certain letters could never become the dominant one. And after German seemed less invincible, and traveling brought new interests, he is keenly alive to new impressions, particularly the world of art in

the galleries and the world of nature in some of her most magnificent aspects. The letters are full of first impressions of great artists. In Berlin, the Dutch are the favorites—Van Dyck “above all others,—unless it be Rembrandt.” He feels the lack of the spiritual in Rubens, yet protests he enjoys the everyday life in Düsseldorf. The Dresden gallery wins him to the Italians, and words fail him for the effect on him of the Sistine Madonna and Correggio’s tender “Night.” Before Titian’s “Assumption” in Venice he feels an inspiration that the Tintorettoes do not stir. The Pompeian frescoes he has a word of surprise for, “much better than anything I’d expected, possessing real merit, as pictures, not like our early Christian art, merely of historical interest.” In Rome at last, awe, complex of æsthetic and religious feelings, rises in the Sistine Chapel. All this joy in pictures clearly forecasts President Taylor’s strong defense of art as a cultural study at Vassar and gives added significance to his noble monument there, Taylor Hall, the beautiful art building erected in his name.

As marked in later years was the response to nature which is shown in these letters of ’71-’72 in his delight over his *first real* mountains, over a walking trip in Switzerland, over the ascent of Vesuvius. Here are some glimpses of happiness in the country, accompanied by little sketches of all kinds of people who interested him on the way.

To Miss Huntington.

VENICE, March 11, ’72.

From Vienna we ran directly S. to Neustadt, then a little W. of S. to Gloggnitz. . . . The town of Gloggnitz is some 1300 ft. above the sea, and Semmering is about

2800, so you can see that there must be something of a grade. We went slowly, and enjoyed it vastly. After a long ride from G. we looked down and saw it below us,—the road running for a ways like an immense spiral stairway. You can form little idea of its grandeur. Miles ahead you'd see some object of interest above you, and by continual turning gain ever renewed views, ever changing,—until you reached the object, passed it,—and soon were again seeing it below you, in new relations,—a grand natural kaleidoscope. One such view was particularly fine,—the ruin of an old Lichtenstein Castle, perched on a lofty crag, a long way above us. It looked beautifully romantic. We reached it in time, passed it, saw that it was finer than we'd supposed, and when we thought we were done with it, suddenly turned, and there it lay below us, the crag on which it stood jutting up between two precipices,—and between these walls and the Castle, stretching for miles back of us, was a beautifully varied landscape, doubly attractive because seen through such a vista. . . . The country was fertile, things looked very green, it was warm so that I sat by an open window without my overcoat. I saw several pictures that would have suggested "Illustrations of Scripture,"—such as a shepherd lying on the ground with his sheep about him,—a number of women gathered at a well, &c.—We traveled on to Gratz, which we reached at dusk. The country was all beautiful. Beyond G. as I slept but little I saw the nature of the landscape. The mountains come up close to the track, and form a bold view. I forgot to tell you that N. of Gratz, through the Valley of the Mur,—I was continually reminded of the Erie, only the mountains are higher here, and bolder,—so beautiful! During the evening and night we made several singular acquaintances, a Russian who said he was on Sigel's staff,—and at last, about midnight, a young Italian girl was put in our car. She was excited and with reason. She was going to Italy,—from service in Germany. A German, or rather Croat, insulted her, as she was alone with him in

a car, and she made noise enough to frighten him and summon the guard. He put her with us. She spoke German, and so we had quite a talk. She is parentless, poor girl! She was very frank, told me how old she was, showed me her lover's picture. . . . She had been in service where her lover was, but her sister had called her to Italy,—and she hoped her 5 years lover would follow her in 10 months when his military service would expire,—quite a romance. She was neither pretty nor specially attractive, but very simple.

The next is about a walking trip.

To Miss Huntington.

WASEN, SWITZERLAND, June 2, 1872.

. . . We are in a lovely little Swiss inn,—awfully neat, where they speak German, and have all the charm of country simplicity. It's been very pleasant, lately, to stop where no formality is dreamt of, where the neat girl comes in and talks to you as frankly as though she were as good as you,—and so she is,—where everyone seems independent and quite happy. In this inn they are, as I said, beautifully neat, the floors, striped in squares, immaculate, *when we came*, the ceilings, panelled, neat as wax,—and everything beautiful. The girl who waits on us is a frank, sweet, creature of some 5 and 20 summers, *at least*, intelligent, kind, modest. Indeed, I like the place, so void of conventionality, so delightfully simple and *genuine*. We, Dinsmoor, North, Lec, and I, are at present the guests, in toto,—the season being late, and travelers few. But I must tell you how we got here. I said my last words to you just before retiring, last Sunday night, at Menaggio. We left there about 9, Monday, Dinsmoor, Lec, and I, on foot, A. and Fr.¹ by Diligence. It was a delightful walk, though not much, compared with our recent experience. We walked over quite a mountain, just as we left M. and then followed a beauti-

¹ Miss Huntington's sister and brother.

ful valley to Porlezza, at the head of Lake Lugano,—only about 6 miles. It was genuine enjoyment, this getting into the free country again, seeing country people, and occasionally catching the song which came from some busy worker. I USED to sing, when at work. I wonder if I'm getting old. . . . Thursday morning, we walked to Giornico, 18 miles. The road is quite level, the valley quite broad, but yet beautiful, the mountains very high and constantly higher as you advance,—the flowers beautiful, the towns gradually losing their Italian character. The mountain streams were the great feature of the landscape, rushing pellmell, sometimes forming the most beautiful falls,—and always flowing out to the road to invite the pedestrian to a foot-bath. We weren't slow to accept the invitation, I assure you, for a stream is grateful to the weary foot. But how cold the water was, just fresh from the snows above, clear as crystal, and more beautiful! The 2d day we couldn't arrange well for time, and so only made 6 miles in the morning, to Faido, where we dined. From there the road was charming, rising rapidly, the streams increasing in violence, and here and there those immense gorges which add so much to the grandeur of mountain scenery, with the rushing stream cutting its way through. Here the scenery became more genuinely Swiss and grand. We approached nearer the snow too, and saw some of those peaks on which the snow rests smoothly and undisturbed, and from which the sunlight is reflected like burnished silver. The effect, seen from a beautiful green valley is wonderfully fine. We only reached Airolo, that night,—but 16½ miles. The 2d day is always hardest, and we left very late. From Airolo you start right up the mountain, for the pass. It was raining hard as we left the neat, pleasant hotel, and we pushed on through it, the boys with umbrellas, but I in preferred freedom, trusting to my overcoat for protection. We left the road, and climbed up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain. They were green and beautiful, at first, then

brown, then rocky,—but all the way we saw flowers. The views, as we advanced were wonderful in extent and beauty, both below and above. After about an hour's constant ascent, we reached the snow, and for an hour and a half clambered on through the snow. It snowed heavily all the time. Sometimes we walked through paths that had been dug out, the snow from 10 to 30 feet high about us, and sometimes we took short cuts, walking over the drifts, and climbing up steeps, thus cutting off much from the winding roads. I plucked some flowers away up near the summit and enclose them. It was novel, as well as unspeakably grand, this experience of *June 1st*. It's rarely so here, the snows being away before this. Now the road is impassable for the Diligence. I would not have missed the experience, though we did not see the finest views, of course, on account of the storm,—but we can see the highest peaks again,—seldom such a grand effect as the storm gave. We reached the summit in 2½ hours, well wet,—and dined there, and waited 2 hours, when we began our descent. The valley was bolder and more barren than that of the south side, but we were very soon below the snow, and at 4 o'clock in Andermatt. We thought of staying there, but finding it so early started on, and brought up here at 6 o'clock. From Andermatt to Wasen it is very beautiful, more as we all imagine Switzerland, than anything we've yet seen. The trees are more plenty, the most a sort of fir or cedar, the mountains correspondingly beautiful,—though yet very abrupt, and grand. At every turn you gain new views, new combinations of grandeur and beauty. The river flows through the entire valley, and between Andermatt and Wasen is a constant succession of falls and rapids, dashing through gorges whose walls rise perpendicularly for 1000 feet. It is a succession of grand views, soullifting landscapes, all the way. Think of it!

Delight in the quiet aspects of the English country fills a letter from Oxford.

To Miss Huntington.

Aug. 18, '72.

We had a delightful time in Canterbury. The change from the closeness of the city to the freedom of the country, the richness of the beauty of all about us, the gratification in short, of my love of nature gave me the fullest sense of enjoyment.

Of Winchester, he says: "We went first to the Cathedral, and after a superficial view of its exterior went on to the 'walk along the river.' It's ridiculous, the river. The English call little brooks rivers. We walked a long way, and I felt lifted up by it. I love this communion with evening nature. There's a hallowing effect, a softening of the hard things of nature, and of one's own character. . . . Winchester is not beautiful,—but the meadow stretches far before you, St. Catharine's Hill is at one side,—the clump of trees which is the object of your pilgrimage is in the distance,—and the moon is just rising—the sun having scarcely set."

These thoughts of the country send the Marlborough boy back to the Hudson River. "Sometimes I think I indulge too much in revery, to the neglect of my small power of good thought. For instance, see one of my day visions which has come to me often, of late. There's a little town, several miles from home, called Pleasant Valley. I first saw it as I made a solitary excursion, horseback. It's a pleasant ride, and I've thought often, lately, of us as taking it together this Fall. I've pictured the long ride with its pleasures, leaving our horses at the little Inn, . . . and wandering off to some little knoll, or nook, where we could sit and enjoy ourselves till we felt like riding again."

Nature was part, too, of Italy's spell for the traveler, her "garden-nature" loveliness. Yet who can analyze the whole power of Italy where

"swift streams under ancient bulwarks flow,
Mother of all good fruits and harvest fair,
Mother of men!"

Art, nature, history have lavished their wealth there until the stir they create in senses and imagination makes many a passionate pilgrim. In Venice, first, the young theologian seems to have lost his anxieties about theology and his dissatisfaction with travel.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

April 1, 1872.

Then you reach Venice. That's *the* place, Lon! You might be a little disappointed in it, at first,—but you'd soon get over that. You'd likely find it a far less beautiful city than you've imagined it, dirtier, not so prepossessing. But stay a day or two, "gondole" down the Grand Canal and watch the fine old architecture, the Venetian Gothic, which the imitations of the Ducal Palace have somewhat disseminated, then after supper ramble, stroll, loaf, as you will about St. Mark's Square, with the delightful feeling that you are shut in on every side, and must laze,—then mornings walk around through the narrow streets, a slander on a narrow alley, even, find yourself in all sorts of unaccountable places as bad as old Boston,—visit the churches with their tombs and pictures, and stroll over to the Academy, the fine picture-gallery, then "gondole" again till supper-time and ramble on St. Mark's till bed-time. That's Venetian life. Does it appeal to you? You couldn't resist its charms.

"I always was a 'castlebuilder,'" he says in one letter, and over and over again in the letters to Miss Huntington are painted the castles they will share. April 29, '72, he says: "That (a walking trip in Switzerland) and a ride on the Grand Canal, and numberless prome-

nades on the St. Mark's Square are settled for.—My dear K., I fear my pleasure will not be by any degree unalloyed till I can share it with you."

Always after this year for Doctor Taylor "beyond the Alps lay Italy" and the spell which called him back there on several vacations had built the last dream-castle of residence in Rome after his life-work was finished—a lovely edifice shattered in the bombardment of personal happiness during the Great War.

The one objective misfortune in this year abroad occurred in Italy, a slow fever which the younger brother contracted in Naples and which delayed the brothers there. A letter to Miss Huntington, April 8, '72, is full of tender solicitude over "Leccy's" health and accounts of playing dominoes with the boy and reading aloud to him Thackeray's "Philip." Mr. Electus Taylor in his reminiscences, 1918, says of this illness: "It was undoubtedly a sad disappointment for James (not to go to Rome for Easter), as well as a time of anxiety for a few days, but he was always the attentive and affectionate 'big brother,' and never, at the time or thereafter, referred to the loss of time and opportunity which my illness entailed."

This untoward event of illness and delay was of minor importance in comparison with the mental distress which befell the elder brother in regard to his future career. While his sense of the unseen and his personal religion deepened, his contacts with doctrine lessened, and his recognition of this fact placed him in the quandary of an uncertain future, in spite of his previous training and his desire for parish and home. Repeatedly he expresses envy of Alonzo Parker's "settlement" (his church, quiet

study, and useful work), but the haunting thought keeps returning: "Am I fit for the ministry?" May 4, '72, he writes: "Do you know I've thought a good deal about what I said once, about spending a month with you, when I get home. The absolute beauty of such a plan comes over me more and more. It's just what I need before I settle. And Lon, frankly, I've gotten all over my longing to be a settled pastor, so wholly unfitted do I find myself. I am not settled.—I struck something the other day, that *struck* me, Stopford Brooke's Sermon on F. Maurice,—a beautiful thing, and a fine exposition of M.'s creed. Something in it, loose as it seems, strikes me as just what I want. But dear me! when shall I have time to settle down and *think*, and find out what I believe? I don't know. I pray for guidance." This uncertainty becomes later a determination not to preach unless he sees more light. All the sincerity of his character comes out in the resolution of this letter.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

PARIS, July 3d, 1872.

The probability now seems to be that I shall go home in September,—but the Eastern trip is not yet fully given up. Sometimes I feel as though I ought to take it,—but mostly, I fear, because I dread getting to work. I don't mean that either. I am pining for some good study, but for preaching I am not pining, nor would I accept a call now, were I home. And that's where your suggestion that work will be the solution of my doubts, finds a difficulty. I will not go to work till I know my belief,—will not preach till I know what I can honestly and heartily preach. Yet your suggestion is the true one, I feel, and have so written father. What I want is to go home, and among Christian associations, and with my

books, to work out my way to a firm stand. I am sure I shall see light. It is by no means dark ahead,—only chaotic,—with the promise that “Let there be light” shall bring order out of the confusion. . . . And do you know, Lon, that’s one of my difficulties,—this being “made so.” I am naturally conservative, and yet much of an iconoclast,—and my belief swerves from one to the other, according to my condition. I almost believe in fatalism at times. But from all these doubts I have learned one useful lesson,—to judge no man’s belief harshly, where he seems honest. Charity is the great thing, and so long as we are at union in essentials it is enough. What are essentials? “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.” And if a man says he does not, if he does not believe in the sense I do, yet if his *life* be true, if he show that he reverences the principles our Lord taught,—that he reverences that Life, then too he is our Brother in faith,—not seeing clearly, it may be,—and who does?—but groping,—waiting for the great day when we shall see, and all our minor doubts find solution in the one all satisfying love and presence of our Lord. I believe the so-called essentials, myself,—but I will never ask ordination till I am a little more satisfied on the subject of Sin, of man’s guilt. No man can preach powerfully who does not know what he believes. But the Lord reigneth, and all shall one day be clear. I trust that a few months of study, united with some work, may bring back my enthusiasm for the ministry. What do you think of my fitness for an editor? or a Professor? Buckland wants me to fit myself for the latter. The fact is, Lon, honestly and truly, that I fear the cast of my mind is such that I can never preach very well, continuously,—and I must confess too, that I seem equally unfitted for any other post,—unless it be a physician or business man,—and I shall be neither one nor the other. Perhaps I may learn to preach.

I hope the visit to your parsonage may not be chimerical,—but I don’t know. I never dare hope much. When

I arrive in America, there may be a dozen things requiring my time, and forbidding the accomplishment, the realization of my fond dream. By the way, Dr. Robinson told father—"Tell James to come and spend a month with me in the Fall." Wouldn't that be larks? I'd give anything to do that. Dr. R. could help me immensely. But we shall see. October may see me in Marlboro', September may,—or November may see me in Egypt. I can't plan, and am contented to work on and wait. . . .

Part of a letter from his father, written about this time, shows how sympathetically that wise man understood his son's mental perplexity and how free he left him to choose whatever course he should believe was right for him.

I need not assure you of our deepest and most prayerful interest in that which is to have the most intimate relation to your future happiness and usefulness, viz. your selection of your profession, or *great calling* of life. No question has a more vital connection with your future good and none therefore *deserves* your more careful, patient or prayerful thought.

The great dearth of ministers, with the opportunities which the ministry offers for doing good, renders it an office *if desired*, or *longed for*, to be coveted. Not surely in a *mere worldly* point of view, but from a standpoint which takes *both* time and eternity within the calculation. While therefore you need to guard yourself against the undue influence of personal friends who *desire* that you should go into the ministry, and of course seek to influence your mind in that direction, you should on the other hand endeavor to hold your mind in that state of perfect *submission* to the Divine will which will render you happy in following the leadings of both the Providence and the Spirit of God in this matter—Of all things to be abhorred, is a mere *man-made* minister—To "run

before one is sent," in *this* direction, is if possible worse than to hesitate to run, *after* one has been sent of God. I would not have you do *either*, and with the spirit of honest inquiry which I trust controls you, I have very little fear of your going very far astray upon the question. You need not grow I think "impatient" upon the subject, but leave it till your path is made comparatively plain before your feet. With a prayerful spirit, the path will be thus open and clear in due time, if it is your duty to become a minister of the Gospel.

Unless you see your course clear and duty quite plain, I trust you will continue to hesitate in your full decision to go into the Ministry. I think your Parents both feel a perfect submission to God's will in this matter. I'm sure if it be God's will that you become a minister, I would not have you *anything else*, even though you might thereby attain to the highest worldly honor and success. If on the other hand, you have no direct call from God to this work, I should rather see you a shoemaker or blacksmith, than a professed minister of Jesus Christ. The Master you seek to serve, guide you, teach you His will, and bless you in doing it, is the fervent and daily prayer of

Your Affectionate Father.

Almost at the end of the year this uncertainty and unrest are still in possession of his mood. From Frankfurt he wrote a remarkable autobiographical passage:

To Miss Huntington.

June 23, '72.

When I think of all there is to do, and of my inability, mentally, to do it well,—of the historical subjects that I *must* investigate thoroughly, of the theology I *must* keep up with, of the literature, philosophy, political economy, politics that I must be at home in,—and then think of my incapacities, my unstudent nature, my lack of thorough

mental powers, my mind misgives me,—entirely—and I don't say this to be contradicted. I hardly expect you to believe it, but you know you are prejudiced. . . . I am a pretty good dray-horse, but though I can do thorough work, and put it on paper, there I leave it, and it leaves me,—or in other words, I don't retain it. I sent you my photograph a few weeks since, at your request. I now send you my mental picture, true to reality, a good likeness. Let me add that I seem to have received some gifts of leadership, some qualities which give me place generally, and which have at times secured me even mental praise, but that makes the case no better. I can't support my reputation I fear. But I'll try.

So, too, he writes from Cambridge Aug. 21, '72:

Lon, I shall be delighted to see the land fading in the distance again, and feel the swell of the sea once more, and be *free*,—my journey over. I trust our good ship may not be derelict, but may carry us faithfully through. I am ready, all ready, heart, mind, body, to be home again,—and then, so soon as consistent, I want to be at *work*, hard work, straining, something that takes hold of me,—at the ministry, if it may be,—if not, then in some business where I may be prospered, and so benefit my fellows. I trust I've not lost sight of that, yet. I shall see you soon after my arrival, and then we'll talk it over. I mean to rest a month, at least.

During these anxieties the man's faith in the unseen and his personal religion were deepening. On the voyage to Europe he had written his simple creed:

To Miss Huntington.

Sept. 13, '71.

I've been reading Robt. Falconer, which you gave me, and have finished it. I feel a new impetus. You know

I'm not much of a theologian, and never expect to be,—but I do believe to my heart's core in Jesus Christ. Such a book as this intensifies that belief. I do not fear its apparent broadness, sometimes degenerating to looseness of belief,—and I admire its system of Christian work. I like the book and its author. You know I have often said I believed there was no other way of reaching people, but by going right among them with a heart full of love to God and to them as His creatures. Theology goes a very little way, but a life infused with Christ's life, goes a great way. I hope we may illustrate it some day. I wish I could have told you all the various thoughts that came to me as I read. I do not remember them now, but I feel better and stronger, more ready for this separation, even,—for it seems the way of duty. "Let him that believeth not make haste," I learned from the book,—a noble motto.

In several letters he comments on "How much circumstances change a man."

Dec. 28, '71.

A. taught me to think of heaven,—only a few months before he left us. Before that, it seldom came to my thoughts,—which were all of this life, of present activity,—with full trust, however, that all would come right, in heaven. It's very different with me now. Experience!

In Naples a certain mystical aspect of his personal faith finds expression :

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

Apr. 1, '72.

Yesterday you probably preached an Easter sermon, and I sat here and preached to myself, and thought more than once of you. The truths of the day were very dear to me, came home with a new force, and I felt more than



Kate Huntington.

for a long time that through our risen Lord we can commune with one another, whether we be separated by an ocean, or by the narrow line which divides Time from Eternity.

The final year of education thus progressed along lines of discouragement and happiness, doubt and hope, and throughout the varied months, the prophecy of James Taylor's teacher at Essex was fulfilled, for the boy had now been "made up a man." The boy, however, still speaks at times, as in the end of the summer in London, on the thought of home.

To Miss Huntington.

Aug. 12, '72.

. . . I *must* go to Marlboro', and if you could know just how I feel, so anxious to get into the country again, away from everyone but our own family—to ride, and drive, and screech, open my lungs, &c, &c, you'd appreciate my saying that I want to be in Marlboro' more than in any place under the sun. But to enjoy it thoroughly I need you. Do I ask too much? . . . Well, I live in September now. Our steamers generally arrive on the Saturday or Sunday, and my fervent desire is that I may arrive on Saturday, by noon, and so be at Marlboro' that evening, at the family gathering.

The much anticipated end of the year came finally. Last days in London were characteristically spent in buying books. The man of twenty-four set sail not only for America, but on that voyage of life for which previous years had been merely preparation. Presently from the boundless sea and the mists of doubt clear land was to be sighted.

CHAPTER III

Years in the Ministry, 1872-1886

*"Get thy spindle and distaff ready and God will send
the flax."*

Old Proverb.

THE preliminary steps to James Taylor's decision about his lifework do not appear in the letters, but his resolution was soon directed to the course for which training had prepared him. By early fall the decision was made.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 23d, 1872.

MY DEAR LON, . . .

The more I've thought over my doubts and troubles, of late, the more I've been forced to believe that only in Christ can I find any peace, and only in his direct work any satisfaction. I've been startled, at times, to see where my doubts were leading me. . . . A negative, skeptical state, would sap every noble aim I ever had. It has not been without struggle that I've come even so far. Many a day since I came here I've been on the point of giving up all, and going into business. . . . Now I want to go to work, want a settlement.

Yours,

J. M. T.

Four months followed of writing sermons for unfamiliar audiences and of preaching as a candidate in one

strange place after another. The letters are full of accounts of the subjects of sermons, the size of the congregations, and across the grave narrative flashes some humorous self-description. "What think you of being played out of church to 'Home, sweet home'? Was it complimentary to my discourse?" Another letter, dated Jan. 15, 1873, which begins, "I am ready for anything, I believe, if I could only tell where I *ought* to go," speaks of an invitation to preach at South Norwalk the next Sunday, and on Feb. 24, 1873, he announces that his decision is made.

To Mr. Alonso K. Parker.

HOME, Feb. 24, 1873.

MY DEAR LON,

I have but a few minutes before the mail goes, and want you to hear from me. I cannot invite you to my ordination, because the time is not set, but that I am to be ordained there seems to be decided. I received a call on Friday evening, perfectly unanimous (by ballot), and told them yesterday that I should give them my answer by Wednesday. I wanted to talk finance with them, thinking \$1500 below the proper rate. I had a good talk with the Committee and though it is not to be raised at present,—yet I have the assurance of a fair support. I shall probably settle on March 9th, though should like to wait, and get ahead a little on my work. But . . . they want me to begin immediately, and father seems to think I'd better. . . .

As ever Yours

MONROE.

The next letter, from South Norwalk, March 7, 1873, plans for the ordination on March 18th and confesses: "Am settled, lonely enough, but content, though burdened

by the weight of our Calling. I suppose the *only way* is to move *day by day*, and trust."

The following letter portrays this daily routine.

SOUTH NORWALK, Apr. 14.

MY DEAR LON, . . .

Since the ordination I have fairly spun in work, and seem to have accomplished very, very little. For several days after that ceremony, I was not myself in any emphatic sense, but I managed to *force* a sermon out that week, and have since done better. But I am worried when I see how my studies have been absolutely neglected. I've scarcely done a thing, save on my sermons. Not even my regular Bible study has been maintained, as before my ordination, and I've felt *pushed* continually. I've managed to read a little from Hagenbach's 18 and 19 Cents. but very little, and almost nothing beyond that. You can easily appreciate the discouragement of such experience. I've had several evenings for work, and tried faithfully to do something, but on many of them I've been so tired as to sink into deep sleep before long reading. What can I do? I begin with my sermon work, work till dinner, read an hour afterward,—then call till supper. That hour's reading includes the daily "Tribune." I have hopes that time and work will modify this, but I fear. I know, too, that I must study to maintain my position.

This past week I studied some for a sermon on I Cor. 15:14 for Easter and made a thoughtful sermon of it. I was in New York Monday and Tuesday, studied Wednesday, and Thursday and Friday wrote my sermon. M. came Friday P. M. and remained till this A. M. . . . But I was hard driven. One of our members died Friday A. M. and beside visiting her home that day I'd to call at two houses where children had just died. . . . Mr. C.'s baby was buried today. I didn't get back till 3:30. Yesterday, too, I preached at 3 P. M. in the chapel by B.'s and in the evening made a 15 minute speech to the

S. S. at its concert. Do you see I've been pushed? It might not be very much to an older man but is to me,—and then a funeral is very trying to me, always. . . .

Your account of the — Minister was exceedingly interesting. He must be a remarkable man. \$400! Has he ever been married? Do say he supports 13 children besides buying a valuable number of books,—on \$400 per annum. That church must be very poor,—or else too mean to be Christian!

I want to write on the mission of suffering, this week, if I've brains enough. I think it a difficult subject, but many, very many, of my people have been led through deep waters lately, and I think such a sermon might be useful. Does your mind *work*? or do you feel like an inelastic body whenever you strike a thought? That's my mental character, I fear. I don't seem to *rise*, and grasp something beyond. I move into others footsteps. So Lon, I close tonight. Rather a shabby letter, but it means *much*. Would that I might often *talk* with you.

In much love

Yours

MONROE.

Sermon-making was in these early days perhaps the heaviest of the burdens, but with characteristic Spartan rigor the young minister decided that he must add to his difficulties by preaching at least once a Sunday without notes. May ninth, he writes: "Your experiment in extempore preaching seems to discourage you. I must tell you what Pete told me,—that I'd fail miserably again and again, but would come out vastly better satisfied. Besides, didn't your people like it better? I've preached two of the best sermons I ever delivered, on the past two Sabbath A. Ms. from Jno. 3:19, extempore . . . and the thoughtful people of my congregation have enjoyed them above all I've done." The steady drain of

planning two sermons a week (sometimes more) for at least forty-eight weeks in the year manifests itself in appeal to the more experienced friend to know where he turns for ideas.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

SOUTH NORWALK,
June 11, 1873.

MY DEAR LON,

If I tell you I'm tired, though it's but about 2 P. M. and that I wrote 16 pp. of a sermon this A. M. you may get my connecting thought. I went to work with a semi-stupid head, became warmed up, and worked rapidly. I can't say how poor it is, as I haven't read it over. It is from part of the parable of the Sower,—the Wayside and the Rock. And by the way, I'd like to know what you do when you get out of material. When you wrote me your "pond was dry." What do you do? Turn up the bottom? Dig? Rest? Worry? I run out every week, nearly, and would really like to know your method of meeting such crises. I've gotten into the partial habit of faith, myself,—believing that somehow I'll get through my week's work. And so far I have,—*somehow*. If one could only get time for a little genuine study.

His lifelong belief in regular general reading at times fairly hounds him through his inability to maintain the leisure for it. However, letter after letter tells of new books begun, of plunges into English poetry (Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Tennyson's new "Queen Mary," Wordsworth), of reading Greek again (*Æschylus*' "Agamemnon"), Mommsen's history, Newman's "Apologia," Draper's "Intellectual Development." These are but a few of the authors mentioned. One letter says (July 30, '74): "I am working more on the plan of daily

spending an hour or two in reading, before going at my sermon,—and like it though sometimes I find myself hard pushed in the latter part of the week.” In spite of so little time for mental effort or refreshment, some writing is achieved, and a theological work, “The Catechuminate,” begun in Seminary days, is finished and published.

There were also special problems in the parish which both strained the young minister’s nerve and tried his mettle. New York City was then resounding with the Tweed Ring scandals and a leading politician who had turned state’s evidence was an influential member of the South Norwalk community. In spite of the personal implications, Doctor Taylor boldly and frankly preached a sermon against such graft and corruption in public life as New York was then witnessing. No less fearlessly did he take a stand on the divorce question, although he was preaching in a state where the laws were particularly loose.

All this time Doctor Taylor, like any minister in a small parish, was performing many other duties besides preaching,—teaching a Sunday School class every Sunday in addition to his two sermons, raising funds for home missions, trying to awaken the spiritually indolent with continuous pastoral work.

He was a part of all the life of the community,—served on the school board, helping Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, then Superintendent of Schools there, in the reforms which he instituted; started a reading-room which was the nucleus of a town library, with a coffee-room in connection with it as a sort of anti-saloon club. In addition to all these outside problems, there were the financial ones usually attached to a limited salary which made

traveling and the buying of books always luxuries. Doctor Taylor had an excessive dislike of debt and the family budget was strictly limited to the monthly income. But it was characteristic of the Taylors that successive salaries always seemed to them opportunity, not limitation.

The great, compensating happiness was finally achieved, and on September 10, 1873, James Monroe Taylor and Kate Huntington were married in Rochester, New York. When spring came a house was found and housekeeping commenced,—a beginning that was to be significant for many beside the Taylors in future years through the hospitality that their own happiness extended so easily. It is typical that the second night in their first house they entertained guests!

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.,

Apr. 11, 1874.

DEAR LON,

With my work done for the day,—at 12 M. I sit in my delightful study, the vast extent of landscape and water view before me acting somewhat as an inspiration,—only like the haze which obscures the Long Island shore,—a cloudy inspiration. My *double* front window looks over rocks and hills and town for many miles,—and in the far distance the Sound terminates the view. Sitting here at my desk, and looking directly before me, all this scene is spread out in its beauty, and if now so enjoyable, what of the summer? To my right—through another window—I see the Sound far and wide, with its many sailing vessels and its occasional steamers. And this from my seat. If I go to the window my view is well nigh boundless. This is a good deal to see for a small room. My desk stands in the center, in the corner, between the right window and the double one is one of

my bookcases, in the corresponding corner is a delightful lounge, my easy chair by the left window, and between that and the register by the door, my other two cases of books. K.'s desk is between the right window and the closet door, and our engravings stand in the fourth corner, while pictures and brackets &c, complete the scene. It makes a delightful room. Do come to see it.

Opposite we have a nice bedroom, and above these a spare room and a servant's room (but no servant yet). Below this is a fine parlor, with one of those patent-heaters under the mantle. The room has a large "*square bow window*,"—so to say,—and two other windows. Our kitchen and dining room are basement, but pleasant. *Can see the Sound from there.*

We've been here a week,—got possession Wednesday, the first, and had carpets, furniture, books, and all, here on Thursday, and slept here. Friday night my books were in their place again,—what work it is to move a library!—and that night M. B. stayed with us. S. came with F. B. on Saturday,—P. M.,—and W. B. came that evening. He slept at the hotel, and went off Monday. The others stayed till Tuesday. S. was very sorry not to visit you, and expressed much regret, but couldn't spend the time requisite to get over the Harlem R. R.—All this week I've been trying to work, but with poor success. Our girl hasn't come, and we have our own work to do. I tend to the fires,—three of them, each morning, and of course the breakfast isn't early. But I've made a sermon, done a good deal of business relative to settling my bills, &c, &c, and read an essay on Novalis, and a little else in a desultory way,—a poor exhibit for a week. But I hope better things for next week. Indeed my time has been so broken up for two weeks that I've scarcely read or thought anything. I'm going to try to preach tomorrow from James 1:27 on What is Genuine Religion? I've prepared myself for it. I am coming to dislike notes or manuscript,—except when I preach from an O. T. character. I enjoy preaching extemporaneously

far better, and find a considerable advance in the year.

Your buying books reminds me that I've done no such thing since Jan. I really mean to, but with my house-beginning and all, I've not been able to. Then I'm almost threadbare,—but books *must* come soon. I'm getting hungry, that way. If you are rich, why not buy Allibone? I mean to.

You ask if I've touched Temperance. No,—not systematically. I am not a Prohibitionist, and people think that means *Temperance*, as it seldom does. But I touch on the evil frequently. So of political morality, and commercial immorality, I speak of them very plainly, as in God's name. . . .

No more today, only come soon, if you can possibly. . . .

Yours

J.

SOUTH NORWALK,
Monday, Jan. 18, '75.

DEAR LON,

It was good of you to write me two weeks ago,—so late at night. You pastors in the country must have a good deal of time evenings, though. We city pastors are *driven* all the time and never get done then. Avoid these *large* city churches, Alonzo, if you would save yourself the evening hours! But really I have lately often wished,—not that I was in Amenia, which, I suspect, gives its pastors enough to worry over,—but that I might be in some very small Utopia, where people were moral, and never had Committee Meetings in the evening, and needed no extra work for Educational Societies, and profited by one *good* sermon on the Sunday. But I rather suspect that this is a Utopia even beyond a Plato's, or More's or Bacon's,—or whoseever else's that gave his imagination foolish sweep. . . . I've done almost nothing for five or six weeks; that's the reason of my Utopian fever. Broken into in Dec. so that I could find time only

for my sermonwork, and that was hastily done,—my attention taken up with breaking up our old Brooklyn home,—I did not read a thing after the 1st week of the month. Returning from Montclair after New Years, I determined to get hard at work again, directly,—but one thing and another has prevented,—and I begin to think I shall never know anything. I've tried to read Roman History and have done a little at that, recently,—and also begun to read Byron,—which K. gave me Christmas. That, with my sermon study, about comprises my work for this month. I've been *working* too,—but it has been hard, and my sermons have not easily adjusted themselves. . . .

No more today. Much love from

Yours
MONROE.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

March 6, 1876.

DEAR LON, . . .

This winter I've really not averaged a letter a fortnight—I believe, and you know how readily one abandons the corresponding faculty. Or don't you? Do you still write daily, or biweekly, to your numerous male and female . . . correspondents? I've only one suggestion to make. Do not make it so voluminous that I shall be obliged to keep back your biography too long from an impatient and hungering public. Then how it will look to see so few letters to the Compiler. They'll say I'm modest,—perish the thought!—or I'll just intimate in a preface that the compiler burns his letters! . . .

Yours,
MONROE.

SOUTH NORWALK, Aug. 2.

DEAR LON,

When you left here I was in some anxiety awaiting developments, and had I known your whereabouts, should

have sooner told you that a small boy has been added to our small family. He arrived here just a week ago to-night, and for the most behaves very much as children of his age generally do. Yet I am bound, in all fairness, to say that he is a wellbehaved and goodlooking boy and gives promise of *making himself heard* in the world. He is built like his respected father, and pleases his grandmother by imitating her chin. But I'll not regale you with the account of his table-talk. I may say that I am sorry to see traces of a disrespectful disposition in his manner of squinting at me through *one* eye. For the rest, your mother will be interested to know that he weighs about 9 lbs.

Yours

MONROE

Three of the Taylor children were born in South Norwalk. The following letter is reminiscent:

January 26, 1911.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

We could not forget, if we lived a thousand years, that January morning when you came to live with us. You gave me a hard Sunday, to be sure, for the people had to have their minister, but that did not count. It was a joyous day for us,—and nothing clouds the memory of it. You have been bringing us joy ever since and you grow better with your *advancing* years.

I wish I could give you a thousand dollars for every year you have lived. That would only be a *token*,—not an expression, of your worth. As it is, I am leaving you a very little check, since the gods have not cared for my monetary wishes, and am hoping that every little dollar will get some value to itself because you get pleasure from it.

Your loving

DADDY.

A pleasant phase of Doctor Taylor's life in South Norwalk came from membership in a literary club of which he was one of the founders. The faded minutes of this club are interesting reading:

"One evening in June 1877 on the invitation of Dr. James E. Barbour the following gentlemen,—Genl. R. B. Craufurd, Rev. James M. Taylor, James Richardson and Nelson Taylor Jr.¹ met the Doctor at his house and talked over a plan of forming a small club of gentlemen who would enjoy meeting together occasionally and spending an evening in the informal discussion of such topics as were likely to excite an intelligent interest. . . . It was thought advisable . . . that some member should be assigned to introduce a topic by reading an essay or in any other manner he might choose. It was suggested also that it would be proper for any other person to either write about or speak at length on the topic before the matter was thrown open for general conversation. . . . It did not seem necessary to choose any name for the Club or to elect any officers.

"The evening was very agreeably passed in thus outlining a plan the execution of which promised a good deal of pleasure; and there is no doubt that the discussion of a light and cooling refecton which the good Doctor caused to be served, contributed so much to the enjoyment of the company that it was then and there determined that a light refecton should always form part of the proceedings at each of the club meetings."

¹It is interesting to note how many elements met in this club. Doctor Barbour was the prominent physician in the town, Gen. Crauford represented the army, Mr. Richardson was a scientist, Mr. Nelson Taylor a lawyer, and Doctor James Taylor a clergyman.

The club from the first established this habit of enjoyment so that the astonished secretary records of the first regular meeting: "Supper was served as late as eleven o'clock and it was not far from one when the meeting was over!" So popular the club became by reputation apparently that on Sept. 27, '78, it was voted firmly that the membership should be limited to twelve.

The records are usually brief: date, place of meeting (the club "met around" at the homes of the members), subject of paper, and name of author. . . . Among Doctor Taylor's subjects were "Russia," "Socialism: Its Genesis, Doctrine, Progress and Cure," "The Religious Movement in the Time of Henry VIII," "The Catechumenate," and "The Establishment Under Elizabeth." The minutes of Dec. 16th, 1881, record: "44th meeting at James M. Taylor's. This was the last meeting held at Mr. Taylor's house before he left Norwalk to assume the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Providence, R. I., to which he had been recently called. No paper was read. The Club ladies were present and the evening was very pleasantly passed in conversation, . . . and the discussion of an excellent supper."

The call to the Fourth Baptist Church of Providence (already referred to) came early in Dec., 1881 (possibly at the suggestion of President Robinson of Brown University). The spirit in which it was accepted is shown in the letter of resignation:

Dec. 4, 1881.

To the South Norwalk Baptist Tabernacle,—

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS—

It has been known to you for two weeks or more that the question has been pending of a change in my pastoral

relations. My inability to settle a question involving so much to the Church's interest and to myself has, until yesterday, prevented my relieving the natural suspense of our hearts. My way now seems clear and I take this earliest opportunity to present my resignation as your pastor, to take effect at the close of the last Sunday in December. . . .

There is no reason that I should dwell upon the pain that this resolution brings to me personally. . . . I well know how many motives must enter into any important decision, but far above all such in this case has been the consideration of the large field of labor that seems to be open to me. . . .

I cannot thus formally resign my pastorate without a reminder of the long course over which we have journeyed in Christian fellowship. My effort from the outset has been to do my work so honestly, so solidly, so thoroughly that it might stand and have the approbation of the Master. I have had no confidence in sensational methods, but have believed that the truth simply taught is God's means of helping men to righteousness. . . . Whatever the defects of my ministry, I have aimed to press on your hearts the truth of God without respect of persons, and through it to lead you all to recognize more clearly that your duty is to God and His church, and cannot depend upon the conduct or opinion of any other. . . . I shall feel that my work has been in part a failure if it has not led you to work for Christ's sake rather than for that of pastor or friends, and if you do not continue firm in the faith wherein you stand. My constant effort has also been given to the development of the social life of the church. If I have had my friends, like every other man, I am sure that I have never forgotten the equal claim upon my pastoral regard and care of every member of the church. . . .

For almost nine years I have been permitted to lead you. . . . You bore with the immaturity of my early work. You gave me constant assurance of kindness and

love; you granted me all the confidence that a pastor could ask. I have tried to give you my best thought and care and labor. . . . It has been a work rich in reward, and for which I thank God before you all. Its deficiencies, its failures, its mistakes, plead for your charity and for God's forgiveness.

May His Spirit guide you, and send you a better and wiser leader! May He bless you and your children and keep you in the way of everlasting life! . . .

Very affectionately,

Your Pastor,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The South Norwalk Baptist Church accepted the resignation with sincere expressions of appreciation of Doctor Taylor's work and on New Year's Day, 1882, he began his labor in fresh fields. Most unfortunately no letters from the years in Providence have come to light. The History of the Fourth Baptist Church records under Doctor Taylor's pastorate of four years a new and effective church organization, the employment of a church missionary to aid in the pastoral work, the establishment of a strong mission church, the building of a parsonage, extensive repairs of the church and the payment of the large church debt. The present pastor, Rev. C. E. Burr, writes in a personal letter:

April 10, '18.

I have been told that one of the most prosperous periods of the entire history of this church covering ninety five years was when Dr. Taylor was here. Soon after coming here I had occasion to visit the police captain of this ward, in the interest of a family near by. After the business had been attended to, the captain turned and said, "Then you are pastor of the Fourth Church. Let me tell you, when I was a young man, . . . I began to

feel that as my environment during the week was not always of the best, I ought to have one day in the week when I was surrounded by more helpful influences, so I decided to attend church. The church that appealed to me was the Fourth Baptist because of the strong manly character and preaching of . . . Dr. Taylor. I attended there, as did many of the strongest business men of the East side so long as Dr. Taylor remained."

Professor George Coleman Gow, now professor of music at Vassar College, writes that while a senior in Brown University he became acquainted with Doctor Taylor.

Sept. 17, '18.

When he talked of the needs of his Sabbath School in music it was inevitable that I should fall under the charm of his manner and make enthusiastic response to his suggestion that I undertake the training of the school. I was at once aware of the affectionate regard in which his people held him. . . . I appreciated even then the care with which he looked after the details of the Sunday School and supported and encouraged the workers in it, myself included.

Besides his main work in his church in Providence, Doctor Taylor, as in South Norwalk, furthered the educational interests of the city by serving on the school board, working particularly in the interests of the night schools.

A pleasant element in the Providence life was the association with a group of congenial clergymen who met every Monday for the discussion of a paper and luncheon. And above everything for the Taylors, President and Mrs. Robinson made immediate connection for them with Brown University,—a happy renewal of old

friendship and a delightful inception of new interests.

The greatest test of a man's life is not how he works, but how he makes holiday. So Doctor John Finley once affirmed in a Phi Beta Kappa address. Certainly use of one's leisure and character of one's vacation are significant. While the Taylors were in South Norwalk, they went regularly to delightful "Bienvenue," Mrs. Taylor's Rochester home, for their vacations. During the Providence years and for several after, they spent their summers at Sciasconset on Nantucket Island. Of these, Doctor Taylor's daughter writes:

'Sconset at that time was just a dear, quaint fishing-village with incursions of 'off-islanders' during the summer. Our cottage, built well beyond the village and on the edge of the bluff, looked out upon a rolling surf and open ocean. The presence of an old wreck in our foreground,—the knowledge that a Light-ship was tossing just beyond our horizon and the drift-wood washed in by every storm fired our childish imaginations. One had a fine sense of being well out at sea when the salt fogs rolled in across the moors. Our neighbors, Professor Wilder of Cornell University, Doctor Allen of Philadelphia and their families formed with ours the happiest of circles. We bathed to-gether, went berrying across the moors, or picnicing by the inland ponds, and as our group included some excellent musicians, we frequently gathered in the evening for music at the Wilder Cottage.

Here at Sciasconset, facing the ocean from his desk in a bay window, Doctor Taylor spent the mornings at work. Then the daily swim and long walks over the moors or along the bluff to the light-house filled the sum-

mer day. His sister, writing of his pleasure in the life, says :

He always brought back from the afternoon walks a large bunch of the lovely wild-flowers and sweet fern that grew in such abundance on these sea-side moors. The walks were generally taken at a brisk pace, and his flushed face and pleased expression as his quick, light step brought him with his treasures to the cottage door showed what a mental and physical diversion these excursions were to him.

After such a vacation of work and happy outdoor activity, Doctor Taylor returned refreshed to devote himself heart and soul to the year's tasks. As the college grew and its demands became more insistent, he felt the necessity of finding a more accessible summer home. But this is anticipating history.

CHAPTER VI

First Years at Vassar, 1886-1895

"Either teach not, or teach by living."

Gregory Nazianzen.

WHEN the Reverend James M. Taylor had been in the ministry fourteen years, an opportunity for a very different kind of service came to him in a call to the Presidency of Vassar College. This institution for the higher education of young women, founded by Matthew Vassar in 1861, and opened in 1865, had already achieved an honorable distinction as the pioneer endowed college for young women in the United States, but it was now at a critical time in its history. For seven years the college had been passing through a period of depression, the number of students was diminishing, the endowment was inadequate, and, justly or not, the character of the work of the college was being criticized. Moreover, no energetic efforts were being made to face criticism and dispel it, to increase endowment, or to secure a larger clientele for the college through appeal to preparatory schools and alumnae organizations. President Caldwell resigned in June, 1885, and during the year 1885-1886 Doctor J. Ryland Kendrick, a member of the board of trustees, gave excellent service as acting president. All friends of Vassar knew that the future of the college now depended upon able leadership.

In the search for the new president, the choice of the trustees came to fall upon James Taylor through the recommendation of his old professors, President Robinson and President Anderson. In a reminiscient letter, two years later, President Anderson wrote:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1888.

It was personally a great pleasure to me to be able to recommend your election to the position you hold to the Trustees of Vassar College. The eminent success of your administration thus far has justified all my expectations. I recall very distinctly your career as a pupil and the fidelity with which you discharged all your duties and the success which attended your efforts as a student. It is true that you were young at that time but I have found many illustrations in my experience of Wordsworth's line that "The Boy is the father of the man." I did so much work in the organization of Vassar College that I am deeply interested in its success apart from my personal interest in you. . . .

Upon the recommendation of these friends, Mr. Taylor was approached on the subject and after meeting a committee of trustees was unanimously elected President. His letter of acceptance shows deep appreciation of the great work ahead.

PROVIDENCE, Ap. 21, 1886.

*Rev. J. R. Kendrick D.D.,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees,
Mr. S. M. Buckingham,
Secretary.*

GENTLEMEN:

Your communication notifying me on behalf of the Board of Trustees of my election to the Presidency of Vassar College is received.

I accept the honorable place thus offered me, with the

most exalted conception of the responsibilities involved in it,—pledging to its service all the powers I possess.

Permit me, further, to express my appreciation of "the cordial unanimity" to which you refer.

I am, Very truly yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Among Doctor Taylor's papers is a slender bundle of letters of congratulation received at this time, and the selection of those preserved is significant: one in trembling hand from Maria Bayles, a helper in his childhood home, a few family letters, three from ΑΔΦ men saying he had always been a comfort, now would be a glory; one from a fellow-minister in South Norwalk, who writes, "the word leaps from lip to lip, with a benediction upon your memory," and one from a clergyman in Providence.

Central Baptist Church,
Pastor's Residence
HOME, Wednesday ev'g.

Rev James M. Taylor,
President-elect Vassar College:

The inferior clergy salute thee. Their wives adore thee. Let the girls obey thee. If you can condescend to sup with a humble pastor and his wife, who crave every possible opportunity of communing with you ere you leave for classic shades, come and have tea with us tomorrow at 6:15. We want to see you while you are a plain Rev. and before the D.D., LL.D., &c, veil your youth.

Don't fail us, will you? Will let you off in season for church.

Yours,
RICHARD MONTAGUE,
Pastor.

With these letters is also one from President Anderson announcing that the University of Rochester had conferred a degree upon him.

ROCHESTER June 18" 1886

Rev. James M. Taylor, D.D.

President of Vassar College

MY DEAR SIR:

It becomes my official duty to inform you that the University of Rochester at its annual Commencement held on the 16" instant, conferred upon you the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

It gives me unusual pleasure to announce this action of your Alma Mater to one, whose honored father was my friend and whom also I have known for many years as a man whose life has honored the sacred profession of his choice and who from youth has been an industrious scholar an honest searcher after truth and whose powers have always been consecrated to the service of God and the elevation of our common humanity.

That the Divine Blessing may always rest upon you in the arduous and responsible office you now hold is the sincere prayer of your old teacher and friend

Yours Very Truly

M. B. ANDERSON

Pres't. University of Rochester

In the fall of 1886 Doctor Taylor assumed his new duties as college president. At this time Vassar had five buildings, Main (the great residence hall), the Museum, the Observatory, the Lodge and the Vassar Brothers Laboratory. There were no houses for President or professors but all lived in suites in the Main Building. The endowment apart from scholarship funds was \$311,973.51 and the number of students for the year 1885-'86 was but 291 (2 graduate students, only

151 in the regular college work, 50 in the preparatory department, and 55 in the schools of art and music).

The Trustees had requested that the new President should make an inaugural address and, although Doctor Taylor, as he said afterwards, did not believe in announcing policies before he had experience, an "Address on assuming duties of Pres. of Vassar College" exists in manuscript, characterized by the simplicity and devotion which were elements of his success. After paying tribute to the noble history of Vassar College, Doctor Taylor declared: "Whatever . . . has contributed to this influence of the College, in the spirit of its administration, in its standards, and in its methods of teaching, and in the organization of its domestic life, it will be my aim to preserve and to stimulate." In showing that Vassar was meeting a new challenge to its prestige in the opening of other colleges for women and of men's universities for coeducation, he stated: "The demand upon this college is thus greater than ever before. It is not enough that its standard be high: none must be higher." Another point emphasized was that in the midst of the great enlargement of the realm of knowledge, the philosophical element in education must never be lost sight of and the aim of the best education must be "to send forth not merely well-informed men and women, but men and women who can use their knowledge efficiently in any and in every department of the world's activities." Again he stressed "the need of a sound religious basis for all valid, broad culture," saying that the college "must discourage cant, and reject all sectarian strife, but its spirit, animating its domestic and scholastic life, as well as its religious services, should be, and I humbly trust will be,

the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ." The end of the address is prophetic of Doctor Taylor's administration: "Conserving, then, every worthy tradition, and standing firmly on the strong foundations so well laid, the College will strive, in the future, as it has in the past, to send forth women of fearless intellectual independence, efficient in all the work of the world, thorough in thinking and in action, and possessed of a reverent, God-centered faith. It will not forget that its best may be bettered, and that in its scope and power it may always make progress."

The *Vassar Miscellany* furnishes invaluable data for the beginnings of Doctor Taylor's work: student comment on chapel talks; reports of many trips taken to become acquainted with the alumnae and to make speeches before them and at preparatory schools; notices of educational addresses and sermons. The subjects of some of the first chapel talks were the study of the Bible, general reading, the importance of keeping informed in regard to current events, Washington and the Constitution. Editorial comment in the *Miscellany* in regard to these speeches is enthusiastic as it is also in regard to an address given on "Ancient and Modern Charity." Doctor Taylor was taking pains to express himself and his ideas to the students and was winning them by self-expression.

He was also making consistent efforts to know the Alumnae and to further the educational interests of the college by attending meetings and delivering addresses in the east and the middle west and, in the spring of '94, traveling as far as California to speak en route before groups of alumnae, schools and colleges. It is in-

teresting to note that at the time of the celebration of Vassar's twenty-fifth year at Commencement in June, '90, the *Miscellany* states that the enthusiasm constantly manifested "showed itself preëminently at every expression of loyal support and appreciation of President Taylor's work." Already he had won his constituency.

President Taylor's addresses and articles (printed and in manuscript) show clearly how the lines of his thought were taking shape in this first decade. Conspicuous in many of the addresses appear devotion to the cause of women's education, absolute faith in it and recognition of women's educational work. Nowhere is this clearer than in speeches about two great leaders, Maria Mitchell and Emma Willard. In 1889 at the funeral of Maria Mitchell, distinguished astronomer and pioneer professor at Vassar, Doctor Taylor spoke of the services she had rendered science, of the distinguished merit she had gained, of her fearless pursuit of truth in science and religion, of "her strong influence in the lives of her devoted students . . . who look back to that beautiful vine-covered Observatory as a birthplace of new life in their souls." In an address in Troy, May 16, '95, on the dedication of the monument of Emma Willard, Doctor Taylor, after reviewing the influences of the civil war on America, declared: "One force has developed quietly during this time which has meant more to civilization, though often unnoticed, than all else generally associated with the story of our growth. In the light of the sociological or economic problems of today, her relation to the family, her power in society, her influence direct and indirect in church and state, what can compare in significance with the broader liberty and education

of women? Commercial supremacy? More numerous populations? Enormous increase of natural wealth? Telephone and electric railway, and quickened forms of manufacture? What are these all beside the influence in our life today of the new force that has come with the larger life of woman?" He then spoke of Emma Willard as a supreme figure in the pioneer movement for women's freedom and education and quoted the high educational ideal of her great address of 1819: "Education should seek to bring its subjects to the perfection of their moral, intellectual, and physical nature, in order that they may be of the greatest possible use to themselves and others." Such high belief in the education of women and in the work of women educators as these two addresses show is typical of Doctor Taylor's attitude, not only in the first decade of his work, but all through his life.

Confidence and interest in the student come out in two printed addresses, both before the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. In Dec., '92, Doctor Taylor made a strong plea for student government in the college, based on his faith in the students themselves, and stated in what lines he believed responsibility might well be delegated to them.

"The government of a college, so far as it concerns the student, deals 1, with public order, involving all questions of noise, disturbance of fellow-students, care of college property; 2, relations to the class room, excuses for absence, fidelity, or unfaithfulness in study, examinations; 3, attendance on public exercises, as chapel; 4, athletics so far as they bear on the student's work and,

possibly, on his health; 5, conduct concerning the moral welfare of the institution.

"As regards the second division of this classification it belongs wholly to the faculty; all the rest offer opportunity to intrust to the student a share in the responsibility, if not the whole of it."

This belief in the power of the students to govern themselves had already taken the form of action with President Taylor, since in 1889 he had inspired the first steps towards the organization of a plan of self-government on the part of the Students' Association of Vassar College. Under this plan, the sway of corridor teachers in Main Hall was abolished, and administration of the rules governing exercise, retiring and chapel attendance was granted to the students.

As President of the Association of the Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland in 1893, Doctor Taylor made an address on "The Neglect of the Student in Recent Educational Theory," in which he pleaded that in the multiplication of subjects and of one or two hour electives, either the student studied under too high pressure or became accustomed to superficial work. He maintained also that subjects too difficult for the average student were presented in the first two years of college; that time was wasted by lack of coördination between the high school and the college, and that, finally, the lecture system, constantly more in vogue, did not begin to offer the mental stimulus of the more difficult Socratic method. The address pleads also for a revival of the old ideal of a liberal education which Matthew Arnold called "to enable a man to know.

himself and the world," and made Rousseau exclaim: "To *live*, to *live* is the profession I would teach him."

Other essays of these years¹ show how searchingly Doctor Taylor was surveying the whole problem of the American college in its relation to the secondary school and to the university, and in its own development. For the secondary schools, he urges less demarcation between the work of the grammar and the high school, more continuity of study, standardized quality of work, more hours under the teachers' supervision. To the University proper, he would relegate work for the doctor's degree to avoid in the college wasteful duplication of work, and because only the university can afford "the enormous cost of worthy graduate work, in men and apparatus and books"; but he thinks that the master's degree, given for scholarly work, in the field of liberal studies, may often be granted by the college. In the future of the American college he sees a combination of the old college and university systems of prescribed curriculum and free specialization, and believes that this combination will be characterized by greater freedom in the choice of both prescribed subjects and electives. The woman's college will follow this general trend of development of the American college and can maintain a like intellectual grade with the colleges for men if educational endowment can be secured, for the work of the woman's college is now "not primarily a question which regards the quality of students. In that aspect it has

¹ The Future of the Woman's College (Quarter-Centennial Address), Poughkeepsie Eagle, June 12, 1890; The Report of the Committee of Ten, School Rev., April, '94, vol. 2, pp. 193-9; Graduate Work in the College, Educ. Rev., June, 1894, vol. 8, pp. 62-74.

answered itself. The question concerns the ability of a woman's college to maintain a faculty of intellectual rank equal to that of the college for men. . . . It is chiefly a question of *endowments*." Of what prime importance pure educational endowment for salaries seemed to him comes out practically in a letter to Mr. Edward Elsworth (trustee and treasurer of the college), Dec. 18, '94, when the expense of a new sewage system is under discussion: "Personally, the educational feature of this College rises in my mind so continually in its insistent demand for more money that the idea of an expenditure of 50,000 dollars for a sewer hangs over our future like a nightmare, but if it is finally best, I shall stop my objections, you may be sure, and cheerfully resign myself to the inevitable, only I want to be sure that it is inevitable."

Another significant point in Doctor Taylor's educational theories formed at this time is his opposition to denominational control and his interpretation of the meaning of "Christian education." When an eminent educator had proposed for Doctor Taylor's opinion a plan to raise funds for a great university, under Baptist control, Doctor Taylor replied:

May 2, 1889.

I doubt the possibility of laying out a great university on the lines of denominational control. I believe in *Christian* control,—and I do not for a moment think that you mean a narrow spirit of administration when you speak of Baptist control,—but I question deeply,—I may almost say I wholly disbelieve in,—the possibility of our own denomination developing or directing the University of the Future. It seems to me that *any* denominational administration of that University will be impossible.

. . . The institutions most nearly approaching universities in our own land, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, are more and more putting such control aside, and in the case of the first and last named may be said to have already entirely freed themselves from such influences. I believe that to be the growing and necessary tendency, and that an institution of the highest grade, such as you outline, founded on any other than the *broadest* basis, would have to meet the insuperable obstacle of the prejudice of the educated world. . . .

At this point, too, I raise a question as to your definition of Christian Education. I thought, as I read, though I have not the page now before me, that it might be justly urged that our education is Christian, for the most. We believe in a Christian Country, but few of us believe in the need of inserting the name of God in the Constitution. And I fear our education could not be made essentially more Christian in such a University as you plan than it is today in Yale, to which you refer.

This broad attitude assumed by a college president of but three years' standing showed an independent mind, untrammelled by theological training, fastening upon the essentials of the subject in hand.

This breadth of viewpoint in matters of religion in relation to education appeared no less in the sermons of the year. Among Doctor Taylor's papers is the complete file of his baccalaureate sermons and charges to the graduating classes from 1887 to 1913. The Idealist preached the first: "Dwelling in tents . . . he looked for a City,—The Completeness of Life in Its Ideal." The second typifies the spirit of his whole life of service: "Freely ye have received: freely give." Perhaps his own past struggles and doubts as a young man prompted the sermon of 1889 on Heb. 11:8,—"By faith Abraham,

when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed: and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Self-sacrifice and self-development are the subject of the next, '90, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." So the themes flow on:—"the Divinity of Human Personality" ("Thou hast made him a little lower than God"); "the Light of Life"; "the Quiet Way of God"; "the Kingdom of God Among You"; "Where There is No Vision, the People Perish." The themes themselves suggest the trend of these baccalaureate sermons from '87 to '94: a simple message of the spiritual life, no dogma, no theology, emphasis on the highest spiritual development, the most generous service, the most far-seeing vision. Preëminently the message was to the Young, and given by one not so far from Youth but that he understood it. This sympathy and understanding comes out especially in the charges to the graduating classes. Facing their future with them, he gave to many a young woman a sense of peace and strength in the realization of her own limitless possibilities and her call to endless service.

Such was, in part, the public life of Doctor Taylor during his first years as college president. It may be questioned whether the President of Vassar in these years could be said to have any private life, living as he did—in the midst of his work and in the center of the college community in his apartments in the Main Building. So close was his relation to the college that though only in his forties, he was somewhat in the position of a *paterfamilias*.

Illustrative of this family relation between President and college is an incident which occurred in June, '91.



The President in his Study in the Main Building, 1894.

On June 8th a baby boy arrived in the Main Building and the graduating class sent to him a present of some silver with the message: "To '91's baby whose commencement so nearly coincided with ours." At the class supper, on June 11, "Mother Flett" (well-remembered college nurse) suddenly appeared proudly carrying the three-days-old boy. To his dress a poem was pinned, ending with the lines:

"And of all things I'm proudest, on this, pray you, ponder,
That among all the babies I'm the sole *Ninety One-der*."

The delighted class, warned to welcome their guest quietly, gently threw pink rose-petals over him and he was borne back to his Mother covered with these fragrant messages.

One of the most prized senior privileges was the invitation to dinner with President and Mrs. Taylor, an invitation extended to small groups at a time, thus insuring real acquaintance. Dinner was followed by the much anticipated visit to the President's study. This study was on the first floor in Main Hall, a quaint old room, originally intended for the apartment kitchen, and it possessed, fitted into the chimney, a Franklin stove which Doctor Taylor had hunted up when he was in Connecticut (driving about the country until he found one and then inducing the owners to exchange it for a fine modern heater). Around its fire, the seniors would gather, while Doctor Taylor showed them his precious books, or his foreign photographs and engravings, and talked of the things for which he most cared. On Thanksgiving Day and other anniversaries the President and his wife were at home to the whole college and the whole college would come! Certain center rooms in

I send this little line just to cheer you up a bit. Let us know everything. Tell us if you are perfectly well, too.

Your loving
FATHER

HOME, Nov. 19, 1893.

MY DEAR HUNT, . . .

Baby talks on about "an education." I asked him where Morgie was, the other day. "Gone to 'Cool to get an ed-i-cation." "Where's Hunt?" "At 'Ale College." "What for?" "To get an ed-ication." He will remember you, I think.

I have been greatly interested in your account of your reading and am encouraged to find you laying out a real course of independent work. But before I say a word or two on that, and before I forget, let me say one thing about your French. I care little about your mere marks in it, but I am troubled to think you have not conquered it. You ought to read it correctly and with ease now, and you certainly have done well with linguistic studies heretofore. *Find out* where your *real* trouble is, and if need be, go back and master the elements. *You will need* to know French well. Don't neglect it.

Now about the English. You asked about Hawthorne. Read the Marble Faun. Nothing better,—and a very interesting story it is, and one much talked about, too. Then it will take you to Rome. When you go there you will want to read it again, as I did.

I am wondering if you are really doing the best thing for yourself to follow the list you sent, chronologically. I doubt it. It is too much drama, proportionally. Why not, at least, take *one* of Jonson's plays, one of Webster's, one of Massinger's, one of Fletcher's, and then take a change,—some poetry, Spenser, the reference given you in Palgrave,—and then some prose,—a few essays of Bacon, part of Sidney,—part of Burton, and a little of Lyly. You've had *the best* of the dramatists, except

Shakespeare, in Marlowe. I don't think it worth your while, now, to delay over the sonnets of Shakespeare. You can go back to them for special reading. In this way you will get a general knowledge of the old literature and you want that chiefly now.

Valuable emphasis on the use of good English in speaking and writing shows how Doctor Taylor himself must have formed his own clear style.

Nov. 12, '93.

Practise on Mr. Phelps' criticisms. I want you to learn to write a fair style. But you'll have to work hard and overcome the faults that have grown on you because you had no proper training, and because you always write in a hurry. Writing essays will not suffice. You must watch *all* you write, letters as well as the rest,—and your talk, *as well*. All this goes into the formation of a style,—and habit here means all it does elsewhere, in the hold of the old, or in the increased readiness, and the growth of the better, through steady practise.

The strong family feeling of the Taylors comes out in a sentence in a letter of Nov. 13, '92, along with a reference to a football game attended, partly for the sake of Hunt, partly for love of the sport.

Saturday I saw my brothers. Nothing like these relationships, when you've grown up. Take care of them while you are young.

Uncle Morg asked me to go to the Yale-Pennsylvania game, and thinking of you and of my need to understand your pleasures, I went. I enjoyed it. We stood right by the fence, and saw it all. It was a good game. The best work was the running of Bliss. He was badly hurt,—not seriously, I hope. It was all very plucky,

horribly rough, though,—and several men were laid off during the game.

Advice about athletics and work run together in fine ethics.

Oct. 15, '93.

I want you to be thorough in whatever you do. Master whatever you undertake—study, baseball, everything. Where one mastery is sure to conflict with another, choose the higher.

Keep us informed about your training as well as your study and tell us your chances of making the team.

HOME,

Jan. 14, '94.

9:20 P. M.

MY DEAR BOY,

It seems a good deal more than a week since you left us. We enjoyed your visit very much and were sorry to have you leave us. . . .

I am glad to hear about your work, and your getting settled. I hope your new books look attractive on your shelves. It is a great thing to come to feel familiar with a number of books and to see them looking up at you and to know they are your own. I enjoy the companionship of some of these I see about me almost as if they were friends.

I felt the growth in you, my boy, this time. I can see that you are opening your mind to new interests, and developing a taste for reading. It will be an invaluable treasure to you. It is a deep satisfaction to note this advance and to hope in its steady progress. Choose good books: a poor one is like a bad friend. . . .

We are supremely interested in you, and all you do interests us more than you can know. Write fully. Whatever fun you have, and whatever you have seen in life, my strongest prayer is that you may be *good*. That

is more than anything else, and best of all one can get or have. All well and send love.

Your loving
FATHER.

PLAINFIELD
Oct. 7, '94.

MY DEAR BOY,

I came down here yesterday afternoon to be near Uncle Morg. . . . We have sat about and talked and waited,—with the shadow over us. Of course it is not all shadow. Uncle Morgan's faith is clear, and he has no apprehensions as he looks death in the face. He reaps the reward now of his habitual trust in Christ. Beside, we have only happy memories. He has been almost a perfect brother to us all, so generous, forgetful of self, so happy and cheering all the way. And his life has been successful in the best sense,—steady, faithful, honored work in business life, and a very happy home.

He feels very grateful for all he has had, and says he would not have anything changed. To us it seems hard that he cannot have a year or two of quiet enjoyment of the home he planned for after leaving business. But we ought to think more of the home beyond, and the assurance we have in the promises of our Heavenly Father. . . .

Since we were little fellows he and I have been intimate,—friends as well as brothers. It robs life of a great deal to have him leave it.

It makes me think, too, how careful we ought to be to cultivate the kind and loving side of life,—and to show our loved ones how we love them while they are with us. . . .

My heart is with you, my boy. May you long be saved from sorrow, and when it comes may you have a faith and hope to sustain you!

Your loving
FATHER.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Oct. 28, '94.

MY DEAR HUNT,

I cannot sit down here, late in the evening, 10:30 o'clock, without my mind running back a week, when we were together but under such sad conditions. I think of them down there, while our change of place has brought us other skies, other scenes, and other things of which we must think. Time will never make Uncle Morgan's memory less than a blessing and a joy to me, but this distance from his home and work are a great help in bearing the sorrow that we must feel. I wonder, sometimes, if the whirl of life leaves us a chance to *feel* as we ought!

I hope you'll think of the two or three strongest traits in your uncle's character. He was a man of *duty*. He said, in his last days, to me, "I have tried to do my duty: I hope I have: I wish nothing else said of me."

He was also very courteous in his treatment of all men,—not "goody-goody,"—but firm, strong, frank and direct in speech,—popular among those whom he opposed because they knew him genuine in his opposition,—and courteous.

He was a very "*square*" man in his business relations. I have letters about him now telling how he was esteemed. He was fair, honest, strict with himself (I remember noticing how he bought his own stamps for his own private correspondence, . . . though a member of the house).

Above all, he was a Christian man with a well defined hope in Christ. That was his anchor: the rest might have done in prosperous days, but what would all these last days have been but for a calm, deep trust in God and the risen life in Jesus? I know what it was to him,—and you know whether or not Uncle Morg enjoyed life.

. . .

Your loving

FATHER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11, 1894
9 P. M.

MY DEAR BOY,

I am about to leave for Des Moines, and send you only a word to let you know I am not forgetting you. I got here Friday, spent that night thirty miles away, at Lake Forest, was busy at Alumnæ meetings all yesterday, and today have been to Uncle Lon's Church and spent the afternoon with him. It seems a good deal to look forward to, to think of spinning away at this rate for two weeks more, but I hope to stand it well.

As I have looked about today I have thought of you and of the standards of life I hope you are holding up. I am very anxious to have you all *good, righteous*, more than successful, as the word is used. To have you so truthful that all will trust you, so faithful that all will know where to find you, pure in thought and chaste in action, . . .—all this I would have you. I have no reason to suppose you are not all this, . . . but I am anxious to have you have that trust, not in yourself, but in God, which shall be a security to you.

I must hurry now, but my heart goes out for you.

Your loving
FATHER.

Another letter from this western trip shows the schedule of a college president taking vacation!

SALT LAKE CITY,
Mch. 18, 1894.

Every minute of my time has been crowded full till today, except when we have been travelling. I spoke twice in Kansas City (Monday) and had a reception, and another that night in Topeka, spoke twice there Tuesday, spoke and offered a dedicatory prayer at the Library opening of Colorado College (Col. Springs), Wednesday, lunched with the President, we drove to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, . . . and dined

with the Jacksons . . . and went to a Library reception. We got to Denver at 11, Thursday, I spoke five times that and the next day, . . . and on Friday lunched at Bishop Spalding's, and drove, and dined with Mrs. Davis, . . . and she gave us a fine reception in the evening. This is our only let up before plunging into another round in San Francisco. We expect to be there Wednesday A. M.

The Sunday letters from "Home" to the son at Yale picture the President's busy "days of rest" and also much of the social life of the college.

To Huntington Taylor.

HOME, Oct. 22, '93.

MY DEAR BOY,

It is even later than usual tonight. My minister stayed late, and it's 10:15 o'clock. . . .

It was the usual Sunday, visiting, and showing the clergyman about till five, then preparation for prayer-meeting, and a little reading till 6, the faculty at supper, and so on. Since the meeting A. and E. W. have been in,—and the minister. . . .

It has been a busy week, beside strictly college work. My Club met at Mr. Elsworth's Monday night (I read the paper,—on the Neglect of the Student in Recent Educational Theory), we went to the Reading Club, in town, Tuesday night, Mr. Thompson was with us Wednesday night, we had a concert Friday night (I send you the programme), and last night we went to see the Senior Parlor—just opened. . . .

Is all well with you? I wish you would send me your essay after you finish it. Work hard on this line and try to think for yourself. It will pay you more than you can know. Of course reading is very valuable and suggestive, but work out your own ideas, too.

Your loving
FATHER.

*To Huntington Taylor*HOME, Feb. 10, '95.
Sunday night.

MY DEAR BOY,

I wish you were here tonight instead of so far away, and we could sit here and talk for an hour. I share the feelings of "Dick." I was in his room an hour ago, and told him I was going to write you. He raised himself a little in his crib and said, "Papa, why doesn't Hunt come home?" I told him why you had to be away, and he added, "I'm lonesome for Hunt." Poor little boy, he's been quite ill, and this was his third day in bed. He told you, I believe, that he thought he was going to have grip. . . . The first night, he remarked, cheerfully, that it was nice to see people moving about in his room in the night. He told the doctor she was a funny doctor to give him medicine without looking at his tongue or feeling his pulse, like a man-doctor. Mamma told him he never knew anything about a man-doctor. Yes, Gran <Miss Frances Wood> had shown him a picture of one, and he was feeling a boy's pulse. . . .

It has been a very cold spell, quite a little blizzard. Our lecturer, from Harvard, did not arrive Friday night, and we had to have him Saturday morning. Dr. Pattison could not get a train from Rochester, and the preacher was detained in the same way,—and so I preached this morning,—on "the seeking of goodly pearls."

Then we had Mr. J., of Kansas City, and Miss V., at dinner, and had our walk up Sunset Hill instead of the usual round of buildings with the minister.

Last night we had twenty more seniors in at supper, and enjoyed the evening. We came down here and sat around the fire, with the lights low, and let them tell stories. . . . Other times we have looked at old books, or pictures, &c.—and so have had a variety. . . .

We all send love.

Your loving

FATHER.

HOME, May 19, '95.

MY DEAR BOY, . . .

I have had some variety of work this week. I had to go to Troy Wednesday night to speak Thursday at the Emma Willard Statue dedication. . . . I had to speak out of doors, to a large crowd, and it was quite an effort. The exercises in the afternoon were in a church, and Chauncey Depew was one of the speakers. I came down in his private car to Albany, and as he was going to stop he gave me an order on the Empire State Express to stop here for me. So I was able to get home Thursday night. Your mother and M. had spent the day in New York.

Friday night we had a lecture here on Shakespeare's country, a series of pictures, about 120,—by a former student, now living in England. She made the photographs. At 9:30 I . . . went in to the Board of Trade dinner,—and spoke there on "our schools." To complete the series, I am to speak at the Congregational Club tomorrow night, in New York, on what the New Education has done for our colleges. Then I must "turn to" and get ready for commencement.

My *senior* examination will come on Wednesday, and I hope to have read the papers by the end of the week. It is a hard job. . . .

Fragmentary pictures as these are, they help make the Biography of Doctor Taylor in these early years of the establishment of his position as a young college president.

One of the interesting points of contact with the life of Poughkeepsie is to be recorded, the foundation of a club which from its plan and work seems probably the direct descendant of the South Norwalk Club of which Doctor Taylor had such pleasant memories. The Club's Record, printed in 1907, states that at the first meeting,

in December, 1887, those present were W. G. Stevenson, J. M. Taylor, J. R. Kendrick, E. H. Parker, H. L. Ziegenfuss, and H. V. Pelton. Although the club has seen many changes in membership, it is still in existence and the original simple plan has been preserved: that it should meet once a month during the winter at the homes of the different members, and that at each meeting one member should present a paper on a subject chosen by himself. As in South Norwalk, a "refection" is regularly partaken of. The subjects of some of Doctor Taylor's papers were: "The Influence of the Crusades in European History," "The American Idea of the State in Relation to Religion," "Herbert Spencer's Idea of Justice," "Mediæval Universities," "The War with Spain—Profit and Loss," "Democracy," "Stanley Hall on Woman's Education," "A Roman Bath and What Came of It,"—all significant of the author's varied interests.

One aspect of his activity has not been mentioned, although it has been forecast, in reference to the need for educational endowment. That need had become so imperative to the President's mind that in the year 1887 he started to raise a part of the needed sum. In the History of Vassar he has told the effort and the discouragements of the undertaking.¹

"The first effort to enlarge the endowments was made distinctly in the interest of salaries for the faculty. It was before the present easy talk of millions, and the mark set was \$100,000. The alumnæ numbered less than seven hundred, and there was no organized effort on their part. The President was asked to raise the fund

¹ This endowment of \$100,000 was completed on commencement day, 1889.

and found the College practically without a constituency. At the end of the first year only \$61,000 was reported and it took a second year to complete the fund, but it was raised in difficult times, by weary pilgrimages, by numerous letters, much of it from new-made friends, and the president was obliged meanwhile to keep up his college classes and the general work of the administration. It was Vassar's first appeal, and notwithstanding the generous help of the press, it proved a lack of knowledge and appreciation of woman's education on the part of an unconvinced public."¹

During this period, '86-'95, new buildings also were secured (all gifts), the Conservatory, the Gymnasium, the first new residence hall, Strong, and by '91, professors' houses had been begun.

Before the President came to his well-earned vacation abroad in 1895-1896, during the first eight years of his administration, he had changed materially the status of Vassar College. The educational endowment had been increased by \$100,000, and the gift of three new buildings had been secured. The preparatory department (always a menace to the regular work of the college) had been promptly abolished. The number of students had been increased from 291 (of whom 50 were in preparatory classes, 55 in art and music) to 538 students (of whom only 23 were in special courses). Far more than this the loyalty and coöperation of faculty, alumnæ, and student body had been won. Public confidence in the work of the college had been restored by the educational addresses and essays of the President, which showed his wise conceptions of the scope and ideals of a liberal

¹ "Vassar" by J. M. Taylor, and E. H. Haight, p. 173.

college, his confidence in the undergraduates' power of self-government, and his final spiritualizing of all education towards the development of inner life and outward service. More than all, the genial, human presence and force of the man himself had won not only Vassar, but the educational world. It was now time for him, as he saw, to make holiday in order to keep his vision clear and his energy unimpaired, and in October, '95, Doctor and Mrs. Taylor set sail for Europe.

CHAPTER V

An Interlude: Vacation in Europe, 1895-1896

"The lesson of life is to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours."

Emerson.

DESIRE certainly brought fruition for Doctor Taylor when on October 12, 1895, he sailed for a vacation in Europe with his wife to whom as fiancée he had written so longingly in the year of '71-'72. Only a needed rest could have made President leave college, Father and Mother leave children; but with vacation justified, the college in good repute, the oldest son at the university, and the three other children left in the care of their beloved "Gran" (Miss Frances Wood, the College Librarian), the horizon of pleasure was not darkened by rising clouds.

The diaries kept by Doctor Taylor this year are full of interest, readable from the beauty of handwriting and the clarity of expression. Everything indeed that he put down on paper was in exquisite form, even to the notes on his reading which he usually made for future reference. But the letters of the year make a fuller autobiography than the diaries, for they are a weekly serial written in alternate numbers to the family at Vassar and to the son at Yale. The first letter is in the shape of notes left at home for his young daughter.

Have full consideration for Mamie and Nanna <the waitress and the baby's nurse>. Don't let the feeling grow in your mind that there is a "serving class." The Lord of all *came* to serve. In their case, too, you deal with two who were not brought up to feel that they belonged to any "class." Of course one must give oneself to one's work, whatever it be, and without assumption, or the feeling of being above it, since all work is honorable, and the spirit we put into it makes the difference. But we all need to guard against a wrong feeling of superiority in such relations.

I need not urge you to read your Bible, but I counsel you to read but little at a time, and to reflect on it. Believe always that God is your Father, that he hears you, loves you, and will keep you.

You are the dearest girl in the world, and my heart is always with you. May God bless you and keep you!

In the letter from the steamer thanks are sent to members of the faculty for fruit and books, and a message to the president of the Students' Association: "Tell Miss McCloskey I value the letter of the Association greatly. I leave with greater freedom because of my entire confidence in the students." A later letter, Oct. 20, speaks of a steamer rug from the senior class delivered after the pilot had left, and the end of a letter to the children on Nov. 3 shows how his thoughts centered in the college. "Give love to Miss Wood, and K., and Mrs. Kendrick,—and don't fail to say that I think affectionately of all the college,—faculty, students, all. Glad as I am of this rest and change my life is there."

The same letter is touched with grief over the news of the death of Mr. Wheeler, the college janitor.

"But for Mr. Wheeler's death all would seem blessed there,—but that brings a pang to me. I was very fond

of him: he was that best work of God, a faithful, unselfish man,—true to his duty, great in his sphere. Vassar College will miss him beyond measure. After all, the great thing is to live so we shall have Our Father's 'Well done.' Mr. Wheeler has that if anyone has."

At Thanksgiving time, Doctor Taylor's thoughts turn to the college custom of Thanksgiving dinner when President's family made one with college family and the President acting as toastmaster always talked to the college.

Nov. 17, '95.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I fear Thanksgiving will be past before you get this. I shall think of you all, *at home*, and in the college, and shall wish to send to the dinner a hearty greeting and God-speed,—and thanksgiving for the best children in the world, and the best friends and best girls living.

One quiet Sunday in Perugia, Dec. 1, he wishes again for a chance for a Sunday night talk to the students. "I should have had small spiritual help today but for the Bible and some thoughts which came to me. . . . I felt like talking about it to the girls at home. I don't forget the college, if I have thrown off all responsibility."

The children, of course, were never out of the thoughts of both parents: the Mother assures them that she has "cheered up" and they are to "tell Gran I am comforted whenever I think of her"; the Father adds (Nov. 3): "Tell Gran her letters make us know better than ever what a Saint she is. Over in this land she would have been painted by Titian and put up over an altar for us to find with a Baedeker,—but we like her best where she

is." A letter to the son at Yale, Nov. 10, breathes peace and confidence about the absent family:

Well,—you see we are enjoying ourselves. We couldn't do it, though, if you all were not doing your utmost to cause us no anxiety. We think of you all continually, and very happily. I am sure you are trying to get all you can out of your last year. Choose the best things, those which will mean most to you in after years.

Don't forget you can't tell us too much about yourself. We have the family photographs spread about on our bureaus, &c., and are glad in all our thoughts of our dear children. Good night, my boy. Your Mother sends a heartfelt love.

Your loving

FATHER.

With this brief introduction and slight notes the letters may be left to make an autobiography of the year and may themselves show how Doctor Taylor took holiday, what his keen eyes saw, what people he enjoyed, and where his thoughts centered.

Landing at Genoa, stopping two days at Milan for the cathedral and "the great picture," traveling through Brescia for Moretto's pictures and Verona for the amphitheater, Doctor and Mrs. Taylor came at last to Venice, one of the joys he had promised his fiancée twenty-three years before. Now he shares the delight with the children at Vassar.

VENICE,

Nov. 3, 1895

Look at the map of Venice and see what a funny city it is. Then find the Riva della Schiavone and you'll see where we are, with rooms looking toward the sun,

when there is any. We had two days of rain at first, and several doubtful ones since. But we've enjoyed Venice greatly. Now look along a little way to the Piazza San Marco. What a splendid place it is! In the desk in the corner among my photographs, you will find a dozen of Venice (stereoscopic)—There's enough there to interest us all. Tell Dick the pigeons come down and walk all about you, hundreds and hundreds of them, such fat little fellows, and afraid of no one. People feed them there, and we often stop to see the little boys *surrounded* by them. They get on your feet, sit on your hands, if you hold corn in them,—and gather on your shoulders and head even. And all about you are the splendid buildings of Venice, the magnificently beautiful church,—inlaid (over the whole interior) with beautiful mosaics, pictures, you know, in stone and glass,—and these are *real* pictures. The whole background is like gold. We spent a rainy afternoon there, and went up above, in the little galleries, and had a fine time with the pictures, and the splendid bronze horses, outside. And the Ducal Palace, unspeakably grand and beautiful within and without! I can give you no conception of it. Perhaps I'll bring you here some day,—or you'll bring me! Then we've been to churches without number, have had our gondola rides and our walks, and have really enjoyed Venice. We may be here three or four days more, but we are not sure. We go as we please, and we are not driving ourselves.

When you get lost in Venice, *and you do*, in the streets about four to six feet broad, a little fellow is sure to accost you with "San Marco, Signor?" You give the little rat a cent (un soldo) and he guides you to the square. You see the streets run round and round, on *no* system, and no sane man could go right in them. I go to the Post office very well now, but should not like to try to describe the way to anyone.

When you go out in a gondola, and that is a delightful thing to do, an old fellow holds it to the steps with a hook,—and you give him a soldo. It is very unnecessary, but

he is an institution and must be supported. But the beggars who used to follow you . . . when I was here before, seem to have almost disappeared. And the people all seem industrious, and though we go through all kinds of little lanes, hardly broad enough to go through, we have met only pleasant faces, and people who mind their own business unless they are trying to help you. And we've seen just one drunken man,—last night and by our own door!

I gave one little fellow a soldo, the other day, because he held our boat while we went into a church. When I came out he had a half dozen more. I would have nothing to do with him, but he laughed and ran about, and pulled out from the crowd his wee little brother. Bambino, Signor, bambino! It was funny, the little beggar!

After Venice, the itinerary runs Padua, Ravenna, Bologna, then Florence for a longer stay with life settling into happy and leisurely habits.

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

FLORENCE, Nov. 15, '95.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALEB,

Though you so kindly say that your letter calls for no reply, I think I must take a few minutes before our coffee comes up to thank you for the two excellent epistles from your hand. But you must not add to your work on my account, much as I enjoy what you write.

You have all taken me literally enough regarding informing me of college affairs, but your letters have given me all I can really ask to know, or ought to know. . . . Yet perhaps it should be said to my shame that I find myself engrossed in Europe, and though many a thought of my work and my friends comes into every hour, yet I never so fully appreciated my need to get out of it all as I do over here.

We are enjoying ourselves thoroughly. The children

doubtless tell you of our doings. Here we are rationally settled in a comfortable small pension, with our belongings about us, a bottle of ink of our own, and two penholders and pens,—of doubtful shape, I fear. We are subscribers to a library,—have Howell's *Tuscan Cities*, *Romola*, and other books on our table, and do not rush from morning to night. Yesterday, for example, we strolled out, after ten o'clock, after reading and studying a little Italian. We went through some old streets and by old storied palaces, found Dante's house and the tiny church he was married in,—went to the flower market and saw how they are pulling down the old Ghetto for new Florence, and in the afternoon went to the Boboli gardens, and shopped a little.

I am sure that does not sound much like sight-seeing,—but we had tired ourselves in the galleries before. But how grand they are, and how I enjoy renewing my acquaintance with the pictures and the towns!

We have an Italian lesson before dinner every night. We cannot hope to do much, in our brief time here, but it may help us to get on, and to read. We plan nothing very definitely, but we may be here a fortnight more, and we may conclude to go to Rome sooner. In any case we mean to be reasonable and enjoy life, if a kind Providence will continue to us our present blessings. We bless you all, in every thought of you, because we are relieved by your generous thoughtfulness of all care for the home and college side of life. . . .

Our love to you and Mrs. Kendrick and of course remember me particularly to Miss Cornwall. If I go further I shall make a longer catalogue than S. Paul to the Romans, but I bear them all in mind and heart.

Apropos of Dr. Moore's ignoble reference to Chianti, here is a story. Two American dames, home from Europe, quoth one, "I was abroad a year." "Then you must have learned to love Tintoretto." "Yes, I did, but I think I loved Chianti better." "My dear," interposed the husband, seeing the effect of this remark, "Tintoretto

is not a wine, it's a cheese!"—With my remembrances to the Latinist!! Now I must stop, as you see! I have most grateful thought of all your labor and care and kindness. Do not overwork, at whatever cost you avoid it.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

I have not referred to the students, but I never forget them. There is no such body of girls in the world.

FLORENCE, Nov. 17, '95.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

It is my turn to write you to-day, while Mother takes Hunt in hand. Well, it is no hardship to write our children, and it seems to give us a touch of home feeling to sit down for an hour and talk with you. We need to have that feeling, too, I assure you, in this rambling, changing, unsettled life of ours.

It is Sunday P. M. not dark yet,—the ending of a perfect day. Indeed our weather has been beautiful here, and warm, too, so that we've been able to go about without overcoats, a good deal. We are sitting at our little round table in the room which has become very familiar to us now, and where we are well-content. The sun pours into it all day long, and so it is cheerful. We have our coffee served here at eight o'clock, and we generally read, or study Italian, or both till half past nine or ten. Then we go to churches, galleries, museums, &c., and back again to lunch at 12:30. We are out again by two,—generally to see some gardens, views,—seldom to see pictures, or anything requiring steady looking. Then we are back for an hour's lesson in Italian, at 5:30, and dress for dinner at 7. Generally we talk with the people here, in the "drawing-room," afterward, and at about 8:30 or 9, come up to read,—till we are too sleepy to do anything but go to bed. . . .

That reminds me of our lovely walk to Fiesole, because since I was here they have dug down a side hill up there

and have found fine remains of a Roman Theatre (just in *your* line, now!), and baths, and an Etruscan wall. But oh! how beautiful the views are up there. We walked up a good deal of the way,—the steep hill,—and at every turn came a fresh aspect of the great plain, and beautiful Florence, and the magnificent mountains round about. When you have read more you will find still further interests up there, connected with the lives of Lorenzo di Medici, and Fra Angelico. Perhaps you know about this latter, the painter. He lived part way up, at a Monastery, before he went into Florence, to San Marco.

One day, morning, we “poked” about the *old* part of the city, the narrow streets, where stand still the old palaces,—and these princely families were always fighting, and their palaces are *castles*. Then we found Dante’s house, where he was born, and near there lived Beatrice, of whom he writes, and who died so young,—and near, also, is the littlest church I ever saw, where the great poet was married. You could put it inside of our V. C. parlor and shake it around. . . .

You see I am not telling you about the pictures we see, so many beautiful, that one would see over and over, if one could. You find them in all kinds of places, in a little church, a suppressed monastery, a palace, a gallery. We saw a rarely beautiful fresco of Perugino the other day in a little room of an old monastery,—the only thing left for one to see,—and I wish I could see it often, all my life.

Sunday P. M., Dec. 1, 1895.

MY DEAR CHILDREN; . . .

First we went to Pisa. There are pictures in my study of the wonderful buildings there, Cathedral, Campanile, Baptistery, and Campo Santo. I will only tell you that we had a delightful afternoon there, and at evening, or sunset, were on top the leaning tower (Campanile) taking in one of the loveliest of views,—the snow-clad Apennines, the nearer hills, with their villas, the beautiful

plain, and away at the end of it the sea, and out beyond the form of a lofty island. And Pisa was below us. We saw from there one of the peculiar funeral processions of Italy, a boy bearing a large cross, a priest, a body of women, in everyday dress, many bearing torches, or candles, and in their midst four women bearing what seemed to be the body of a young girl. Later, we met the black-cloaked and large hatted men bearing a body to the grave, but it was in a coffin, and all was black,—and they carried great lanterns before the bier,—like a street lamp on a pole. . . .

Then we came down to Sienna. How can I tell you about it? It is the Middle Ages in stone, narrow streets, on which stand fine old palaces,—which streets run at last toward a great open place, it would be a *square* if it were not rather round, or egg-shaped!—and there is a splendid old Palace, with a beautiful tower reaching up ever so far toward the sky. They have races there every year, but I can't see how they escape killing the horses, for the course is paved, and slopes, and it is all shut in by the old houses and palaces. . . . Then the Cathedral, a larger church than you ever saw, all made of courses of black and white marble. At first, when you step inside, you can't help thinking of a Zebra and his stripes, but that wears off and you are filled with a sense of grandeur, as you sit and look and look through that great forest of stone, through nave and aisles, while the afternoon sun shines through them from the beautiful round window above the doors. We went back there the second day, before sunset, and enjoyed the quiet till they closed the church. There are many beautiful pictures there, too, and the woodcarving is sumptuous, and the whole pavement is made up of pictures in black and white marble.

Of course we went to many churches, and to the galleries, &c,—but the most interesting thing in Sienna is Sienna itself. How the streets run up and down and twist around, now pushing through a little arch, now

carrying you up stone steps, now shooting you down an incline, while the houses are often so near that you can almost reach across the street! And now you find yourself on a height, and before you is spread a charming view of all the surrounding country, reaching on to the mountains.

The stay in Perugia was followed by long leisurely weeks in Rome,—Rome, so changed since '72.

To Huntington Taylor.

ROME, ITALY, Dec. 8, '95.

Rome is very much changed,—to me. Even the ruins are new! They have excavated twice as much of the Forum, and half of the arena of the Colosseum, and taken away the huge cross which stood there. And there is much more than there was, therefore. But the new part! They have forced broad streets through the old, and great blocks of buildings extend in every direction over places which were gardens and villas.

ROME, Dec. 15, '95.

MY DEAR MAMIE AND MORTIE, . . .

So far we have not met many people, save fellow travelers, and really haven't much time to. Still we called on the Lancianis and enjoyed an hour there, and I have seen the Hales at the "American School" several times. . . .

Your Mother is quite herself again, but it was not prudent for her to go into a church today, so I went alone, and she went out into the sun. We had a simple, earnest, good sermon. . . . Nothing gives me more pleasure than to think you both are learning to know God as your Father and friend. I hope you will feel naturally about it, and avoid any forced feeling. Just think of Him as really caring for you and for us all and as helping you to all good and against all evil.

One sees a great deal of very *unnatural* feeling here.

. . . We were in a church yesterday where the whole end wall was covered with offerings to Mary, little pictures, showing what the people had been delivered from through her, little tin hearts (silvered?), a pistol (!), all kinds of things, connected with some important event in the worshipper's life. We stood sometime by the statue of the Virgin, which has been covered with jewels, a necklace of finger rings,—crown, &c, &c, and the foot of which has been shod with bronze to prevent the wearing it away by the kisses of the devotees. Men, women, and children came up, wiped it with the handkerchief, and kissed it, and some laid their cheeks lovingly against it. This is one of the remarkable images of Rome. . . .

We have not spent much time among the ruins, this week, but have walked by the forum and colosseum several times. We went, however, with Lanciani, to see a museum made up of "finds" from new excavations. Among them were the statues of the boxers, pictures of which are in my copy of Lanciani's book on Ancient Rome, . . . and the beautiful one of the Vestal Virgin, also in that book. I cannot begin to tell you of the beautiful jewelry they have found, the wall painting, the exquisite low-reliefs in plaster, from ceilings,—for I should spin out my letter interminably.

The streets are not as picturesque as they were twenty years ago. (We stopped here, to go out to walk before sunset, and have been on the Pincian Hill. The band plays, the people walk and drive, for here, as in all Catholic countries, Sunday P. M. is the great holiday. As we came back we went into a church at the head of the Spanish Steps, near here, and heard the nuns sing vespers. People go as they do in New York to hear a fine choir or a sensational preacher. But it is sweet singing.) I was going to tell you a little about street scenes. The students in the colleges wear an ugly straight gown, and a round crowned, very broad brimmed, hat. Most of the uniforms are black, with occasional facings of purple, or red, very narrow, like a *cord*. Quite a number,

though, wear a bright red, and a few purple, and the groups are picturesque. . . . The monks use to be very common, but one sees far fewer now, in brown, or black and white, or white, according to the order they belong to. The adherents of caps and gowns ought to see a body of these young priests,—but I confess the oxford cap is prettier,—and the girls *couldn't* look as these young men do.

The boys here in schools, poor fellows! also wear uniforms and go out to walk in squads. Some wear caps with a little gilt on them,—but the funniest little chaps appear in a cloak and *tall hats*. I met the squad yesterday and one boy seemed to me not much larger than Dick. His cape touched the ground and the tall hat surmounted it!

I met the good queen on the Pincio, yesterday. Her coachman is in bright red and the two footmen, or outriders, were also in red. She bowed to everyone,—and we raised our hats to her. She is an excellent woman interested in all good things, and greatly beloved here. . . .

To Huntington Taylor.

ROME, Dec. 22, 1895.

I met at the American School, a brother of "S. P.," V. C. '97, who graduated at Princeton last year. There are thirteen fellows in the new "school," and they are enjoying their work greatly, they say. They have a good place and great opportunities for it. They study in various lines, archæological, epigraphical, paleographical, &c, &c, and go out to see the things they read about. Think of a *bicycle* trip to visit Etruscan tombs! Then the *ruins* are *here*, and as for manuscripts, &c, the Vatican Library is full of them.

We have had considerable to do with archæological interests ourselves, this week. Parts of two mornings we gave to the Forum, tracing out from the ruins, with the aid of our books and reading, the various temples,

basilicas, &c., the most interesting house of the Vestals, the Sacra Via, and so on. It is very interesting to reconstruct it all, in imagination. Here is the old Cloaca, built in the earliest days, and still draining the low ground where the Forum is. Here is the ruin of the rostra where Marc Antony exposed the body of Cæsar and made his oration. Here is the Sacra Via where the old "triumphs" marched, the arch of Titus spanning it above,—and just beyond the Forum is the old Mamertine prison where Jugurtha, Sejanus, the Catiline conspirators and others, perished, and where it is said S. Peter and S. Paul were confined. It goes back of almost everything here,—and is undoubtedly genuine. We were down in the old dungeon.

Then we went through the Colosseum yesterday, studying out the plan of the lower parts (under the Arena), the places for wild beasts, and for the scenery they used in their plays,—the grooves by which the "lifts" were hoisted,—the stones on which rested the masts from which the awnings were stretched over the seats. Of course we climbed to the top, too,—all the seats are gone, and this doesn't compare with the amphitheatres at Verona and Pompeii for giving you the idea of the whole thing. But this was "sizeable," you might say: it held 87,000 people, and a few thousand more could find standing room. . . .

One day we went with Lanciani to see a Museum made up of things excavated within a few years. This was our second trip with him and most interesting. It is wonderful to see the statues, bronzes, &c, &c, taken out of the ground just about here, within twenty years. Among them is the now famous small statue of the lad of twelve who won the prize for Greek Composition, and died of overstudy. The composition is inscribed at length on the monument. This should be set up in the rooms of Yale as a warning against overwork! We lunched, delightfully, with the Lancianis.

Speaking of students, we called on a young "steamer

friend," yesterday, a very nice fellow studying here for the priesthood. He is well along, in the higher classes, but cannot call on his friends, and can receive them only between 12:45 and 1:15! How would that work at Yale? You should see the ugly straight gowns and the dreadful shovel hats they have to wear. Most dress in black, but a large delegation of Germans wear a bright red! . . .

I hope your new term, from now till the Spring recess, will be your best. *Work hard*, but take care of yourself. Get all you can out of this last year. You will need it in all your life, and more than I can tell you depends on how you use these months. Make your life right now. Go out of college as well equipped as you can be,—fix your start right,—and to that end see that your spiritual relations are all they should be. It can never be all right with you till they are.

How I wish we could see you this afternoon. It would be a delight to be at home with you.

Your Mother sends a great deal of love. A happy New Year for you! It will be an important one, and I hope full of blessing.

Your loving FATHER.

It hardly seems possible that the rumors of war can last. It would be the crime of our age if our country and England could fight,—an iniquitous and inexcusable conflict, out of which only curse could come. Soberer thought will quiet the bluster of such men as Chandler and Lodge, I hope.

ROME, Dec. 29, 1895.

MY DARLING CHILDREN,

The steamer—or something—has been late again, and we are disappointed at not having your Sunday letters. It was so last week too, but we heard from you all Monday morning, and were happy in all you wrote. Your letters give us the greatest pleasure, more than you can

know,—not only in what they tell us, but in all the spirit which breathes through them. You can't tell how much we think of you all the time, and how very dear you are to us, and what a pleasure it is to think of you as you are. You are certainly the dearest children in the world.

How we did think of you on Christmas Day! and how we wished to be with you and share your fun! I hope all the day went delightfully for you all. . . .

We are invited to lunch at the Ambassador's (Mr. MacVeagh's) tomorrow. He, his wife, and daughter (who was at Bryn Mawr three years) are very pleasant people, and we are glad to go to see them again.

But you want to know what we did Christmas. We'll begin the night before, when we went to dinner with our steamer friends, the K.s. They have an Apartment, and we four made up the party. We had a nice time, and at ten o'clock took a carriage to go out to see what the churches had to show on Christmas eve. We drove till 12:30 (!) all over town, and not a church we went to was open! Many people were near them, and especially peasants, but "no admission." We heard afterwards of special masses at one or two churches,— . . . open only to tickets. But we saw Rome by night, and it was certainly the quietest and most orderly of cities,—in every part.

Christmas morning we went to St. Peter's but there was nothing to see there, save a good many people. There was music with a service in a chapel, but no *grand* function. Then we drove to a church on "the Capitol" (the old Capitoline Hill), S. Maria Ara Coeli. The long flight of steps was lined with people selling all kinds of stuff, toys, cards, &c,—among them the "Bambino" I enclose. In the church were many people of the country, peasants, who flock here Christmas Day, and many children. It is a curious custom here to let the children recite little "pieces" about the Nativity, in this church, between Christmas and New Years. A little platform is put up

near one of the columns, and they seem to go and come as they choose. We heard quite a number,—one cunning little fellow about five years old,—and their little gestures and speeches were funny enough. Opposite this column, in a little side chapel, was the exhibition of the holy bambino, of which I send you a picture. Above it was the heavenly host, standing by it the mother and Joseph, near by the shepherds and sheep, and the ass,—all in full sized figures,—the scene just as realistic as possible. Crowds were about it, and as it was illuminated, too, it was quite a show. The image of the child (bambino) is most highly esteemed, and I think has been supposed to work miracles.

In the afternoon we went to one of the great churches, S. Maria Maggiore. The singing was very fine, and then there was a great procession of men, priests, an archbishop, bearing candles and in the midst a casket, glass and gold (?) under a great canopy,—and in the casket pieces of the original manger (!), and some of the straw, and as it passed many fell on their knees. . . . But all this was our *religious* Christmas.

One of the last pleasures in Rome was another trip with Lanciani.

To Huntington Taylor.

NAPLES, Jan. 5, 1896.

MY DEAR HUNT, . . .

We did not leave Rome till Friday. We had planned for an excursion Tuesday, but it rained hard, and we spent another morning in the Vatican, looking at the pictures. Then New Year's day we packed, expecting to move on Thursday, but Lanciani suggested that we make the excursion then, and so we waited over. It was worth while, in a superlative degree. The morning was crisp, clear, beautiful. It had been cold enough to form thin ice on fountains and little ponds we passed. We went by rail to Albano,—passing out between the old via Appia

and via Latina, by tombs of old Romans, by splendid ruins of aqueducts (and some new ones), on to the Alban Lake. Across it was the site of Alba Longa,—and back of it, towering above the other heights, was the site of the ancient temple of the Latin Federation,—intact till about 1700, when an English Cardinal pulled it down to build a convent! I can give you no kind of idea of the beauty of the scene. The lake lies low in the embrace of the hills, which rise, range on range, to the Apennines, now snowcapped. Looking back you see the stretch of the Roman Campagna, and before you, miles away, the sea, and the islands down toward Naples. We drove from there to Gensano, on Lake Nemi, a smaller lake, imbedded in the hills. In prehistoric times it was the place of the worship of Diana, a terrible cult derived from the Chersonesus (the Crimea, you know). One became its highpriest only by killing his predecessor. It was gradually purified of the worst elements, and lasted down to the extinction of Paganism. Lately they have discovered a vessel at the bottom of the lake, about 200 ft. long,—large, you see, for a little lake. It seems to date from Caligula's time, and was probably a state barge used by him in celebrating the rites here. A landing-stage has been partially recovered, under water, and some fine bronze ornaments from it. The bricks used have on them the stamp of a maker of Caligula's time. I tell you all this because it is the last archæological excitement, and I advise you to watch the North American Review for an article on it by Lanciani.

We drove on to Fraccati, passing that steep hill on the Appian Way where Horace says the beggars used to gather to besiege travellers who could not hurry away from them there.

Then we went through the grounds of a fine villa at Frascati. A skim of ice, a foot square, in the middle of a fountain, and just beyond, in the sun, the roses blooming, and orange trees in sight,—that's Italy just now. I have worn my overcoat more than at home, i.e., from an

earlier date, but the sun is warm. We are writing in a room without fire,—but the sun comes in, and I have been standing sometime on the balcony without hat or overcoat.

I think I will say no more about Rome, unless to tell you that we lunched at the American Ambassador's last Monday. The MacVeaghs are very pleasant people, to begin with, and they occupy a beautiful new palace. Then the company was fine,—and the day was not wasted, you can see! . . .

In Naples, descriptions of street scenes, the tarantella and strolling singers are sent to the children and then the scene shifts to Cairo and the boat up the Nile.

ON THE NILE, near Minieh,—

Jan. 12, '96.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, . . .

We had one day in Cairo. Much of it had to be given to business arrangements, but we drove to see the howling dervishes in the afternoon. It is a sorry performance, because it is an old religious ceremony, bad enough, at best, turned into a *show*. I can't describe their bowings and groanings and snortings and gruntings. It was enough to make one seasick. The worst of it was that it was evidently only done for pay, for "baksheesh."

But the sights on every hand! The donkeys, the camels, the strange dress on these dark men, the women with veiled faces, the mixture of European dress, like a coat worn over a nightgown,—the fezes, the turbans,—the outrunners before the carriages of the royal household, the donkeyboys following up your donkey with a stick,—all so picturesque, and so *different*! And to have for a waiter an elegant looking black with a long silk gown gathered at the waist and at the ankles, with a sash, and a fez! But it will all be Europeanized soon. We did not come too early. Already the streets are full

of men in our own dress,—and the picturesqueness will disappear.

But we are out of Cairo now, in *real* Egypt. We are seeing the very common people, the till now terribly oppressed fellaheen. Our boat stops at little towns and many come on to go to the next place, or some other. How they huddle them in below I don't see. After the boat was full today they took on over 200 more. The large flowing dress is of the commonest, the food is a piece of bread, an onion, if luxurious a piece of cheese,—and just now sugarcane, which people bring to the boat to sell, at every station.

We saw one great sight today. A crowd was waiting at a landing, and back of it, on the sandy hill was a mass of women, crying, waving their hands in grief, and once in a while one was throwing sand or mud on her garments and head,—the excessive mourning of the orientals. It was hideously noisy. The men about paid no attention to all this, and we wondered what it meant. It seems that some of the young men are drafted into the army, and they were leaving to be examined for the service. That was all, and you would have thought all their men had died. If you could have seen the confusion at that dock! How the women who balanced trays of bread and eggs on their heads ever got through whole, and how those who were carrying their babies on one shoulder, the little hands clasped on the mother's head, ever saved their children's lives, I could not see. And why they weren't mostly pushed into the river one cannot tell. It was a great sight—for half an hour, and then we sailed away.

On the banks you see camels and men and asses and buffaloes and cows,—women coming down for water with their jars and carrying them away on their heads,—men plowing,—villages under great palms, the houses built of Nile mud,—and you pass boats, continually, carrying the lanteen sails, so picturesque, and loaded with sugarcane,—or men,—or once in a while a little ass, or a

cow, standing in the center, so demure and expectant. It is a constant series of interesting pictures, and I wish I could help you to see them.

The letters from the Nile boat describe a stop at Assiout, an excursion to a temple at Abydos, a search for a carved Cleopatra on the temple at Denderah, then four days at Luxor, with a trip to the temple of Karnak and a long account of the races at the fourth meet of the Luxor Sporting Club "a combination of Europe and Africa," with sack race for Bishareens, donkey boys' race, buffalo race, "gentlemen's Egg-and-Spoon race" (on donkeys!) and a camel race. Through all these runs a delightful gaiety of description. A letter which gives vivid pictures of Egypt, ascent of the pyramids, awed reflections before the mummies of Thotmes and Rameses, delight in all the wealth of Egyptian civilization in the Museum, ends with a few vigorous words of sympathy and advice to the Yale son looking forward to his future career.

CAIRO, Feb. 2, '96.

Your suggestion in your last letter about business is worth thinking of, but let us not hurry. . . . I like your idea of a congenial business, that will encourage your developing literary tastes, but we must take time to see where we step. I will not *push* you out of the nest. I only wish we were going to have you at home, but that seems impossible. There is nothing for you to do there, and you must have a wider range. Look about, talk with your friends,—decide nothing, and don't let any fear for next year deduct from your enjoyment of this,—or from your good use of it to establish and strengthen your knowledge and culture.

I like what you say of gathering up the ends, or pieces,

of your knowledge. *Keep* at that,—formulate and analyze what you know. Know something well and all will gather about it. Think clearly: school yourself to that and to exact expression. That will give you the best use of yourself, and prove your best weapon in the conflicts of life. Keep up your health, too, this year. . . .

AT SEA, Feb. 9, '96 (en route to Greece).

MY DEAR CHILDREN, . . .

Let me tell you a little more about Egypt, though we have now left Africa and our faces are toward Europe once more. If we only had this Sunday at home with you! How I should enjoy it! And I do not like the sea, even at its best. How we do want to see you! But the time goes fast, as we travel, and we have been away a good deal more than half our time, now,—indeed almost four months. We have had “lots of fun” and are greatly enjoying our great opportunity, but we miss you more than we can tell you.

Cairo “grew” on us as we waited . . . for our sailing day, and we had a most pleasant stay there. We made a number of friends and if we had remained longer should have found our hours very full. The day before we left Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder came and we were so sorry we had not been up the Nile together. We had a nice, but brief time with them.

You don't want me to tell you what I learned one morning about education in Egypt, what they are trying to do and have done,—but you will be interested to hear that when I went into the various offices, as the Minister of Public Instruction, e.g.,—the first thing was to have a man bring me a little cup of Turkish coffee. After two cups at breakfast (*full size!*) these others were rather superfluous, but one must not refuse. . . . One morning we visited a mosque where the so-called University is,—a Mohammedan affair, and not under the government. All about the great court, under the rows of columns, or rather the colonnades, men were sitting on

the matting spread there,—men and boys,—learning by heart lessons from the Koran, or the teachings given them from it. It is very interesting, but a poor kind of teaching. This is said to be the oldest of Universities. . . .

We rode our donkeys to old Cairo, one morning, quite a long and dusty ride. The original town was there, and how narrow the streets are,—not even lanes, but little *spaces* between the houses. We went down one to the Coptic Church, a very old Christian church, out of which all vital religion long since departed. It is divided by wooden screens,—open work,—into spaces, or courts, for the men and the women, who may not sit, or stand together even in church. It is a strange old place, below the level of the street, with its altars hidden from the sight of the people, with columns gathered from many different old buildings, and with priests whose one idea seemed to be to plunder you if they could.

There is an old mosque over there, too, and in it is a pillar which transported itself suddenly from Mecca by order of the Caliph. It would not go at first but he finally struck it with his whip and it came. At least they show you the place on the stone where he laid his hand, and the print of the whip, in the marble.

I could give you no conception of the wonderful Egyptian Museum, about three miles from Cairo at Gizeh. We went out three times, on donkeys, and once in a carriage. They have gathered all they could there from tombs and temples, illustrating the life of the people as well as the religion and the history of the nation. Even within the year, in a pyramid at Deshur, they found treasures of jewelry which are a delight to the eyes. The ride out is a thing to remember, especially where we cross the great bridge over the Nile. Hundreds of camels with great loads of grass move in dignified procession, while others are returning having disposed of their loads. Little donkeys crowd along, heavily loaded with bags of grain, or earth,—without bridles, and directed by the

stick of the donkey-boy. Flocks of goats are coming across to be milked. The low carts, on which sit half a dozen veiled women, trundle across, drawn by a horse or donkey, and crowds of men with all kinds and colors of gowns and turbans. It is a picture full of life and color.

There was once a great city in Egypt, called Heliopolis, one of the oldest and most famous of the land. It was the seat of the early worship. Joseph married his wife there, the daughter of a priest (On, the place is called in the Bible). *Nothing* is left there now but an obelisk, standing . . . half buried, and it was there before Joseph's time, and doubtless he saw it. It seems strange to look on it. Near it is a tree which they tell you Mary and Jesus, and the later Joseph, rested under when they fled to Egypt. Nearby, too, is the surer ostrich farm, where a man has about 2000 of the huge birds in great pens. . . . We saw them from five days old, pretty large chickens! to six and ten years,—and saw and handled the eggs, too. Of course the feathers are sold,—and a large income is gathered from tourists like ourselves.

Our dissipation was an Arabian theatre! The men sat in their fezes, i.e., wore them, and of course no women were seen except such bold ones as your mother,—two, I think. The rest were behind straight curtains of lace in which holes were made for them to look through. The play is interspersed with singing, and the man we heard is one of the famous singers. It is a weird, nasal, droning, but it affects the people, and at the end of a passage the whole audience groans in unison,—a sign, I suppose, of deep approval. The costumes were European (of the actors), and the play was the story of a prince's love disapproved by the King. We shall never know how it ended. On our way there we saw an interesting sight, a professional story-teller, seated on his crossed legs on a high bench, telling his story to an interested crowd below, who pay him for his work. So the "Arabian Nights" have been told over and over, I suppose.

In 1872 James Taylor had foregone the opportunity of a trip to Greece with a young professor of Greek, because of the extra expense involved and because of his sense of duty about staying in Germany to master the language. One of the greatest pleasures of this year's vacation was the long deferred trip. The letters, like a diary, mark the course to Brindisi, to Corfu, to Patras, to the Piræus (still by boat), and then on the first day in Athens comes the joy of the Acropolis.

To Huntington Taylor,

ATHENS,
Sunday P. M.
Feb. 16, 1896.

MY DEAR BOY, . . .

Our first morning, after the cheer of letters from you all, we strolled through the city up to the Acropolis. We were bent on *impressions* (!) not studying the buildings, as we hope to. The morning was warm, delicious, and perfectly clear. As we went we saw a funeral procession, the Greek priests marching ahead, men bearing the body on a bier, the face uncovered,—a custom dating to Solon's day, they say,—and behind the men (*no* women), friends, &c, and then the open hearse, empty, and a lot of empty carriages. They say that later, after they leave the church, they put the body in the hearse, and the friends get into the carriages.—It was a grim sight to see the dead man carried along so openly.

The Acropolis does not disappoint you. It was a great joy to see it that morning in its bath of warm sunshine. We sat and feasted our eyes on the splendid ruins, Parthenon, Erechtheum, Temple of Victory,—on the views over the city, over Mars Hill (Areopagus) and the Theseum, over the Ægean and the islands, the Piræus and Salamis. It was a delight indeed.

After lunch the Wheelers came for us and we walked

about Athens, saw the city, shopped, and so on. Yesterday they took us to Salamis. We drove out by the place where Plato's Academy was, by the famous ancient olive trees, part of the way by the sacred road to Eleusis, and then to the hill, over against Salamis, where they say Xerxes watched the battle. We climbed up and there Prof. Wheeler told us all about the great battle, and we saw just how it all happened, and how the Greeks won the victory that settled the issue between European and Asiatic civilization. It was a great opportunity for us to have such a friend as Prof. Wheeler "in the business." We came back by the Piræus and examined the walls a little. In the afternoon we went to hear Dr. Dörpfeld, the great German archæologist, lecture to the "Schools" on the "precinct of Æsculapius" and on the ancient temples near the theatre of Dionysus. These are on the lower side of the Acropolis. You walk about and he talks with the text before him, "sermons in stones." I found I could understand most of it (German) and we enjoyed the chance—though it lasted three hours!

We finished the day with a dinner party at the Wheelers,—and came home after eleven,—and so you see why I say we needed a little rest today. . . .

Now I must add a few words of a more personal nature. Your letter of the 26th Jan. was waiting for us here, and it interested me very much. You mistake when you imagine that anything you really experience or feel is not of fullest interest to us. Nothing pleases me more than to have you express to me your actual feelings about yourself, your life, your problems. And this indication in your letter of an experience of pessimistic feeling, happily conquered in part, or altogether, appeals especially to me. I suppose you can see some reasons why at the time you mention such thoughts began to grow. You did not feel right with yourself, in your own heart, and that would color all your views whether or not you recognized the fact. But that is not all. When a young man begins to wake up and think for himself, he is quite

sure to find many things awry in life and to begin to question this and that and to find the ground often unsteady which he had thought firm. Healthy natures like yours are sure to come through all this, but often after experiences of discomfort of heart and unhappiness.

My knowledge of all this has led me to urge you to think of your relations to God, because I am sure this is the foundation of a right view of the world, and oneself. It is the center: "the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to seek Him with all the heart is understanding." It is worth everything to one to know that the foundations are secure. That does not stop questioning, but it brings the feeling that underneath all our changes is an unchanging and eternal Abiding. . . .

But I know you will come out of it all even if you have not already, healthfully. Do not make the mistake of fancying that you can push off the questions or feelings which come and face them later. Look truth and fact squarely in the face and adjust your life to them. You can never get far astray if you are doing that and keeping your faith simple and your heart sincere. . . .

ATHENS, Feb. 23, 1896.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I think I'll not try to tell you more about the ruins: it is hard to write about them so that they will not be dull to you. But I'll tell you that we made a fine day's excursion to Eleusis where were celebrated some of the best of the old Greek religious rites, and where are very extensive ruins of the splendid temples,—and such a view of the bay! On the way there we drove through the vale of Daphne, and visited ruins of a temple of Aphrodite, too. We lunched in a warm corner of the temple of Eleusis,—we stopped for coffee at little country corner inns,—and saw the country men and the priest, who in this country is married and is a man among men. It was all very interesting, and especially as the Wheelers

were with us, and his knowledge made things clear, and their society was delightful.

One day I climbed Lycabettus which towers so over Athens. It was fine, but how it blew!—indeed it blew a cold into me of no small dimensions. On top is a little chapel, and in it the priest and two plain men were chanting the service. One poor woman was the audience, and a dumb man kept the door. He led me in, showed me the pictures in the church which he had painted,—meanwhile the chanting going on as if we weren't about. It was a finer picture than any of the daubs which adorn the little church. . . .

One more classical allusion. Miss Leach will be glad to hear I was at the meeting of the American School when young Mr. Andrews, from Cornell, told about the inscription on the Parthenon. It was a most interesting tale. You see that there are holes (like big nail holes) across the east Parthenon frieze. They must have been made to hold letters of bronze there: everyone knew that. This young man tried to read the inscription from the holes. He had to hang on up there on a rope ladder, get squeezes of the holes, . . . (We saw Dr. Wheeler get two fine inscriptions that way, at Eleusis), then try to see what Greek letters could fit to the nails. I can't tell you the whole story, but it was wonderful to see him work out the result and show that this Parthenon was really dedicated to Nero, in the year 61. Some day I may tell you how it was all done. The discovery is a great triumph for our school here. It has been generally assumed that no one could ever discover the inscription.

We have been gay, too, at dinner at the American School and the Richardsons. . . . Last night, you see, was Washington's Birthday, and some seventeen of us dined at the American Minister's, and a good many more came in afterward. The Minister, Mr. Alexander, was professor of Greek at the University of North Carolina. He is a most agreeable man, with a very charming wife

and daughter, and of course we had a good time. But you see how much fuller our time has been because our friends have been so very kind to us.

The stay in Athens was all too short, but the travelers had to turn their faces westward again and that beginning of the end had at least the compensation of meaning homeward bound. Olympia was visited, then from Naples trips were made to Pompeii, and to Capri, and the wonderful drive to Sorrento, Amalfi, and Salerno was taken. March saw the Taylors back in Rome making other classical trips (to Tivoli and Hadrian's villa, to Ostia with Lanciani).

To Huntington Taylor.

ROME, March 15, '96.

One more excursion I made yesterday, to Ostia. I went with a small and agreeable party from the American School, and Lanciani as guide and teacher. Ostia, you know, was Rome's great port. It is almost deserted,—even by the sea which has moved two miles away. But there is a fine mediæval castle there, or *Renaissance*, since Julius II built it,—and an old church and Bishop's palace,—and a community of socialists from Ravenna, who have drained the swamps and restored 4000 acres to cultivation, and are working on a wholly coöperative socialistic basis. But we went to see *old* Ostia. There are ruins of a palace, of houses, of a kind of "lodge" of the Mithras-cult,—of the barracks of the firemen about which Lanciani writes so interestingly in his book on Ancient Rome, of a temple to Vulcan (the great thing they feared in this busy port, with all its merchandise, was *fire*), and of even greater interest *there*, the storage houses for grain,—very extensive, sometimes great rooms of brick and stone, sometimes a space full of enormous

jars, holding each a definite amount. The whole place brings back a time when large ships stopped there and all the scenes of a really great port transpired. Ostia, however, was "early and often" robbed of its marbles, columns, &c. Lanciani says a great deal of the beautiful cathedral at Pisa is built of stones (marble) taken bodily from the building of Ostia. . . . We were at church, and soon go out to say goodby to the Lancianis, and to sup with the Hales.

The northward traveling included Orvieto, Florence, Milan, Como and Lugano, with a reminiscence here of the earlier trip.

PARIS, March 22.

"Then we went on and up,—through the valley we boys walked up on our young trip, past the towns we lunched in and slept in, (but there was no railroad then)." Wasen is revisited, Flueln and Lucerne, then comes a week in Paris, full of rapid sight-seeing. A letter from lodgings in London, written Easter Sunday, is more leisurely and personal than those from France.

April 5, '96.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I would like to write you a little love-letter this morning, if there were room and time for both love and London. But it would be the same old story. What funny things lovers are, anyway, saying the same things over and over and fancying there is always something fresh and new in them! I should tell you again what dear children you are, the very nicest in the world, and how good you are, and how we appreciate you and all your efforts to make us happy. I am thinking it just as if I were writing it out in full with this blunt old relic of our Italian pens. I have just been reading over your last letters: they came to us on *Wednesday*, which

shows how much nearer home we are now. All of your letters have been full of comfort and pleasure for us,—just what we have wanted. . . .

We have been out all day,—even at meal-times, and have been home only half an hour. Foggy, drizzle, mud, too! But what have we done? *Been to church.* We went first to hear Dr. Parker, a celebrated Congregationalist preacher. He has a great church and a large audience, and he preached well—but if I try to tell you about the sermons I shall never get through my letter. I heard him in New York in 1873, and here he is as fresh as ever, and preaching Thursdays at noon as well as twice on Sundays. Then we strolled down the street, past old Newgate Prison, by the church whose bell tolls for every execution, and where Capt. John Smith (of Virginia) lies buried, St. Sepulchre,—by Bread St. where Milton was born, and Milk St. where Sir Thos. More first saw light (and was nourished!), by the church called St. Mary le Bon ("Bon Bells",—all who are born in sound of them being real Londoners, "Cockneys"),—and by the Christ Church School, I ought to have said sooner, where the boys still wear the yellow leggings and blue coats, and never wear hats. Near Bread St. was the Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and others used to gather. So it is at every turn: literary and historical interests confront one incessantly.

We were on our way to the Palace of Pleasure, or People's Palace, in the East End. Get Miss Wood to tell you about Besant's novel which suggested it. We were disappointed to find it shut. So we came back (by underground Railway) to Westminster Abbey, and as soon as we could get a cup of coffee and bun, near by, hurried to the Abbey to get a seat. It was full,—20 minutes before service. After a long time we went around to the Poets' Corner and found a place but could not hear well, though enough to know we were losing a good deal of an excellent sermon by Canon Gore, on the Resurrection. I sat within fifty feet of Longfellow's bust, and

on the wall near me was a tablet to Sir Robert Taylor!

Then we took another walk, by Buckingham Palace and the parks, and then found a restaurant and took our dinner and came home. . . .

We struck London at the end of Lent, and the English are the most religious people in the world. Everything is closed up Good Friday, and as Monday is a Bank Holiday there is scarcely any business from Thursday night to Tuesday morning. So last week our first visit to the famous and splendid Abbey, at 3 P. M., took us to a service, and sermon by Canon Northcote,—before we could see the building and the monuments of the great men of England. Then came Good Friday, and we went to the *Temple* first, the old church of the Knights Templar, Crusaders,—and on the floor beside you are the bronze effigies of several of them. There we heard Canon Ainger. Then we went to St. Pauls,—the Cathedral. Another great audience, and an excellent talk by Canon Newbolt, on one of the seven words from the cross, "I thirst." He was holding a three hours service, 12-3, consisting of singing, prayer, and a brief address,—then the same programme and another address. A similar service was going on at the Abbey where we next went, conducted by Canon Gore, and again a *great* audience. You could not be in London at such a time and not feel the strength of the English character. It is founded on the rock. . . .

We hope soon to see you and to tell you all you care to know of what we've seen and done. Our dearest love to you and kisses for dear Dick. . . .

Your loving

FATHER.

The months in Europe had been a genuine vacation for the President because he had wisely resigned during that period all responsibility for the college. His spirit of self-control and of confidence in his colleagues is

shown in a letter sent for the annual meeting of the Associate Alumnae :

To Miss Mary L. Avery.

ROME, ITALY, Dec. 27, '95.

MY DEAR MISS AVERY :

It is a long look ahead to the February meeting, but I must send even now my word of greeting to you and the friends of Vassar. In a few days we shall sail for Egypt and almost directly up the Nile,—and it would be too easy to lose track of time amid the scenes of that almost timeless life.

Even there, however, as here and now, when my thoughts go back to Vassar, all will seem but a faraway step in the evolution toward our own great work. Ruins, temples, triumphs of a Titus or a Rameses, seem lifeless enough when I am recalled to the actual work of life, and that phase of it which absorbs so much interest. Yet the quality of my thought about it all is different from that which I have known for years. Not a whit less does Vassar bulk in my horizon: not at all less deep is my abiding interest in all her daughters, but the care for the education of others is for a time absorbed in attention to my own neglected training, and I am thinking of the college as serenely as if it had no needs, and as contentedly as if it had already realized our ideals. Anxiety I have transferred to my patient and admirable colleagues and friends. I know absolutely nothing of the work which has claimed all my thoughts, save as the new catalogue has just brought me information of a few changes. Best of all, this gives me an opportunity to think of the larger, happier side of the college, and my joy in it, in its progress, in its promise, in its membership, in its Alumnae grows apace.

But one gain of my absence is, or should be, on your side, and if I write longer, the variety of your anniversary without a speech from the President will be destroyed. So let me send you a hearty wish for the prosperity of

your association, and an assurance of my own deep gratitude to you all for encouragement beyond expression, and above all, a hope for the strengthening and the broadening and the bettering of the college which justly claims our loyalty and our love.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.¹

The *Vassar Miscellany*² records the celebration of Doctor and Mrs. Taylor's return to the college on April twenty-third, 1896. At five o'clock the students gathered on either side of the drive from the lodge to the portecochère and when the carriage appeared, they fell in behind, and cheering continuously and singing, escorted it to the door. In the evening at the reception given by the students, Doctor Taylor told them that "in all his six months' delightful travel he had experienced no pleasure so great as that which he felt in his hearty welcome home."

Vassar at last was to give her President and his family a real home, for during this year the President's House was in process of erection, that delightful, low country house of brown brick, from whose steps Doctor Taylor was to address so many classes and reunions of Vassar women. A letter written to Mr. Rossiter, the architect, before Doctor Taylor had sailed for Europe (Oct. 9, '95) is peculiarly characteristic of the President's gift for making a business letter genial and conveying the disagreeable with disarming courtesy. Mr. Rossiter had to be told that his first plans, charming in themselves, involved far too much expense in erection and

¹ *Vassar Misc.* vol. XXV, '95-'96, pp. 331-2.

² Vol. XXV. '95-'96, pp. 385-6.

maintenance and that certain cherished features would probably have to be relinquished. Doctor Taylor shares the disappointment of the architect, but reminds him philosophically:

"After all, my dear Mr. Rossiter, we educators are a humble set, and if we find ourselves living in palatial residences we may forget the high thinking as well as the plain living, and give ourselves, if I may mix a figure or two, to the flesh pots of Egypt."

The beautiful house when finished showed no lack of charm and the spirit of its open hall and wide porch expressed fittingly the hospitality that the rooms in the Main Building had already extended to happy guests.

Another satisfaction for the President on his return to the college came shortly after when in May Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised to meet a long-felt need by giving a recitation hall and the trustees voted to erect a residence hall, made necessary by growing numbers. With such practical assurances of confidence and support in his work, President Taylor again took up the responsibilities of the college.



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The President's House.



CHAPTER VI

Work Resumed: The Call to Brown, 1896-1899

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Emerson.

THE next four years of Doctor Taylor's life ended with so epochal an event that they stand out as a distinct period culminating in an unusual demonstration of what his whole activity for the college had signified. Life in a country college carries the community along usually in an even tenor with regular schedule of classes, long hours in the library, free out-door sports, the familiar college activities—dramatics, debating—informal entertaining and frequent visits from distinguished guests, the world coming, as Emerson testified for the philosopher, to the Young who stay in their college home to be educated. No one can tarry in such a college as Vassar and not feel its spell, its Vergilian quiet of setting *in reducta valle*, its free and happy chance of making friends through bonds of common work and shared ideals. Everywhere the spirit of youth dominant. Few old people, little dying. Life and growth in girls and

trees. A certain verve and eagerness in the air. To one who senses it all such a world can never be dull or stultifying. And for Doctor Taylor it was life,—a new life after the months away of refreshment and self-education (as he described his vacation).

One of the most obvious and exacting duties of a President was public speaking, involving as it did railway journeys and sleeping cars, audiences strange and familiar, the need of time for preparation when there was no time, and as accompaniments of speeches for the traveler, visiting, dinners, receptions. Doctor Taylor's recorded speeches during the four years, '96-'99, show such a range as this: at Vassar itself not only customary chapel talks, commencement speeches and baccalaureate sermons, but speeches before special organizations,—the Teachers' Club, the Hellenic Society; in Poughkeepsie a public lecture on "Some Lessons from the Republic across the Sea," a talk on "Egypt" before the Vassar Students' Aid Society, three lectures before the Vassar Brothers Institute (on "The Ethics of Politics," "The Significance of the Citizens' Union Movement," "The War: Profit and Loss"), and an address before the Daughters of the American Revolution. Talks before educational institutions include speeches at Lehigh University, at an Oberlin dinner, and before the summer school of Cornell University; and speeches at many high schools and private schools. Educational gatherings in many cities also claimed his voice, and Vassar alumnæ in many cities held meetings at which the President spoke. One wonders how he could have given himself so unremittingly and yet always so acceptably. Few ever went away from listening to Doctor Taylor without being im-

pressed by a great personality and feeling that he had said something worth while.

What are some of the things he said which stand out in this time? Three themes, all growing out of his conception of the great teacher, seem to dominate his message,—the teaching of morals in all true education, the proper place of pedagogy in the teacher's equipment, and the right of women to a liberal education. In an address on "Should the State teach Morals?"¹ Doctor Taylor maintained that the state should not teach religion since indeed "the one great discovery of America has been that declaration of our own Constitution of the absolute separation of church and state," but that the state is in duty bound to teach morals, directly—training its youth in "fundamental notions of righteousness," for both private and public life, and indirectly as well, by the force of practice and example, and therein lies the secret of success. "After all, when you think over all the great teachers you know, and I am sure that all of us have known some great teachers; when you think over the greatest teachers that you have known, what will you say was the abiding force in them, and in their influence over our lives? I have no hesitation in saying regarding the two or three greatest teachers whose influence I felt in my own education, notwithstanding their brilliant intellectual powers and their keenness as mere instructors, the force which they left upon my own life was the impelling power of their great personalities, the power which somehow in a man takes hold of the life of another man and brings him to sight and to insight, which becomes an impulsive force in his life, and which brings

¹ In "New York Education," May 20, '98.

into our own lives the joy and the strength of the vision which he has looked upon. That is the force of the teacher's life after all, whatever his intellectual keenness and greatness. That is the secret of the power of Socrates, of Comenius, Pestalozzi, Wayland, Robinson, Anderson, or of any of the greatest names that you have known in your own history or in the general history of education. It is true of every one of them. It was their personality, the power of a heart and a soul that believe in truth and believe in communicating that truth whatever it was to the hearts of other men. It was not because Arnold was a great master of Latin that he accomplished what he did at Rugby; it was because Arnold got into the hearts of the boys before him that he made them greatest in church and state in England. Every one of us feels the impulse of some life that has influenced us to some extent and made us feel the power of its own visions and the power of its own truth. Unless lives have that, whatever may be their intellectual attainment, they must fail as teachers. No teacher can be great without this, and no great teacher can fail to communicate part of this to the souls of those to whom he speaks. No advanced course can take the place of it, and no pedagogical training, however thorough, can stand instead of it in that great work which it is our highest privilege to be engaged in, the teaching of the young how to live."

This vision of a great teacher dominates an address on "The Place of Pedagogy in the Training of the Teacher" and another on "The College Graduate before the Law" in both of which Doctor Taylor takes issue with the formalism that makes the science of teaching

more essential than knowledge and than spirit. Not belittling the well-balanced study of the science and the history of teaching, he would show their true place in the teacher's equipment.

Doctor Taylor was never more eloquent than when describing the true meaning and scope of woman's education. In an address delivered at Cooper Union, New York, Dec. '98, he reviewed the emancipation brought about for woman by the Civil War and claimed as fundamental preparation for woman's broader work in home, church, and state her "right to full opportunity to enjoy the privilege of college and university training, unhampered in her choice of studies by any consideration of sex." After urging against the biological point of view and the practical, that their criticisms might as justly be hurled against liberal education for men who face fatherhood and support of a home, Doctor Taylor remarked that "the underestimation of the importance of the work (woman's education) as compared with man's are due simply (1) to the overweening pride of man in estimating his part in life; (2) to the forgetfulness of his own debt to women; (3) to blindness as to the enormous influence of woman, in home, society, church, and state." After hearing such utterances, the *alumnæ* of the college felt that a leader and champion had been found.

As long as he remained at Vassar, Doctor Taylor was not only President, but Professor, conducting at first courses in both psychology and ethics, then finally limiting his teaching to one senior course in ethics. With the modern science of psychology and its laboratory method, Doctor Taylor had no orientation, wisely relinquishing the subject when he found a satisfactory professor. But

ethics, to him the synthesis of education, he retained as an opportunity for acquaintance with the students through the class-room and for impressing upon them directly that "moral law" which was to him the foundation and culmination of education. His relation to the students in the class-room is mirrored in much light verse, for it became a happy college custom that each senior class on the evening after its final examination in ethics should serenade the President with a humorous Song. Around the steps of the President's house the seniors would gather and lustily chant such strains as these :

"Now our Exam is over,
 It's not utility
 That makes us serenade you,
 But Social Sympathy.
 The motive that controls us
 Is a force that is innate;
 It's natural affection
 Not pre-ordained by Fate.

 That we can now distinguish
 Pushpin from Poetry
 We owe to you, dear Prexy,
 Our Moral Faculty.
 Though Hedonists by nature
 You and Conscience teach us still
 To cultivate our Reason
 And Freedom of the Will.

Another class after reviewing learnedly and at length Aristotle's teachings in rhymed couplets ends suddenly:

"But the best of the course, dear Prexy, was YOU."

The same truth about Doctor Taylor's teaching was voiced in serious words by President Hadley of Yale: "It has been said that a man's best work is his uncon-

scious work; and I suspect that the best teaching of psychology and of philosophy which Doctor Taylor ever did was at times when he least suspected it. He taught practical psychology by understanding the working of other people's minds; he taught practical philosophy by getting the values of different parts of life as nearly right as he could; and his students learned by example not only to know these things but to do them." Certainly many felt that the greatest value of the required course in ethics was that it gave the students an opportunity to know the man better, and for those members of the ethics classes to whom the inherent nature of the subject, or the constructive method by which it was treated or their own radicalism were barriers to real understanding, often later reminiscence brought a different view.

A 'great responsibility was felt by Doctor Taylor towards the general religious life of the college. How little this appeared on the surface is shown perhaps by the fact that few who have written about his work have stressed his religious leadership. Yet what the wellspring of his life was has already appeared in many letters, and those who heard him lead chapel night after night, or those to whom he delivered his baccalaureate charges, know how his spiritual sense made the warp of his life's fabric.

The sermons of these years grow partly out of wars and rumors of war in the world and give expression to the inevitable need of the eternal conflict by which the kingdom of God must be maintained: that strange true paradox of pure religion,—endless warfare, yet peace that passeth understanding; the never-concluded struggle, yet the victory that overcometh the world. As Doctor

Taylor, knowing his college world and the seniors he was sending out from it, presented them in baccalaureate charge with the standards he would have them unfurl, many a young Joan of Arc heard voices and saw visions that guided her to the end. Sometimes, too, when conflict proved almost disastrous, the young warriors would go back to their general for new directions in the field. This power to help the individual was a great part of the President's work.

Speech-making, teaching, preaching were combined with detailed business administration, and a college president of this time had to be a financier and business manager as well as an educator and spiritual leader. As chairman of the executive committee of the trustees and member of their board, Doctor Taylor had a share in every part of the business management of the college, as well as in the work of raising educational endowment and emergency funds. No detail in the intricate organization escaped his notice. The man in charge of the grounds, the farmer, the engineer all realized that a piece of work left undone or executed in a slovenly fashion would soon meet with kindly but uncompromising criticism. This was sure to be accompanied by an intelligent suggestion of remedy, for in any difficulties the President sought and took expert advice on the matter in question. Nothing was too small for his animadversion, nothing too large. His eye was on every part of the financial management, and his ability not only secured thousands for endowment, but saved thousands.

At the same time the President was of course chairman of the faculty, presided at all their meetings, acted as consultant with Heads of Departments on all depart-

mental problems and helped make the new curriculum by sharing in faculty discussions and by creating new chairs, thus extending the range of subjects taught. A new instructor or professor would rarely be engaged without a personal interview with the president. Part of his work at this period was also that of a Dean,—interviews with parents about students, interviews with students for advice about their own future or some critical situation in their college life.

And however graciously a "Lady Principal" at Vassar might fulfill her social functions, Doctor Taylor was the head of the social life of the college which centered in his home. There the visiting preacher was entertained every Sunday. There lecturer or musician went to talk after lecture or concert. Faculty took their guests there, alumnae their children, undergraduates their parents. And the unfailing hospitality of Mrs. Taylor, the sense of geniality and leisure which surrounded Doctor Taylor on his busiest days were convincing proof that the latch-string was always out.

Of course the President was supported in all his functions by able helpers among trustees, faculty, alumnae, and students; but even with such aid he had to meet demands on his time, which were all-comprehensive in character and without regard for human limitations. As colleges grew, greater specialization of work was needed, and eventually the President's responsibilities were in part distributed among trustee committees, faculty committees, Treasurer, Dean, Wardens, Honor Court of Students, but these years of Doctor Taylor's administration (1896-1899) were before such division of the President's su-

preme responsibility, and his complex office made the most exacting demands.

How he had fulfilled these in the eyes of the educational world and the Vassar constituency is proved by the events of '99. In December of that year it became known very suddenly that Doctor Taylor had been elected President of Brown University. And as the newspapers of the country generally assumed his acceptance, the Vassar world was in deep distress.¹

The facts about Doctor Taylor's election will be seen from his letters at the time.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Dec. 31st, '98.

Rev. A. H. Hovey, D.D., LL.D. :—
Chairman,—

DEAR SIR,

I have concluded to allow your committee to present my name to the Corporation on the basis of the understanding we reached at the meeting of Tuesday evening. We agreed that my acceptance of this honor from your committee would be an intimation on my part of a disposition to consider favorably an election by the Corporation,—but that it would not be construed as a pledge of a final affirmative decision, since I am not at liberty, upon our understanding, to broach the question to my own trustees and alumnæ and other friends of Vassar until after the election. This seemed to you all the better way, as otherwise public knowledge of the matter would become almost a certainty before your corporation could meet. I could wish that I might give you a more definite answer, but none will appreciate more than your able and courteous committee, how much is due to those here

¹ For the history of Brown University at the time see "The History of Brown University, 1764-1914," by Walter C. Bronson.

whose interests are now my own. To decide such an issue without full consultation with them would be impossible, and could not be asked.

With the fullest appreciation of the kindness of your committee and of the great honor done me, I am, with high regards,

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Within a week after this letter Doctor Taylor received the following telegram:

Feb. 8, 1899.

Rev. Jas. M. Taylor

You are unanimously and heartily elected by the corporation for President of Brown University. Letter follows.

ALVAH HOVEY,
Chairman.

On receipt of this news Doctor Taylor sent to Mr. Hovey a formal and a personal letter.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
President's Office.

Feb. 11, 1899.

Rev. A. H. Hovey, D.D.,
Chairman:

DEAR SIR,

I have received from you the official communication of my election to the presidency of Brown University. I appreciate most deeply the honor thus conferred upon me and the confidence expressed by the unanimous vote of your Corporation. The supremely important decision of the question of the rival claims of my present work and of the new field to which I am invited calls for the fullest consideration and the wisest counsel, but I

shall try to reach a conclusion as soon as possible, and I trust that I shall be so guided that the decision may be for the highest interests of both Vassar and Brown.

Again expressing my appreciation of the great honor bestowed upon me,

I am

Respectfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
February 11, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. HOVEY;

I have your favor of the 8th inst. this morning announcing my election as President of Brown University. I deeply feel the honor of the election and the confidence expressed by the unanimous vote of the Corporation. I conclude from your letter that the official letter of the Trustees will be sent to me by the Secretary, Dr. Anderson, and that this reply to you is rather personal than an official recognition of the honor done me. If I am mistaken in this and should send my acknowledgment to you instead of to the Secretary, from whom I have not yet heard, you will kindly inform me and I will write at once. And now, my dear Doctor, comes the valley, and it is by no means a bright and clear one for me. As I told you in my letter permitting the use of my name, I must hear from the Vassar side now, and I am beginning to hear from it in no uncertain tones. The question is seeming to me to resolve itself into this: can I by going to Brown University with its larger environment, though not intrinsically speaking its larger educational work, perhaps so develop and broaden my own powers as to enable me to do a better work for Brown University than I can do for Vassar College? I am really deeply puzzled, drawn toward Brown influenced greatly by your own kindness and by the courtesy of your Committee, by the extremely kind letters which I am receiving from members of the Board and of the Faculty, and yet on the other hand

moved greatly by the assurances that come from such men as Dr. Lathrop and Dr. Elmendorf that my work seems to them essential at Vassar, and that I shall imperil great interests if I leave. I am not convinced of that, and of course it is the grave question which I am to settle. I am seeking counsel from a number of friends in whose judgment I have great confidence, and it is not impossible that I may decide to go on to Providence before settling this question, and even to Newton that I may confer personally with you. I have never been in a more trying place, you may be sure, nor in one where I needed more fully the counsel and sympathy and prayer of my friends. I would be glad to know if anything was said about the time that I might take in making my decision or if you have any judgment to offer upon that subject yourself. For us here, for you emphatically, for myself and my family, the question needs to be decided as soon as possible, but it must not be forgotten that it must be decided in the midst of a great many duties that are daily pressing upon me and of engagements already made that I must fulfill.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Doctor Taylor did not indeed lack advice in the decision that confronted him. The letters of educators from all over the country that poured in upon him are alike in only one point, satisfaction in the public recognition of the high quality of his work. Certain university presidents assured him that he would make the mistake of a lifetime if he did not accept. Other educators insisted that he would be deserting the cause of the higher education of women. One correspondent oracularly proclaimed: "If the call to Brown means promotion, I rejoice with you. If it means temptation, I pray for you."

No such conflicting or doubtful opinions came from Vassar itself. The trustees sent resolutions to Doctor Taylor, the faculty sent an appeal to the trustees, the alumnae appealed by branches to the trustees or to Doctor Taylor himself. The Students' Association and the Senior Class wrote their desires to him and floods of individual letters poured in upon the President's deliberations. The intense character of the protests raised can be appreciated by reading a few of the most significant.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, '99.

At a Special Meeting of the Trustees of Vassar College, held in the City of New York, on the 24th day of February 1899, a quorum being present, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, that we have heard with great regret that Dr. James M. Taylor is considering a call to the Presidency of Brown University, and that it is our earnest desire that he should remain at Vassar College as its President, and continue the work in which he has achieved eminent success; and that it is our profound conviction that the best interests of the College demand that his relations to it shall not be severed.

Resolved: that we hereby pledge to President Taylor our continued confidence, and our cordial co-operation in seeking to meet the pressing needs of the College, that it may hold its place as the leading educational institution for women in our country.

EDWARD ELSWORTH,
Secretary.

Feb. 10, 1899.

To the honorable Board of Trustees,
GENTLEMEN:

We, the undersigned, the Faculty of Vassar College, while deeply sensible of the honor, richly deserved, that

Brown University has shown Dr. Taylor in offering him its presidency, believe that Vassar College is thereby threatened with an irremediable loss. We desire, therefore, to express to you our great appreciation of all that Dr. Taylor has done in the past to further the best interests of the college and our conviction that, under his administration, its future growth and prosperity are assured. We also wish to express the deep sorrow we should feel, officially and personally, if we were to lose a president whose character and attainments have so completely won our confidence and loyalty. And we venture to hope that you will use your best endeavors to induce him to remain in the position that he has filled so fortunately for the college and with such honor to himself.

The names of 51 members of the faculty follow. Two letters from individual members of the faculty are significant.

OBSERVATORY,
VASSAR COLLEGE,
Feb. 21, 1899.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR,

I have wanted to say something to you about the great and pressing question awaiting your decision, and yet I have hesitated, lest my eager devotion to the "cause" of woman's education might give a bias that was not altogether just, not to *your* best good (I know that is not the burden of your problem) but to *the* best good. I have felt the profoundest sympathy for you, while I have felt the deepest anxiety for Vassar. But as the days go on, I grow more confident in my view, and I am going to say my say, knowing you will take it kindly, and will understand that there isn't the least atom of urging or begging about it.

I believe the success you have brought to Vassar is something that is peculiarly your own, and is not what

another could have done, however earnest and eager the effort, and I believe it is a larger and more important work than that represented at Brown because one not receiving its just attention and what is more important, not receiving its just estimate even in the minds of many of its advocates. I have waited for years to hear the broad opinion which you expressed in New York on Feb. 4, and when I realize how few of even the most advanced thinkers can give sincere expression to that breadth of view, I feel there is no other to take your place here. Brown may need force and devotion, and would secure them in you. You have given them to Vassar but you have given it something greater still, that Brown does not need.

But whatever your decision I shall know that it rests upon your best interpretation of the tremendous "I ought," and before that, my New England conscience will bow without demur, but if my dear cause loses, I shall be unutterably sorry.

Very sincerely yours

MARY W. WHITNEY.

Feb. 11, '99.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR,

The announcement in the daily papers of your call to Brown was accompanied by the statement of your intention to consult your friends before reaching a decision. Counting myself among the number of your friends, and one most interested in the decision I want to make an appeal to you not to leave us. I cannot endure the thought of it. It does not seem as if I could stay here myself if you were to leave. You must not go. There is no other way to put it.

So many reasons demand expression that one does not know where to begin. One I wish especially to press. You have a very remarkable hold on the college in its broadest life, a power very unusual in college presidents, in the cordial loyal support of trustees, faculty, students

and alumnæ without exception. However full of criticism the air may be no word of it touches you. All our petty jealousies and disagreements are harmless because we have in you a coördinating center in whose wisdom and justice and utter reliability we all have absolute confidence. You belong to us all by right of personal affection. No one else could ever fill this place to the same extent. It would take years for the worthiest of men to establish himself in our confidence at all. Now here is Vassar College, at the head of women's colleges, by virtue of our history and what you have made us. If we are to hold this place we must have the same leadership. There are problems yet to be worked out, . . . and the friction of adjusting influences which imagine themselves to be conflicting will never come to the public attention if you remain at the head. The life of the college is wonderfully sane and honest because everybody trusts the honesty of the President. This life must become a tradition through long years of the same influence and the same policy which no one but you can give. Your work here is not completed. It is just fairly begun. . . .

Most cordially yours,

CHAS. W. MOULTON.

The letter from the Boston Branch may stand for the appeals of the Alumnæ.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
18. February, 1899.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR,

The report that you had been called to the presidency of Brown University and the confident tone in which your acceptance of the call was predicted by the press, brought the New England Alumnæ of Vassar together last Thursday in such numbers as would have convinced you they were deeply moved by this startling intelligence. Members came from points as far distant as Concord, New Hampshire and Providence, Rhode Island. Many

letters were received from Alumnæ who were unable to be present. Twenty-two classes were represented, either in person or by letter. It is no exaggeration to say that the feeling expressed at the meeting was a combination of grief and dismay. But we were not utterly without hope, knowing that you are deeply attached to the College and that you will not sacrifice its interests, unless you are convinced you can do more to advance the cause of education in the new field open to you. . . .

You came at a crisis in its history. Without criticism of the past or promises for the future, you entered upon your work and soon reversed the whole policy of the institution, yet so quietly was this done, that only the watchful eyes of the alumnæ at first detected the change. Soon, however, the public became aware that radical changes were taking place in the College; that its educational requirements were of higher character; that it was establishing new departments; that its students were increasing in numbers; that it was receiving new endowments which took form in professorships and scholarships, laboratories and dormitories; that its president and professors were in demand as experts in meetings of educators and on important educational committees. Your work at Vassar has been marked not only by these notable practical results, but during the twelve years of your presidency, you have developed and enunciated a theory of women's education more sane and sound than any previously held. You have fully realized that in our sex must be developed that potent influence for the world's good which can only find its source in a broad and generous culture. . . . In wise pursuance of this theory you have steadily resisted the temptation to make Vassar a university. We alumnæ believe in this theory; we believe also that you are the man to develop it. With you at its head, there is the possibility of unlimited growth for the College within the lines which you have drawn. With another President, Vassar's policy is likely to be radically changed and the possible result no one likes

to contemplate. You have proven by the remarkable success you have achieved that you have special fitness for the work which Vassar offers. Our personal loyalty to you, which is no mere phrase, our loyalty to our own highest ideals of fellow-service, both bid us stand back, if the broader opportunity for you lies elsewhere. That we cannot think it does, we hope is due to no blind partisanship for our Alma Mater. There you have already won an enviable reputation, which would, we venture to think shine all the brighter should you refuse to leave the institution which you have re-created and which, we confidently trust may, year by year, become more worthy to retain you as its chief officer.

In the earnest hope that until the three score years and ten, or perchance the four score, shall fix the natural limit to your service, we may not separate your name from that of Vassar College, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves,

Faithfully yours,

FLORENCE M. CUSHING, '74,

ELLEN M. FOLSOM, '71,

ALLA W. FOSTER, '72,

HELOISE E. HERSEY, '76.

LEONORA HOWE, '94,

Committee from the Boston Branch.

The voice of the students was no less emphatic.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION,
VASSAR COLLEGE.

TO PRESIDENT TAYLOR:

The call which has come to President Taylor from Brown University, together with the possibility of his acceptance, seems of such serious import that the students wish unanimously to express their feeling regarding the matter.

We feel that we cannot sufficiently emphasize our ap-

preciation of the great work which President Taylor has done for Vassar.

We know that he has not only materially broadened and advanced the college but that his earnest spirit and high ideals have so influenced the hundreds of students who have come into contact with him that they must and always will identify them with the spirit and ideals of Vassar.

Moreover, if we should lose one for whom we have so deep an admiration and affection, we not only feel that we, the present members of the student body, should suffer a great and personal loss, but we believe also that the future loss to the college would be one which would be irreparable.

We cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing our hope that it may seem right to President Taylor to continue the great work which he has been doing for Vassar.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the Students' Association,

EMMA LOU GARRETT, '99,	} Com.
MABEL RAY, '99,	
ESTELLE ARMSTRONG, '00,	

The method by which Doctor Taylor made his decision is so characteristic of his intellectual honesty and clarity of thinking that I wish I might print facsimiles of the memoranda that lie before me. First, a sheet of paper labeled, "Reasons pro and contra." This memorandum ends with the question: "Am I called on to believe that I am so '*essential*' here? Can I be, so as to lead me to disregard considerations of family, larger opportunities, probabilities of a more expanding work in a *surely larger* environment? *Selfish* considerations should of course have no weight, but are they selfish, when they bear on a question of one's possibly larger power and larger

sphere?" Accompanying this are two large sheets labeled "V. C. considerations contra," "V. C.—From letters and conversations. Pro." The decision made by this careful balancing was announced in a final letter of declination.

To the Reverend Alvah Hovey, D.D., Chairman.

March 1, '99.

DEAR SIR:

I have given careful consideration to the call extended to me by the corporation of Brown University, and have examined both sides of the question suggested to me with all the wisdom I could gain. In allowing my name to be presented to your board we agreed "that my acceptance of this honor from your committee would be an intimation on my part of a disposition to consider favorably an election by the corporation—but that it would not be construed as a pledge of a final affirmative decision, since I am not at liberty, upon my understanding, to broach the question to my own trustees and alumnæ and other friends of Vassar until after the election." From the day of my election till now I have therefore sought the counsel of friends of both institutions, and have attempted with their aid to make clear to myself the path of duty.

I have most deeply appreciated the honor done me by the corporation. My very high estimate of the work and worth of Brown University, and of the possibilities before it, the cordial assurance of welcome given me by the trustees and faculty, the alumni and students, and the rare opportunities of usefulness offered by the situation and influence of the University, have combined to attract me to it.

As I have deliberated upon the issues at stake, however, through these weeks, I have been impressed, with increasing force, that these conditions are overbalanced by the interests which would be imperiled by my leaving

my present office. This conclusion has been reached slowly under the influence of a weight of assurance from the trustees, faculty, alumnæ, and students of Vassar, and friends of education unrelated to Vassar, that I cannot set aside. I have been made to feel that the resignation of my duties here would be construed by most observers, despite my own honest protest, as an assertion that the type of work for which Vassar stands is of less importance than that of a college mainly devoted to men. I have been convinced, against my earlier judgment, that the chances of disintegration which come with every change would be very grave, just now, for Vassar, and that her work might be hindered for years, at least till a new leader should have gained the confidence of the College and its alumnæ. I have been persuaded, too, that in the present juncture, where new problems as to the very nature of woman's education are being raised, the presence of one here who has had long experience in the work, and knows its interests and its limitations, may be of grave importance. It has seemed to me, too, that there are more men willing to give their best service to the education of men than there are to give a like earnest service for woman's education. I have been convinced, also, that the position offered me would present no greater opportunity for usefulness than that I now hold. The chance of directly influencing the life of one's time through the young men of a great college is alluring, but indirectly, and in an increasing degree directly, the influence of the educated woman in the home, the school, the church, the state, and society can hardly be accounted as holding the second place. In this conclusion I have been sustained by a large number of men unrelated to either institution.

The value of a continuous work, and of a tradition well established, the risks of a change to a college already beloved and to which the best of my life has been given, the danger of casting a reflection on a work which I believe to be of equal worth with the worthiest, the at-

traction of developing plans already formed on the basis of what has been accomplished, have outweighed the great attractions of the place tendered me, and the more than kind assurance of unanimous support from the corporation, faculty, and alumni of Brown. I can never cease to have a deep affection for the institution which has so honored me. My only regret is that I have been compelled by this growing conviction of duty to disappoint your hope. I anticipate great prosperity for Brown, and trust that it may soon obtain a president who shall lead the university more ably and successfully than I could have hoped to do.

With assurances of highest regard and gratitude, I am
yours respectfully,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The *Miscellany* of '98-'99¹ tells the way in which the news was announced at Vassar. "To those who knew of Dr. Taylor's presence at college it was very significant that Mrs. Kendrick led chapel Wednesday evening of March 1, and when she stepped forward after the prayer there was a tense stillness. But her first words, 'It is not often that one is the bearer of such joyful'—were not out of her mouth before a storm of applause broke forth which continued for many minutes only ceasing to allow Mrs. Kendrick to finish her announcement. Then the whole college left the chapel and hurried over to Dr. Taylor's house where, in response to renewed applause, the president spoke a few appropriate words."

Among the voices from the educational world at large which expressed approval of this decision was that of Benjamin Ide Wheeler (now President of the University of California), the friend of Athens days.

¹ P. 277.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA, New York.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am greatly disappointed. As a Brown man I wanted you to say "yes." As your friend, I was less insistent. As a friend of good education I was on the fence. In the present tense I am convinced you have done right. I told you I should be anyway, and I am. The returns are all in and with settled mind I review the battle-field, and see this:—you have put Vassar some pegs higher in the scale; you have made an epochemachendes contribution to woman's education in the roaming consciousness of the folk,—for a woman's college *now* has a president that to all certainty is not occupied in woman's education for the bald reason that he could not be occupied in man's; you have proved your loyalty to your college; you have inspired its constituency to new and stronger support; you have identified your life-work with that movement in education which constitutes America's most distinguished contribution to the world's experience. On the whole the last is the best. Vassar represents the sanest of educational endeavors for women. . . .

It would be impossible to recount the expressions of gratification that came to Doctor Taylor. The college gave vent to its joy in characteristic ways. In Poughkeepsie, a dinner was given in his honor by prominent townsmen. Visible and overwhelming proof of the support which the alumnæ had vowed came in a surprise which he was able to announce to the college on Founder's Day, April 29, a promise from two alumnæ, Mary Thaw Thompson, '77, and Mary Seymour Morris Pratt, '80, to build a chapel on the campus. Another dream of Doctor Taylor's had come true. What the chapel and Doctor Taylor's voice in it meant to the college found best ex-



The Laying of the Corner Stone of the Chapel.

pression in a poem written for the *Vassar Quarterly* many months after his death by an alumna.

A MEMORY

By Harriet Plimpton

Across the damask snow the chimes ring low
And sweet. The winding paths beneath the trees
That sweep their drooping robes about them gleam
And wait alone. The trailing branches sigh
Their soft melodious song. And then a rush
Of pealing laughter—and muffled groups
Go quickly on, and nearer sound the bells
Above the cloisters, full of mellow light,
Below the great, rose window. Norman square
The tower stands against the blue-black sky
Where glisten brilliant stars in solemn hosts.
The mighty organ chorus rolls a hymn
Of faith, in grand primeval harmonies
That echo forth the prophecy that burst
From some primordial storm. And then it ends
In one triumphant call. Then slow, the best
Of men, the teacher, Christian, friend to each
Of us arose. He opened slow the Bible on
The carven pulpit. Tears, stinging tears—
Across the speeding years, through them, look back!
And may the vision grow still clearer, cut
Into your heart and soul, and always be
A memory with purifying tears.

CHAPTER VII

Education, Finance, and Rest, 1899-1906

*Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia.*

Horace C. II. 3.

WHEN Doctor Taylor went on with the work which he and all now knew was to be the object of his life's devotion, he was faced by many problems. The first published Report of the President, 1901, summarizes succinctly and clearly the needs and the outlook of the college. After mentioning two new residence halls, one in process of completion, the other promised, the progress of the new biological laboratory, and the steady growth in number of students, Doctor Taylor discussed three "problems of paramount importance" which the college was facing. The first was the new curriculum still under discussion but clearly tending towards a freer elective system than the college had known in the past and involving inevitably an increased cost in education for the teaching force. He pointed out that while the college had "been fairly prospered in material equipments we are making no adequate corresponding advance in the endowments which shall better sustain a larger and abler

faculty." The second problem, in view of rapid expansion, was "the preservation, with our great numbers, of the traditional spirit of the college, and the care for the individual student." To meet this, Doctor Taylor proposed first a committee of Assistants to the Lady Principal as heads of halls, Vassar Alumnæ "who know the value of sound social habits, who believe in the need of a sane and strong religious life, who are sure there is no higher service in the world than to help young people to develop healthful and vigorous souls." To preserve the "sense of common life," he urged the need of a Students' Building for extra-curriculum activities. The third problem related to the faculty and was the need of building for the women in the faculty a few houses and an apartment house where they could live under better conditions than in the strain of the large college dormitories. The need for a larger faculty was emphasized as was the need for other new buildings: an enlargement of the Gymnasium, an Art Building, a Library, another Residence Hall. At the end, the growth of the college is summarized and the need for larger endowment once more proclaimed. "In conclusion, and as bearing on our immediate past and our hope for the future, I beg leave to submit a few facts regarding the last five years of our history. The growth since '96, when I reviewed the gains of ten years has been constant and has involved a heavy strain on every department.¹ . . .

¹ "From 538 students we have grown to 700, and had we wished it and made provision for them we might have had 1,000. Then we had 20 professors and 35 instructors, now 23 professors and 45 instructors. Then we had just over 24,000 books, now we have 38,000. The funds were then \$1,050,000 and now are equally large

evolution which is after all only a method of work and not in any sense a kind of origin.

By the way, let me recur to Wallace,¹ who of course lacks balance in some ways, we know, but who in the final pages of his book on Darwinism makes some very true remarks from the point of view of a scientist solely, on the different method which Darwin pursues in these chapters on The Mental and Moral Life from that which characterizes his other work. The fact is that if he was going to account for the higher qualities by natural selection, he had to do something different. The questions that I want you to answer me are, first, whence came the egg prior to all life on the earth; and second, is the plain life that the egg discloses identical with thinking, aspiration and the appreciation of goodness?

Thanking you for the assistance which your letter gives me, I am

Cordially yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
October 24, 1902.

MY DEAR DR. TREADWELL,

To recur for one moment to the subject of eggs, and anticipating meanwhile the information which you are so kindly going to give me when we have a chance to talk, I want to say that I did notice Wallace's argument as being especially against the assumption that natural selection is a factor in the development of . . . higher intellectual faculties. It seems to me that you must extend his argument at least to the human body from what

¹Dr. Taylor had cited Wallace as proving that since the moral sense could not have evolved by *natural selection*, it is therefore not a product of evolution. I had replied that Wallace was almost alone in believing that natural selection is the sole factor. That something could not evolve through *selection* is no argument against its evolution. Practically all biologists believe that several factors have coöperated in evolution. A. L. T.

he says of the brain and of the skin and other such illustrations. But my argument goes back of all that to the more fundamental question, and in this Wallace certainly holds substantially what I do, if I understand him, that the mental processes of men, and mental processes, also, if they can be clearly shown to exist, in animals, have another origin than any physical life. Certainly, if I understand him, the purport of his last chapter in his "Darwinism" as well as in the last chapter of "Natural Selection," is to show that there must be a spiritual as well as a natural order if we are to account for the double set of facts. Personally I believe that to be good logic and good philosophy, and I do not believe that all the arguments of the monist, either materialist or idealist, will ever get out of the way the fact that there are two orders and that there is no unity possible unless you get back into the metaphysical realm and find that unity is a thought of God.

However, this is just another word. You will be relieved to know that I have taken my class out into another realm. Perhaps some day I will show you one or two papers that I asked them to prepare for me after our discussion, summing up in the way of analysis the points discussed. Some of them have done it very well.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

One more word on the doctrine of evolution follows,—an amusing suggestion about teaching it.

VASSAR COLLEGE,

March 7, 1903.

I think between us we may manage to get in the "evolution business" separately somewhere or other. If we can do nothing else, you and I might stand up before the ethics class and show what beautiful agreement there is between the real scientist and the blossoming philosopher.

Simultaneously with much care for minutiae and interchange of opinion through departmental correspondence there was continued the traveling and the public speaking to which the college president was committed. Certain speeches and essays stand out as indicative of the lines which his thought was following.

In 1900-01 at the inauguration of President Woolley of Mount Holyoke College, Doctor Taylor spoke on "The Missionary Spirit Essential to the Teacher," and to Smith College at its Quarter Centennial he took as Vassar's message a plea that Smith with Vassar should continue to preserve the tradition of the undergraduate college as a place for liberal education. In an address the same year before the New York Conference of Religion on "Education by Church and School in Social Righteousness," Doctor Taylor defined social righteousness as including "truth, which is the answer of the personal life in all its relations to fact; fair dealing, which is the recognition of the rights of others equally with our own; fraternity, which is the spirit of helpfulness, of service, of common kindness, and courtesy; purity, which is the keeping of thought, word, and life in cleanliness and wholesomeness." The teaching of such righteousness demands, he urged, "an emphatic teaching of the majesty of duty and the inevitability of moral law," "the necessity of maintaining one moral life, one ethics for public and private life," and the creation of moral enthusiasm for personal righteousness, and he insisted that such teaching is incumbent on church and school alike.¹

¹ Proceedings of N. Y. Conf. of Relig., 1900, vol. I, p. 132.



On Formal Occasions.

Equally characteristic of Doctor Taylor's fundamental spiritual attitude is the Annual Oration before the Alumni of the Rochester Theological Seminary at the Semi-Centennial, May 9, 1900, "A New World and an Old Gospel." Compared with fifty years ago, our world is new, spatially through work of telescope and microscope, temporally through archæology and geology, industrially through invention of machinery and telephone, politically through abolition of slavery and growth of democracy, philosophically through the doctrine of evolution. But for this new world there is a need, as ever, of the old Gospel of the reality of man's spiritual life, a gospel which demands of the temporal world only the condition of spiritual freedom. This old gospel must convey to the new world in terms fitting new conditions and knowledge its eternal message,—“the conviction of the reality, power and necessity of the spiritual life.”

The baccalaureate sermon of 1901, "Practical or Ideal," shows the same vision in maintaining that "there is really *no practical* which is *not also ideal*—and that nothing ministers to life in any proper sense unless it touches something deeper than what we generally mean by the actual and useful." The illustrations are characteristic.

"*Home!* What is it? House, furniture, certain accustomed haunts, a few well-known lives,—does that describe it? What has analysis to do with it? It is a theme for the poet's insight, or for the noble outpourings of the organ. It is not the sum of things seen: that make a home, but the *unseen* which makes it sacred, whatever the changes of outward conditions, and howsoever many of its tangible adjuncts be taken away. It is here the invisible, the ideal, that is the *real*. . . .

"Think, for example, what the flag really is,—a few strips of varicolored bunting, a mere fancy of the seamstress's art, so many yards of red and white and blue arranged according to the decision of some legislative committee. Is that true? That is what we *see*. But when men see it in a foreign port,—or when its glory waves above the field of battle,—or when it proudly floats from the dome of the capital? If that is all, it is *nothing*. When the flag is really a flag it means home and loved ones, Lares and Penates, a type of government, a world's hope. Men do not die for a *rag*, but for this, in what it embodies, for the everlasting real which is here but the ideal, they give all they have with regret that they have but one life to give for their country."

Doctor Taylor's feeling for "social righteousness" moved him to take up in two papers the cause of certain feeble and wronged groups of people in the nation. In a long and well argued paper, "Is it justifiable to break the treaties with the Indian tribes of New York?" he pleaded for breaking the treaties in the interest of the Indians themselves that they might be made, not pauperized and demoralized tribes, but self-supporting citizens of the democracy. And in another sociological study he urged that the nation should share the responsibility for southern education to relieve a burden that the south alone could not bear, so helping to solve the race question by ensuring education to both the illiterate whites and blacks. Both essays are practical illustrations of the corollaries of social righteousness.

A recognition given at this time to Doctor Taylor's work for education was an honorary degree conferred

in 1901 by Yale University which he announces with pleasure to his Yale son.

To Huntington Taylor.

HOME, June 29, 1901.

MY DEAR BOY,

I sent you a New Haven paper with account of Commencement. Perhaps you have already heard that I was there that I might be made an honorary alumnus of Yale. I am sure that will please you. . . .

I went on to New Haven Tuesday p. m. and was guest at Dr. Wayland's, and had a good time, of course. I marched in the procession, sat on one of the front seats of the platform, and in turn got up, was presented, and received my diploma (D.D.) and was made "a son of Eli." Then came the dinner and a little speech, and the evening reception,—all sweltering weather, too. . . .

We have been busy as ever, since Commencement, working most of the time. I think we shall get to the woods next week. Morgan, you know, is there, taking care of himself, mostly, and writing postals to his mother informing her how he has been drowned, blown up by the stove, &c., as she anticipated.

Doctor Taylor had a short but severe illness in November of this year, an unusual experience for him. On the first day of his convalescence, as he sat in his study, watching the leaves drift down across the lawn outside the window, he wrote out his mood. Doctor Thelberg says that her patient read her the lines with amused comments on their Browningsque character. In a letter to her, May 27, '16, when ill again, he referred to these lines, saying this time, "I never wrote a word of poetry nor cracked many smiles, as I did when you shut me up so long." Although the poem shows only a passing mood

and not Doctor Taylor's usual or final attitude towards work and life, it has a special appeal.

A CLEAR VIEW

"Not a light topic,"—well, I grant you that.
 Not just a common view of those who look
 Beyond the limits that we set round life.
 But one must see what opes to his own eyes,
 Not the rapt vision of another's soul
 Born of high faith, perhaps, or clearer sight
 Into the things invisible to most.
 The *aged saint* looks from a mountain's peak
 O'er a long journey done and out beyond
 He sees serene the pinnacles and walls
 Of the sweet city of his pilgrimage.
 But o'er a weary journey has he come,
 And rest and peace fulfil his heart's desire.
 The *invalid*? His weakness or his pain
 Cries for the succor of a Strong Relief,
 Looks up at death as possible release.
 And so the fainting soul, broken, cast down,
 At life's hard tasks or robbed of hope
 By the stern face with which the impatient world
 Turns from e'en honest lives that serve it not,
 Despairs, and sees in the continuing years
 Naught but a bitter mockery of itself,
 And so to it death comes as to the rest,
 Aged, infirm, discouraged, hopeless ones,
 A half desired and a half dreaded friend.
 Or once more,—weary not, my friend,—I preach,
 'Tis true,—but *ex hypothesi* you understand,
 A limit's set; the benediction's soon.
 Let the young life, or old, for that, be snapt
 Out of life like the top of the weed stalk there
 That carelessly I switch off with my passing cane,
 Then,—what is it but opening eyes, may hap,
 On some world fuller, larger, happier too, than this,
 Without the chance to think, or dread, or hope,
 No more than lying down to dream and wake again—
 But this,—this is another matter, friend,

To sit here looking out my windows wide—
 Look! Men are raking up the leaves, you see?
 The grass is wondrous green this fall, but there
 Just beyond them, the yellow and the red
 Are beauteous setting for the dark brown leaves
 That lie in heaps all clustered for the cart.
 The skeleton elms lift spreading arms above
 As if to speak sweet benedictes on
 Laborer and grass and leaf that's gathered home—
 But careless of the beauty of the scene
 The men work on, as tranquil, most, as death—
 And so they'll work a day or two from now
 When I who sit here in my manhood's strength,
 Without the loss of any power of mine,
 Have paid the price of the insidious foe
 That works within my veins and claims from me
 All that I am, within a week from now.
 They rake on, droning as they gather leaves
 About the man they worked for yesterweek,
 Now dead and gone as surely as the leaves they rake.
 And meanwhile I? O! that's the other side—
 I'm seeing clear, and over that's a mist
 That only faith can pierce, and faith survive—
 Let's hold to facts; the understanding is
I'm gone. So are the leaves: they rake them up.
 Something like that'll go on with what's left
 Of what I've done and been and said and planned.
 Here is a work enough to satisfy
 Any true soul allowed to bear its part
 In fashioning the future of a land or man.
 No tree, nor stately building, nor wide lawn,
 Whose growth I have not watched, and for it planned.
 You see the students o'er the campus stroll,
 Groups of fair girls to help whom is a joy.
 They've never known another leader here.
 Their college memories intertwine with me.
 But I am gone. The evening brightness comes
 Athwart my windows; I no longer see;
 I'm out; out of it all, and tree and lawn
 And edifice and evening sky, and girl
 Look out upon a world of which I'm not.
 Of course men talk. They tell of this and that,

A building there, some plan I carried out,
A larger college, an endowment raised,
One of a dozen things a man may do.
"Yes, he did well"; that is the word of some.
"Yes," others add, "but now new blood we'll have,
New policies, an abler man to shape
Things to the new conditions: men will fall behind
As they grow older, no one's fault, be sure,
But just the new claims of a riper day.
He did his work, and in some fitting way,
The college must commemorate his loss.
But let us not forget the King is dead
And it behoves us to acclaim the coming King."
So they talk on and meanwhile I am out,
Hear not at all, not knowing e'en they talk.
And friends and students? very like they'll think
No other one can take the place of him
Who guided them and cheered them on their way,
And things they'll say to cheer the very dead
If the dead hear, or care for things of earth.
But you know, as do I, that very soon
Like words and love like this will be for him
Who takes my place. *My place?* I'm out of it.
See there that picture on my bookcase side,
That Lecky photographed, that Hugo by Rajon
That hangs above my fireplace, finely etched,
Or that hooked-nose Erasmus, Holbein made.
There am I, photographed, that's all,
Or lithographed, or from some weekly print,
And there I hang and once in a few days
An eye looks up and sees and thinks,
Then later sees and thinks no more at all.
We know. It's the world's customary way
And well it is,—*for the world*. Yes, for us, too.
We're not complaining, note; just aim to see
What the facts are when we've at last stepped out.
Life is not much, at most, and leaves behind
Few that mourn longer than a twelvemonth space.
Some members of your home, some dearest friends,
Find the world smaller, know an aching void,—
But very few,—and then do not forget
We seek for a clear vision and a mist

Rises o'er sight when of the few we think.
 But for the rest, this is the sum of it,
 When you have done your work and gone your way,
 Another comes and fills your place and makes his own,
 And you,—why you're out, and all the busy world
 Moves on without you, conscious that you were
 Because in its own nerve and sinew you
 Wrought your full self and left your heritage
 Bone of its bone, flesh of its very flesh.
 Therefore what matters it I must go
 To-morrow, next day,—all the same to me.
 Looks queer, I grant, to see them raking leaves
 And think they'll rake on just the same when I
 Can't look at them and some one else reflects
 On the slow calm with which they do their work.
 Is it because they know their end has come
 And raking leaves and such like they must do
 Until they die? Then I, death facing now,
 Having no further work, nor care to bear,
 Just waiting, though in perfect strength and cheer
 For one day, two days, say perhaps a week,
 Why shall I not rake on till sunset comes
 And the last leaves are gathered in the cart,
 And work is over, and the road leads home.

Nov. 27, 1901.

In 1903, the President turned in part from educational work to that financial effort to which educators are often doomed in order to carry out their ideals, namely, the raising of increased educational endowment for the college. What a personal and heavy burden Doctor Taylor bore in this campaign may be seen from his circular and private letters during 1903-1904. A letter to a trustee shows how the work was to open and the accompanying statement may well be printed as it was the basis of all future appeals through the press and to the constituency of Vassar.

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
President's Office,
October 27, 1903.

DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

I am proposing to print the circular of which I send you a copy, in the New York papers. I have already seen a number of editors and have been advised by some of them to secure the names of several of our prominent trustees who would be known in New York City. It is my plan to publish the circular without my own name and in the name of the following trustees if it shall seem wise to them. I shall be glad to have your counsel and permission to use your signature. . . .

Cordially yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

"Vassar College appeals for an endowment for its educational work. It needs \$1,000,000.00 to carry out its plans. It appeals to New York. It is a near neighbor, it has had a strong and worthy career, it answers every demand for a broad, liberal, education. Its standards are as high as the highest, within the range of college education, to which it confines itself. It aims to make its work stronger, to put it on permanent foundations, and it asks the help, at this juncture, of those who appreciate the worth of a work for the education of young women.

"As an encouragement to immediate effort Mr. John D. Rockefeller has promised to contribute dollar for dollar up to \$200,000 for all that the College may raise before June, 1904. His contribution is restricted to general *educational* endowment. Up to this time there has been pledged, mostly through the efforts of the *alumnæ*, about

\$50,000. The alumnæ of a woman's college are not likely to number many who control large funds, and they are not in business and increasing their capital. The college must appeal to those who are able to give largely. *Before June next we must raise \$150,000 to secure the sum proposed by Mr. Rockefeller.*

"We ask for the endowment of professorships. By a gift of \$75,000 an individual may thus perpetuate his or her name as truly, and as usefully as in a building, for the catalogue always announces the chair by the name of the donor. Art, Economics, Philosophy, History, Biblical Literature, Greek, German, English, Music, Chemistry, Mathematics, are seeking such permanent foundations, and there are new chairs to be founded.

"To those unable to give largely, the possibility of furnishing a permanent memorial is open by the establishment of funds for the use of the library or for the purchase of new apparatus for a laboratory.

"The College has not sufficient means to meet the increasing demands upon it. It has erected many buildings in ten years and even now a large chapel and great library are being erected. It needs more,—residence halls to care for the large numbers that are obliged to live off the campus, a fire-proof museum, a laboratory of chemistry, a building for art, a building for music,—*but the present effort* is to secure a fund that shall be kept as a perpetual endowment for educational work. Its fees from tuition do not meet the salaries for instruction, and the other needs of the college consume all the available income.

"The assumption that Vassar is well-endowed is entirely unfounded. In 1861 Matthew Vassar founded it with half his fortune, and at his death gave it the other

half. The whole sum, almost unparalleled in his day, amounted to \$800,000. Since 1865, when the college was opened, it has added to buildings and grounds over \$1,000,000.00, and to general endowments over \$600,000.00. But meanwhile its students have increased to 929, its faculty to upwards of 80,—and since 1886 the salary account in the educational department has advanced from \$43,935.00 to \$101,735.00 in 1903-4.

“These statements and figures make amply clear the need that the college has of large endowments to sustain its present work and to enable it to meet the demands of progress. This offer of Mr. Rockefeller’s presents the opportunity that should appeal to the friends of the College.”

This statement which appeared very widely in the papers of the country during November was followed up by circular letters. One addressed to the alumnae in Feb., 1903, sent out after conference with the alumnae endowment committee, stated that “a fund whose income shall be devoted solely to educational ends must be our immediate concern,” and, after showing the specific needs of the college for salaries, professorships and library, quoted from President Eliot’s annual report: “The two essential provisions at any seat of learning are teaching and accumulations of books, and the endowments which secure these two provisions are the fundamental endowments.”

A similar circular letter was sent out in March, 1904, to the Non-Graduate Students of Vassar.

Another letter shows the strenuous personal efforts by which the President was approaching individuals.

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
President's Office.

January 23, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

I hardly need trouble you with a letter after your sacrificing and courteous return to your office to see me yesterday. I want, however, to formally acknowledge the check which adds a substantial contribution to the fund.

. . .
I called three times to see Mr. S. but he was dining with some friends at Delmonico's. I shall try him again. I begin to think that the best chance will be to strike some new man. I spent the evening with one of the most benevolent, I suppose, of New Yorkers, Mr. K. But such men tell me freely that they have all on hand that they can carry and that my chances must be elsewhere. I called on Mr. G. but he had just gone to Chicago; on Mr. P., but he was out of town. . . . Mr. W. was too busy to see me but I promised to write him. My day was full till ten o'clock but no very substantial gains have come out of it as yet. Of course it may result in something before the season is over. It is a ray of light in the darkness to meet a man who cheers me on as you do.

Cordially yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

A general appeal to the people of Poughkeepsie was made through the town press in Feb., 1904, with a business statement which urged support of the endowment fund in return for the annual income yielded to the city by the college,—a straight from the shoulder, *quid pro quo* business proposition planned for the audience addressed.

"It may interest our citizens to know in outline some of the financial returns of the college to the city.

It pays directly to merchants here not less than . . .	\$80,000
It pays to employees, apart from its educational salaries, over	82,000
Its students boarding in town pay for board and lodging over	43,000
Its professors' families expend in town, at a very small estimate	25,000
Its 1,000 people spend for incidentals much more than	50,000

No one can estimate the amount expended by friends and parents of students who are constantly visiting the city.

How much will Poughkeepsie and its neighbors do for the college?

In response to this newspaper statement seven leading business men or firms of the city proposed "a conference between the College authorities and citizens of Poughkeepsie" which resulted in a formal dinner at the Nelson House May 18 at which Doctor Taylor set forth in a speech the needs of the college and the reasons for appealing to Poughkeepsie for aid.

On March 24 Doctor Taylor sent a circular letter to the Trustees of the college, asking for coöperation in the discouraging work in which he was engaged, and ending with the appeal:

"Our situation is critical, and our action must be immediate. May I count on your help at this juncture,—in advice, direction, and if possible, in money?"

The result of all these efforts on the part of the presi-

dent and the support they evoked met with success and in June he was able to announce a total sum of \$173,100 which Mr. Rockefeller duplicated. In his annual report of the year, Doctor Taylor showed that beside the financial result there had been other great benefits: devotion and sacrifice on the part of the alumnæ, "enough to consecrate the college" and the establishment in the popular mind of the fact that Vassar is not a rich college. But after enumerating all this profit, he added:

"Permit me to conclude with the statement of my deep conviction that the employment of the President of the College in this kind of labor does not commend itself to my experience or my judgment. If men are to be reached effectively it must generally be through gradual approach, by creating interest and developing that to which appeals may be fitly made, and a limited effort, while awakening all true friends of the College, gives no time for the educative work essential with the indifferent. That work the President may well undertake, but it is separated widely from the task of direct solicitation of funds. The one is fitting,—the other exposes him to conditions that are exhausting, depressing, humiliating. . . . It may be doubted if the dignity of his position can sustain any long continuance of such labor. I think the office of College President has been distinctly lowered in the estimation of our business men by this constant resort to Wall Street in pursuit of college funds. Times have changed. The spirit of rich men beset and wearied by innumerable demands, has grown less patient of the importunity of the college president, the crowded hurried hours of business make his presence less welcome, and the attitude of most has become defensive (when not of-

fensive). The College should recognize these changed conditions and make its always necessary appeals through indirect approach, or after securing the interest and intelligent appreciation of those whose help it seeks. Our experience here justifies this opinion."

Readers may ask at this point why, in a biography, so many tedious details of finance and money-raising need be introduced. Unfortunately, for two years such problems constituted a large part of the thought and work of James Monroe Taylor, and in order to understand the pressure and strain under which he labored it is necessary to present the problem he met and the trials he underwent. I have here a memorandum in his own handwriting labeled

Absences—1903-4.

The dates are given and after each the reason for absence from the college. Three days at Christmas and one week in April at Old Point are labeled "Pleasure." The rest of the 69 days of absence are virtually all in the interests of the endowment fund. That simple memorandum, recorded without comment, bespeaks the strain of the year. The spirit in which Doctor Taylor met such exactions both away from the college and in the office at Vassar is shown in a note to Miss McCaleb.

"Suppose we try to put our minds on the inspiring, beautiful, side of the work we are permitted to do, and to crowd out the lower and commoner features. I am appalled, sometimes, when I think how this exalted side which appeals to our nobler selves is lost sight of in the whirl of exacting routine, and in the absorption of things in the office. Can't we keep our 'windows open to

Jerusalem' a little more? Think of that side a bit,—and cheer up as you face the fall problem.—It is worth trying."

The President next centered his attention on new policies and methods of reorganization which the expansion of the college demanded. The annual report of 1905, after extolling the normal sanity of the college in physical being, morale and intellectual work records the inauguration of three new policies "of signal importance to the development of the College. We have raised our rates, limited our numbers and made a distinct step toward encouraging greater permanence of residence in our various halls." A new plan of business organization is presented by which the pressure on the General Superintendent is relieved by a division of responsibility among five departments of which he is to be overseer: the care of buildings, the engineer's department, the steward's department, the farm, and the garden. In addition to the summaries of the work of the various academic departments, and the report of the completion of the two great buildings, the Library and the Chapel, which were to be mind and soul of the college, the President discussed more general matters of educational theory. Of vital interest still are the paragraphs about the composition of the faculty in women's colleges.

"Shall the faculty consist chiefly of women, of men mostly, or is there a fixed, or proper, proportion? In practice the question has been answered in all these ways. Here, we have tried to maintain a fair balance, though without a rigid rule bearing on the matter. It seems clear that if the higher education of women is justified,

women's colleges should offer opportunities to the best women scholars. Yet it is equally apparent that mere scholarship is not enough for the teacher's office or the professor's administrative duties. The discovery of a well-balanced, humane, skilful, purposeful scholar and teacher among the hosts of scholarly men is not so frequent as to cause discerning observers to comment on the difficulty in the case of women.

" . . . In every single vacancy all these details must be considered, and the appointment of a man or woman must become, in my judgment, and under the general theory already expressed, a simple matter of expediency and not of principle."

Again in paragraphs significant for one of Vassar College's great traditions, he denounces Stanley Hall's reactionary educational theorem that sex must largely determine character of education.

"It is worthy of note that the year has been signalized by a sharp attack from an influential quarter on the higher education of women. President G. Stanley Hall, in his work on Adolescence, devotes a long chapter, really a small volume, to present conditions and dangers and to a constructive statement of a method to his mind more fitting for womankind. His whole contention is based on the assumption that all women must be educated for motherhood, and that our present intellectual training is adverse to this, two extreme and unfounded assumptions in the light, in the one case of social limitations, and in the other of what our colleges show as to the actual results of their training. His constructive scheme is intended to guard against the 'excessive mentality' which he regards as a danger, but which, it may

be suggested, is not a common danger in men and women of the college age, if at any age whatever. He challenges the effects of the colleges on the health of women on assumptions absolutely unwarranted by our experience here, only to confess at last that his case is not proved, but leaving suggestions behind which are refuted by our college life and the careers of our Alumnæ. He challenges the colleges for making against marriage, but neglects the vital consideration that our colleges for men or women are a very small element in a most serious problem and that we have causes enough to account for the evil in our luxury, costliness of living and prevalent self-indulgence, without assuming an intellectual influence. . . .

"No one who watches college women for years and really knows their interests and work will accept conclusions which tend to show that their education reduces or destroys the normal affections, wants and aspirations. But even this leaves unanswered her claim to decide for herself as to the using of her mental faculties. Matthew Vassar's words are still of weight: 'Woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.' It may indeed be said for woman as for all other students, that the assumption that she has a special mission and that the teacher knows what it is, is the pedagogue's fallacy underlying very much unsound training in our day. Early education needs to be for life and not for specific work, the training of the whole individual, cosmopolitan rather than provincial, for wealth of life more than depth of learning."

At the end of the report, Doctor Taylor thanked the

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trustees for permission to be away from the college during the following year.

Before the Taylors again sought rest in Italy, Doctor Taylor was to receive various expressions of appreciation of his leadership for the college. At the close of the Commencement exercises, June, 1905, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Doctor Edward Lathrop, arose and, turning to Doctor Taylor, said: "Mr. President:—The Trustees of Vassar desire me to make announcement of a gift of which you are yet unaware. They desire to present to the Chapel and to the College a rose-window into whose many-colored glass shall be wrought an encircling legend somewhat like this:

In honorem J. M. Taylor,
viginti annos praesidis,
1906.

They hope that, after your return from beyond the sea, you may yet for many years have before you this rose-window as a witness to you of the love and loyalty of the Trustees of this College. May God have you and yours in his holy keeping, and bring you back to us in safety!"

The rose-window then given glows now above the gallery at the rear end of the chapel, a great blue-petaled flower, outlined in bright jewels. In the spirit of this gift came two others from the *alumnæ*, one a Chair to be called the James Monroe Taylor Professorship of Philosophy, the other the proposal of a portrait of Doctor Taylor to be painted by William Chase and presented as a gift to the college. How humorously he took the last may be seen from a letter.

To Professor Abby Leach.

Tuesday A. M.

DEAR MISS LEACH, . . .

Anent the portrait! Dear me! And I have no ambitions (unless for the quiet, serenity of mind, deep peace, which Providence does not seem to have fitted me for!) and yet you all are giving me honors away beyond my deserts. You are too good to me!

I don't think I shall make a very nice portrait,—but I think Chase would make me as fine as I can be shown! Still, I have no choice,—and am only overwhelmed at the thought of all this! A window, a chair named for me, a portrait! Don't you think a Monastery,—or burial,—should follow soon?

Anyway, I am

Faithfully yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

The Chase portrait now hangs in Taylor Hall. A dignified portrait of the president in his academic robes, rich in coloring, and skillful in technique, it yet misses the soul of the man, his vigor, geniality, and humor.

A tiny notebook, kept in Doctor Taylor's exquisitely neat handwriting, gives the itinerary of 1905-'06, from the start from New York on July 12th to the last day in Liverpool May 23rd, through Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Capri, Italy again, Switzerland, France and England. As all the winter from September to May was spent in Italy and its islands, a few letters will best picture this vacation.

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

FLORENCE, Oct. 8th, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALEB,

I have just had such a nice letter from Mrs. Kendrick which inspires in me a wish to be worthier of my work

and of my friends. And one from Gran, dear soul, which I shall also answer after a while. As you see, I have had some news of the College but I want more. . . . Would you like to know how we are living? We came down from Venice last Monday and rather sorry to leave its charming life. There's so much, you know, of the free and attractive outdoor life there and one is always drawn to the Piazza if there is nothing else to do. We walked about a great deal, I especially, and used gondolas all we wished to—and Florians was our mighty refuge. Here we are well up the Lungarno toward the Cascine. We are in a very nice pension—the Bellini—. . . a palace built by Ristori, and we are on a terrace on the roof. It is 20 feet broad in front of our windows and as much on the side with a great parapet. Our windows open to the floor and we walk out on the well-paved roof and have before us the view from the Cascine to San Miniato, and from the side looking back, the whole panorama of Fiesole and its neighboring heights. We are settled as nicely as we could wish and will be here at least until November 1st. . . . We have subscribed at Vieusseuxs for books and four of us for the reading room, which is admirably equipped with the English and American papers, reviews, &c. I began a book on Dante by Symonds and have already revisited Dante's house. . . . I sent to the Art Department from Venice a picture I want you to see—the *Assumption of Titian at Verona*—which I discovered ten years ago and of which no photograph was published until now. I wonder the critics and historians haven't made more of it. . . . Such a good sermon from an old Scotchman this morning (and such bad singing)—I wish I could hear my girls sing—I get homesick for it once in a while. I think of them all and of you all, often and often, and by no means banish the College from my mind, but I do banish its cares most of the time. I mean to go back full of zeal for it. I wish I could be sure I would serve it as I want to. But somehow my deeds will not measure up to the

standard of my ambition and my deliberate purposes! But I hope. The future must surpass the years gone. Meanwhile I remember your Sundays and your evening chats with your girls. Bless them! My heartiest remembrances to the faculty friends. All send love.

J. M. TAYLOR.

FLORENCE, Oct. 26, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS McCaleb,

I can't think just when I wrote you last, but know I told you we were here. . . .

Are you interested to know your letters have come in 12 days? Do you care to know that M. R. is at your old pension? . . . A word on the Pension, No 1 Curtatone. I had been by there before your letter mentioned it, and have been since, several times. It is only a block away, on the street at the rear of ours. I can look into its top windows from our rear terrace. So you see I know where you lived. I came by from over beyond there the other day and should certainly have called, had you been in.

I wondered if you knew the Orti Oricellari, north of you, of such association with the Platonic Academy, or if you'd ever discovered, as I did, the beautiful Della Robbia over the door of a church (S. Jacobi) just beyond,—a church disused, closed, barracks, I think. And did you note, as you walked out of your pretty little square to the river, the hill of Mt. Oliveto, across the river, with its cypresses reaching up above the secularized convent? (from which I had a beautiful view Sunday p. m.). If you were about now I might substitute a walk there for our annual climb of Richmond! I wonder how much you could see from your windows. We take in *everything*! It is really superb.

I have made a little trip away,—one night. First, Mr. Gosse and I went to Prato for an afternoon. How wonderful any little Italian town is! Then I went alone, one afternoon, to Pistoja, saw its buildings and sculp-

tures, and its amazing hospital frieze of Della Robbia's, and then on to Lucca for the night. A day there would not be too much. It quite fascinated me, especially, of buildings, the Cathedral and S. Frediano, with their great treasures,—and then the town! It was market day, and market is in the old circle of a Roman amphitheatre! And the walls, which are kept and made into a great park, from which you look across a beautiful garden spot to the grand mountains.—My family went to Pisa that morning, and I joined them in the afternoon, and we saw the great buildings there. . . .

The weather is not proper for October in Italy. It is cold. Yesterday it poured and blew, and your little Arno, in whose bed men have been digging gravel, just here,—is now a raging flood. We have had fires a good many times. It has been really November weather (or later). Steamer blankets o' nights!

Our library and reading room have been a delight. We have three books at a time, and the newspapers galore, English reviews, &c. It is a great place to drop in when all else has done its most for you. I have read Symonds Life (and wish I had time to write you a little on it) and of course "a lot" on our daily sights or on our plans of travel. I've enjoyed every minute of Florence and am sorry it is about time to leave. We shall go next Wednesday, I think. Morgan left yesterday, is to have a week in Rome, and one in Naples, and back again for a few days with us before he sails on the 17th from Naples. . . .

I haven't told you half I'd like to: in half the time I could tell you more if you were in your old pension, or I in my old office. How about that though? Office any longer? Tell me all about the new one. I could write, among other things, of my new friend Mr. Edmund Gosse,—who was a delight to us,—of my joy in the art I have seen,—the books I have read,—the irresponsible life I've led for much of the time. But I forbear. I started to tell you, half an hour ago, that I

want a "cat" sent to Edmund Gosse, 17 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, N. W. London (a *new* catalogue) and a report if you have one to spare. Let that be my excuse for inflicting so long a screed upon you! My most cordial remembrances to all.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has written a happy reminiscence of these days in Italy:

To Miss E. H. Haight.

17 Hanover Terrace,
REGENTS PARK, N. W. 1.
LONDON,

Nov. 5, 1918.

It gives me, and all my family, great pain to learn from your kind letter of the 14th of October, that Mr. James Taylor is dead. We were looking forward to the great pleasure of seeing him soon again, and had not heard of his even being ill.

My wife and I made the acquaintance of Mr. Taylor and his family in October 1905, when we were staying in an Italian pension on the Lungarno. We were first attracted to Mr. Taylor by his voice, which reminded us both to an extraordinary degree, of the intonation and expression of our very dear old friend, Mr. W. D. Howells. We became intimate almost at once with the Taylors. In the letter I enclose he speaks of the little excursions which he and I took. In particular he mentions our visit to Prato, which I shall never forget. It was at a moment when the railway-system of Italy was in chaos, and any excursion was perilous. He and I, however, were determined to see Prato, and we did, though the little adventure was attended with ludicrous delay and discomfort, which Mr. Taylor turned into pleasure by his unfailing good nature and gaiety. I remember that in

the Cathedral he was most persistent about a holy girdle which was said to be in the pulpit (of all places!). Neither of us was a good Italian speaker, and the officials in the Duomo could not, or would not, understand what we wanted. Mr. Taylor firmly said "I'm not going back to Poughkeepsie without having seen that Girdle!" but I am afraid he had to do so. The officials were very kind, and showed us Fillippo Lippi's great frescoes, behind the high-altar. Mr. Taylor admitted that they were very fine, but they did not make up to him for not having seen the Girdle. I don't know whose girdle it was supposed to be.

I remember, too, with singular pleasure, a day that he and I spent at Fiesole, and in the vague pastoral country behind it, where tourists rarely penetrate. But all this lives in my memory merely because it brings back to me his charm, his curious combination of earnestness and gaiety, of reasonableness and whim. He was the most delightful, the least fatiguing, the most various of companions. It is a great sorrow to me that I shall see him no more.

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

ROME, Dec. 3, 1905 (Sunday)

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED,

There is ever so much to write about and it would be no hardship to write you oftener—if time were more abundant. Indeed it has been on my mind to do it for days but the chance hasn't come. A trip, some call to town, a morning in the library of the American School, various interruptions of all sorts,—and the quiet times one looks for to write don't readily come. I told you, didn't I? that we have a little sitting room, with our books, a writing desk, a table (on which beautiful roses are arranged), lounges and easy chairs, good pictures, (Dick has just hung one of his own,—the castle by Bozen,—in oils, on canvas, and the boy shows real sense of distance and color), . . . all very pretty, with

heavy silken hangings (plush?) all of reddish hue (dark, of course, and probably not red!),—and best of all, a beautiful view over the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore,—away to the Campagna. I amused myself last Sunday by an excursion to the “terrass” on our roof, where I saw how readily two sisters of Trinita di Monte could spy on the Franciscans from their garden. They are really too near for propriety! But the view from the “terrass,” in *every direction* is superb. And now just to suggest another reason for envy, our windows are open, my wife is sitting in one with her back in the lovely sun, reading,—and all promises a beautiful day,—a cool, fine air, a warm sun, a cheering sky.

We haven't had too much of that. Really, the month of November has been almost all *wet*, rain at some time on most of the days, and several days all the time. If one were making a mere trip it would be discouraging enough but we get along as we can take our time,—and then we do go out and get wet,—wandering about often in the rain and drying up when we come in. But we have good days too, and how beautiful they are. It isn't a very cold country where the oranges are seen in the gardens in December, and the great cactuses hang over the walls and the palms abound. But how I go on! I wish we could talk it over today instead of my writing what will infallibly awaken memories of your own visits and make you an envious woman. I don't know where your Sistina home was, but I go through that street every day to the “Stairs” and down to the Piazza,—and back again. We go to Piale's, you see, for books, and now to Miss Wilson's, also,—having abundant privileges thus—and all we can use,—though we can't get every book we want. Wasn't it singular that I couldn't find the “Casa Guida Windows” in Florence, e.g.? And here I look in vain for *translations* of the classics. Still, I am not famishing for literature! I have just finished Zola's Rome,—a heavy, long-drawn-out book, very realistic,—revealing the awful involvements of papal diplomacy and chicanery,

even to the use of poison,—abounding in descriptions, long-winded and accurate, of modern Rome,—with a mild little story attached. Have you ever read Pliny's Letters? Get them from the library. They are the most modern things you ever saw! I have been running through them again, for the nth time. Then I get excited over some artist and have to look up his pictures (Morrelli's work, just now),—or the Forum beckons, and I spend hours reading up what I spent hours seeing. Twice, last week, I heard Mr. Norton lecture there, once on the Temple of Castor and Pollux, once on the Basilicas,—and both times (he finished at 11) I remained alone and went over the details of the forum till 12.30,—especially the parts, so important and interesting, that have been opened up since I was last here. And I have met and talked with Signor Boni—!

Now I'm off for church—I wish I could worship with you all today. But this is the 3d! No service,— . . .

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

EDEN HOTEL,
ROME,

Dec. 19, 1905

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

Yes,—this is where we are, and it is the only gorgeous and dubious thing about the house, this paper. They are liberal, set a good table, . . . have music three evenings in the week, draw a very nice kind of people, and have one of the best and most convenient situations in Rome. We are on the top floor and can see over a great part of the city and out to the country beyond. We have been here five or six weeks, and, as is natural, life gets fuller and fuller as the time goes on. We know a great many people already and "the season" is beginning, and one may have all the "teas" and dinner-parties for which he has time. This social side has thus far given us a good deal of varied pleasure, for through it we have met many people we are all glad to know.

And the rest,—who can tell about Rome? Its interests are so manifold, and so intense that life is kept full whether one will or not. One *must* read, anywhere, and we have books in abundance, but the art and archæology, churches and galleries and museums, old Italy and the new, form here such an attractive conglomeration as one finds in no other place.

I have gained great profit from our American School and my wife and myself have enjoyed the Nortons' hospitality repeatedly. We have been on excursions with "the school,"—to Ostia, to old Veii, to Horace's farm,—and more is in store. I am booked for a day's trip with Lanciani tomorrow. And so the days go—not enough of them in any week.

It is a disappointment to learn that Commendatore Lanciani has not kept any of his letters from Doctor Taylor. He writes:

24 PIAZZA SALLUSTIO, ROMA,
Dec. 26, 1918.

My dear wife and I did receive a few letters from President Taylor; but, after the death of Mme. Lanciani, I am afraid that all her correspondence was burnt. I am very sorry not to be able to contribute to your interesting work, as I have a deep veneration for the memory of the President, one of the best and perfect men I have known in my long life.

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

EDEN HOTEL, ROME.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED, . . .

After standing an hour in the Colosseum, hearing Mr. Norton, I met my wife and M. and gave them, in an hour and a quarter, the benefit of my lectures from N., *on the Palatine*, my wife and I go from ruin to church (quite appropriate!) and from "teas" to luncheons and dinners, and just now we all shop more or less for the Christmas

and I don't wonder that idlers *stay here*, when they come only for a week. . . .

I shall soon be back. . . . I hope and pray that our work may tell more than ever for the lifting up of all the lives on which we have so much influence. It is a tremendous trust and a wonderful opportunity,—and a blessed work. If only I can do my part! Two months or so ago I felt great courage, but latterly I haven't been sure of my nerve-recuperation, but I mean to rest more, and, if I can, get more peace into my soul. . . .

I wish you could have walked down to the Piccola Marina with me yesterday. It is down one of those wonderful roads hewn out of the side of the cliff, which one grows used to here,—and I came back up the old steps. Such views! The sea in afternoon light, the Faraglioni rocks below, so often painted and photographed, the splendid cliffs of Capri to right and left! And then our family met the Burnhams at the Hiddegeigei, a beer and tea room, at 5, and we had a jolly hour of tea, pfannenkuchen and talk.

I haven't written you about Sicily, since Taormina (lovely place!) but I fancy you don't care. I want to assure you, though, in response to a suggestion in your letter, that the Girgenti temples are splendid,—and the situation far finer than Pæstum. But I mean to visit the latter place again, just the same. One temple at Girgenti is remarkably complete,—as is one, I think, at Pæstum. But at Girgenti the temples all stood along a *high ridge* (the south wall of the city) with a splendid view over the country and the sea. I also saw Segesta the great lovely unfinished temple to the west of Palermo,—as deserted as Pæstum, but on a great eminence overlooking the land. It was most impressive. Syracuse was most interesting in other ways,—theatre, latomia, the great fort from which one looks over all the site of ancient and modern Syracuse,—the harbors, the sea,—and away back to Etna, which looks even bigger from so far away.

Now a truce to travel. Let my thoughts travel to Vassar before I bid you goodbye again. . . . Once in a while how I wish I could slip into chapel and hear the girls sing!

I don't know that we shall stay here many days,—but from here we mean to go for a rest to Ravello,—and thence (after Pæstum) to Rome and Florence (perhaps a week in each.) . . .

My kindest remembrances to all the faculty. (Love to Gran, tell her).

Sincerely yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

VILLA CERCOLA, CAPRI,
March 16, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED,

We have a lovely garden and we look over it into the sea. From another window we look over the village,—five or ten minutes off,—and up the whole profile of the mountain, where the wonderful road runs, toward Anacapri. . . . We took the rooms for a week, and extended that a couple of days. The rooms are rented and we have to go then,—next Wednesday p. m.,—and we hope, after a night in Sorrento to get a week in Ravello.

It is charming here,—the walks splendid,—the town interesting, the views inspiring. Do you know the place? I forget whether you came. You know the little town lies between the enormous mass which shuts out Anacapri from our view and the "Villa of Tiberius" and the other peaks to the east. Though very high this point between seems low comparatively,—and you can see both seas from near the town, and from here, for that matter, toward the Marina Grande and what on my map is called the Sirena di Mulo (Piccola Marina).

Let me tell you about one day, yesterday. . . . I started,—after coffee in the garden,—to find a sheltered nook and think about my baccalaureate. I wandered over toward the splendid Faraglione Rocks that rise so ma-

jestically from the sea, just off shore,—and found a man waiting there to convince me that it was *the* day to row around the island. I hurried back and found my wife and M. (D. had been meanwhile caught for a like trip by some friends) and we went off,—to the splendid Green Grotto, and the so-called Red one,—back through the arch of the Faraglione Rock,—around under the splendid towering crags and cliffs, on to the White Grotto (most interesting) and under the crag of Tiberius around to the Grotto Bovine,—and so to the Marina Grande (We had *previously* been to the Blue Grotto). Then, by cab, we were back here for a late luncheon. I wrote you awhile, and we then walked from here to the Hotel Eden, . . . enjoyed the sunset, and walked back. After a good dinner we walked to town and spent the evening at the Hiddegeigei, where the Tarantella was performed again and again. Wasn't that innocent? Great fun! Now I am starting again (have had breakfast among the flowers again) to see if I can get anything out of my brains for a baccalaureate. I haven't been in the way of much constructive spiritual influence for months and have done *no thinking*. I am beginning to wonder if I can't turn over a new leaf, and do a *little* Bible reading and reflection every morning,—a quiet, thoughtful, start. We hurry so much! And we should do as much if we took a little time for ourselves at each end of the day. . . .

You would enjoy the garden so,—and the huge cliffs, and the walks, and the splendid views—and even the quaint little town. Here's to you! Kindest remembrances to all

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

SALERNO,
April 5th, 1906.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED,

When I wrote you my business letter from Capri about the middle of March I meant to write the 1st of this

month and from Rome. You know how all my plans went astray. Doubtless Mrs. K. has told you all that I said of my illness. . . . It was very nice just as we were leaving Ravello to get your letter as well as one from Mrs. K. For I did get to Ravello though it was only but a sight of that we had planned to know so well. We came from Capri Monday; I was allowed to go for a little walk Sunday; we stopped a night in Sorrento, drove to Amalfi for luncheon and then to Ravello,—and found that Mme. Palumbo had no rooms for us! We got on pretty well in a little pension where we were “the whole thing” but it was cold and in my condition we didn’t dare stay there. We are missing our steam-heated Eden. You ask about that “condition.” I have been pretty weak from fever and fasting but am quite strong again now, and am trying to be very cautious. It was a hard experience—and after such good health and such a delightful fortnight in Capri. But how glad I was to get off the island safely! And I have stood all the driving we have done very well. It is you know a most beautiful trip. Ravello was lovely. My plan for a week there was no mistake. The views are superb and the gardens splendid,—and I know the walks about there must be most interesting. But to stop there now, even if we had secured the rooms, wouldn’t have been what we planned; unless you are robust you had better not try the mountain tops! I am now wondering what I shall do about that sermon, and am thinking of Como for a few days. We shall see. My point now is to get to Rome, stay there for a few days, get fully rested, spend a few days in Florence and push to Milan and Como . . . get a glimpse of Switzerland and then have a few days in Paris. I want all the time I can squeeze out in London before we sail the last week in May from Liverpool. You see how radically our plans have changed. We have seen so much of this tempestuous Mediterranean that 4 days on it from Genoa to Gibraltar no longer appealed to us. Of course I am disappointed. I had meant to see

southern France ("I never shall see Carcassonne"), but *now* it looks as if the above plan would be wise. Anyway we are going to try to get to Rome tomorrow. It seems like rest and comfort to think of the Eden again. . . . We have been to Pæstum today—We had a nice day, though the railway does all it can to make the trip impossible. We were there from 10:30 to 2:30—not a minute too long, and saw the walls, basked in the temples, took the best view of the temples and the line of the walls, &c., and saw Vesuvius shoot out vast columns of smoke into a sort of cone and pine-tree shape suggested by Pliny in his account of the eruption of '79. It didn't continue very long,—an hour or so—but it was a remarkable sight. . . . I am sending you the wish that the coming year may be your best and bring the most real and abiding satisfaction to you. A half century is a good time to begin on the best life—I don't recall that I did, but I hope that you may! Remember me to Miss G., Miss C., F., etc—I will not enumerate but I *think* of them all. . . . I have written as long as I ought to-night. You must take a better will for a poor deed. One often has to! The splendid opportunities of our work grow on me and I hope to go back to a higher, worthier, stronger, more helpful life than I have ever lived at Vassar. But who can tell? Just now I do not feel "up to" much, but I shall do better soon. All good to you!

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

It is delightful to remember that Italy did again bring restoration and happiness to Doctor Taylor, as she has many times to many of her lovers.

CHAPTER VIII

Years of Growth and Success, 1907-1911

"Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God."

Marcus Aurelius.

THE next five years of Doctor Taylor's work at Vassar, ending in the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to the college, were a period of expansion and assured success, veritably golden years. As cycle after cycle in a college president's life repeats itself, it may be well to drop chronology for the record of this quinquennial and summarize more generally Doctor Taylor's life—to view in retrospect the president and his administrative work, the educator and his theories, the preacher and his talks, and the man, unofficial.

In proposing further reorganization of the business departments in his report of 1909, Doctor Taylor described the range of his own functions. "The college has become so large that this burden is at times too insistent for any man to carry who has as well the responsibility for the relations of the college to its patrons, the gaining of new friends for our work, a large correspondence, and the headship of a faculty of about one hundred, dealing with all the questions of education implied in a college organization, and with all the complica-

tions arising in every large institution." The size of "the great business corporation" of the college is shown in another report (1908) in convincing figures.¹

To relieve the president of direct responsibility for all this "business corporation" the trustees in 1910, in accordance with Doctor's Taylor's suggestion, made the treasurer the business manager of the college, but the president still remained chairman of the executive committee of the trustees. Among the business problems of the college in these years were the improvement of the grounds under the plans of Mr. Samuel Parsons and the urgent necessity in the near future of establishing a new lighting and heating system for the enlarged college.

The President's reports on the educational problems of the college deal with changing conditions of admission, new courses in the curriculum, the work of the faculty and honors received by them, the departmental clubs, new appointments. In what close personal touch Doctor Taylor kept with the last is shown in the report of 1905, where he speaks of "the letters, journeys, interviews, and fallibility of judgment involved in the 222 nomina-

¹ "The College operates six fair sized hotels, ministering to a population of upwards of a thousand souls. It employs 330 people, outside the educational departments, and operates a farm, including the campus, of 720 acres. The farm uses 20 horses and sustains 120 milch cows. It supplied last year 201,430 quarts of milk, it raised 104 pigs, had 12 acres in potatoes, 40 in ensilage corn, 200 in pasture, 100 in meadow. Its yield, in meat was \$1,084.49, of milk \$8,313.72, of vegetables \$6,862.09. The steam, gas and water works use twelve 125 horse power boilers, 112,000 gallons of water are pumped into the tank every twenty-four hours, and there has been manufactured during the college year 3,232,000 cubic feet of gas. We purchased 7,338 tons of coal, of all kinds, at \$29,600.05. The laundry turns out per week 26,600 pieces. The yearly harvest of ice is 1,400 tons."

tions" he had made for places in the faculty in nineteen years. All the aspects of student government too came under his eye,—the desires of young people for more power, the need to protect them from their own zeal in assuming administrative burdens, their high sense of responsibility towards the college.

Various educational policies for the college are announced: that the meaning of the college as a place of liberal study for education in living and serving must be maintained; that the undergraduate college has no place for propaganda from without, but all room for free discussion within its walls; that academic freedom must be preserved as a condition for all search for truth and teaching of it, but that in regard to the Christian character of a college, "it may be suggested as a general truth, that whatever the rights of personal opinion, the right to antagonize directly the standard which an institution professes to uphold may be questioned as a matter of taste and as a matter of justice."

Repeatedly the needs of the college are stated—music building, art building, a students' club house, professors' houses, an apartment house for women on the faculty, a light and heat plant,—and with satisfaction gifts meeting long-felt needs are recorded: the admirable chemical laboratory, the gift of a Trustee, Doctor Henry M. Sanders, and the Olivia Josselyn Hall for residence, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage.

Formal presidential reports, however, give little idea of the President at work, and of that rare characteristic which infused geniality into the daily routine. Some of his business letters show how far a light this quality

shed. The first is a letter to President Marion Leroy Burton on the assumption of his duties at Smith College.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
September 19, 1910.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT BURTON,

In addition to the formal statements which I am filling out for the Dean's Office this morning, I want to send you one personal word of hearty greeting and the assurance of my very deepest wish for your great success in your new work. Like every important responsibility it will carry its full amount of vexation, care, and possible worry, but also its exceeding great reward, and I trust that all that is happiest and best in the work may be so prominent in your mind continually that the necessary care and burden may not bulk heavily in your vision. I trust that our own acquaintance may ripen into a closer friendship, and I am sending this word at the beginning of my own work this morning just as an informal and hearty greeting.

Cordially yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

In the midst of many business letters to trustees, two may show the friendship between president and members of his board—a New Year's and a birthday letter.

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Jan. 5, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

You can't surprise me; you can only keep up my feeling that you are one of the best of men! I am grateful to you, just the same, as I find your generous check on my desk this morning, on my return from "a week off."

I shall think up some good thing: I have already in mind a poor minister (salary \$700) who is trying to educate two children, one here. And he is succeeding, with your help! . . .

Our love to you and your wife,—and the best of New Years.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

*To Mr. George E. Dimock
On his birthday.*

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
March 9, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

I'm sorry for you! Sorry enough to be *brief*, and you know how that hurts!

But bless you! how young you are! A mere boy—to my years, and giving to us all the joy and tonic and spirit and fun that a real boy should. All blessings on you,—and a long life full of the same things that bind your friends to you with stronger bonds than “hooks of steel.”

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The following letters to a Benefactor of the college are part of the history of Josselyn Hall.

To Mrs. Russell Sage.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
April 21, 1908.

MY DEAR MRS. SAGE,

Is there any time in the next fortnight when you would be willing to let me talk to you about Vassar?

I have been unwilling to thrust myself, or the claims

of the college on you, and I am still so. I am rejoicing heartily in your large and wisely-directed gifts and shall do so even if your mind does not turn to us at all. But if it does, or when it does, I shall be glad to call on you. I have not wished to add to what I know must often be an almost unbearable burden.

Hoping that you are well and happy and that you know daily the joy that is due the generous giver,

I am,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

October, 1910.

MY DEAR MRS. SAGE,

Cannot we have a hall here in your name and your husband's? Since the day we dedicated the Russell Sage Building at Troy, and the monument to your great teacher, I have connected the names of all three closely in my memory and honor.

We have kept down our numbers for five years, and mean to limit them, but we have even now a hundred girls living away from the campus. What can we do? We want them here, for their sakes. We could put up a fireproof residence hall for them for about \$150,000. Will you not build it and name it?

If only you would accept my invitation to be our guest and see our college! My hearty wishes for your health and happiness!

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

On Nov. 28, '10, Doctor Taylor was able to write to the trustees:

"I take great pleasure in informing you that Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, has promised to Vassar College

\$150,000 for the erection of the residence hall that we so much need."

The correspondence with Mrs. Sage continues.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

June 17, 1911.

MY DEAR MRS. SAGE,

Commencement is over but not the busy days for the few survivors of us who are still meeting the responsibilities, and they are very heavy yet, of this work. I do not wish to delay, however, writing to you even if it only turns out to be a report of progress. . . .

I want chiefly to tell you just why the building is still delayed and how hopeful I am that we are about settled on the plan. We have been trying to get something not only attractive and right but with some fresh features of interest in it, and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Cushing of Boston, who is an Alumna Trustee, have been our advisory committee throughout. They have earnestly urged a recreation room and therefore a dining room and kitchen on the second floor, and in trying to make this adjustment and a number of others that will contribute to the greater convenience of this building and its attractiveness, we have been obliged to send back our plans several times to the architects. Then the fact that the committee is widely scattered has caused further delay, and I cannot think that the architects are quite blameless. However, everything has gone forward now successfully, and I am hoping to submit to the Executive Committee some time within ten days, or two weeks at the latest, the plans of the building in such condition as to gain their approval. Then it only remains for us to have the specifications figured upon and the contracts made unless, indeed, we have to write the architects again that they must cut down somewhere when we get the actual figures.

Mr. Allen is proposing to make out a set of plans for you, he tells me, so that I will not try to describe the building as it will be.

I had thought seriously about asking you to come up here for Commencement and then I decided that at that very busy time when there are such crowds here and when we are so overbusy, it would not be possible for me to show you the personal attention that I should like to, nor would you see the college so well as at some time in the spring or fall when all the girls are here. A great proportion of them leave before Commencement. I do hope, however, that we shall be able to get you up here for a little visit at some time in the fall if that should prove convenient for you. Then, too, we should have the building in process.

I hope to get away by the Fourth of July for a very much needed rest. I learn that you are soon to move to your summer home, and I am wishing for you the best of health and much happiness.

Believe me, with grateful appreciation of what you are doing for Vassar,

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Dec. 23, 1911.

DEAR MRS. SAGE,

I cannot let these days of joy come and go without sending you a word of greeting. I am thinking of you with gratitude for your goodness to Vassar, and with hope that these days are bringing to you the joy and peace that belong to one who has given so largely and so cheerfully.

I trust that your health has improved and that comfort of body and spirit are vouchsafed to you. I am wishing for you the happiest of New Years, full of content and blessing and peace.

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The Olivia Josselyn Hall grows, after some of the usual delays, and the assurance is still given us that it shall be ready next fall. Then we shall hope to have you see it.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

A few letters to members of the faculty show the same personal feeling, and also indicate the variety of themes on which Doctor Taylor corresponded to save the time of interviews for both parties.

To Professor Aaron Treadwell.

February 11, 1907.

DEAR DR. TREADWELL,

I was unable to stop in — or to make any inquiries that would be of the slightest help regarding your nominees. I must have a further talk with you before we go on with the matter. I am sure that we can arrange some way of getting at these people and I am very unwilling to do it without a chance of personal interviews. Should that prove impossible then we must get the fullest knowledge we can of the details of their personality and their personal influence as well as of their scholarship and teaching ability. Every time that I go out and meet outsiders and the criticisms that are bound to come from one source or another regarding the spirit of the college and the influence on the students, I am more and more convinced that we owe it to these young people to see that they not only have good instructors but instructors with influence that will make for the better life in every respect. It increases our difficulty but it is simple justice to them, and I may say to the college, that we take the trouble. . . .

VASSAR COLLEGE,
March 8, 1910.

DEAR DR. TREADWELL,

I return the "Science" and thank you for calling my attention to the article¹ which I read with much pleasure this morning. I do not subscribe to the idea that the humanities appeal to the feeling and science to the reason as in any way an exclusive statement of facts. I doubt whether there is more exactness in the elementary sciences of observations than in the elementary study of Latin, but I will not urge that point, being always filled with regret that I was not myself led into a larger study of the sciences. I should say, however, that science is certainly not harder than Latin and Greek, and Professor Ganong seems to be looking in that portion of his speech for something hard.

I have been a good deal puzzled myself over the lack of following for the sciences as compared with history and economics in our day. Of course I know that the latter subjects touch all of the concerns of our daily life far more vitally, but so much effort has been made on behalf of science, and so many of us who were not trained in it are so earnestly in favor of having young people study it, and so much has been spent for it in every direction in high schools and in colleges, that I have been puzzled in common with many others situated as I am, to explain what Dr. Ganong tried to explain in one part of his paper. I doubt whether "natural taste" explains it, and yet I sometimes wonder whether in the investigations even in elementary science there is not often a feeling on the part of the student that he is not getting anywhere; that is, he does not see the end of the investigation, and too often, I fear, in scientific training there is a lack of anything like synthesis. I do most highly value scientific study because of the very things Mr. Ganong claims for it, but I have always felt a lack

¹ Some Reflections upon Botanical Education in America, by Prof. W. F. Ganong, "Science," March 4, 1910.

in this direction, and a great many far abler men than I have indicated their belief that scientific study does tend to a lack of conclusion, if I may so say, the reasoning to an end in the way we have to reason in life, etc., not upon exact bases as in mathematics or in dealing with the facts of a natural science. In spite, for example, of all that is said about the help of mathematics to reasoners, I think we must all feel that mathematical reasoning has extremely little to do in directing the kind of logic that we have to use in the uncertain and ill-defined factors of life.

Don't you think he runs dangerously near the sort of "interest" that I often talk about and that some of you are always ready to condemn in me?! I don't believe we are any of us far apart on that matter, by the way, and in claiming that the presentation of a subject should be made "humanistic" he certainly holds close to nature and close to psychology. His suggestion of the "dramatic phases" of science is in the same direction.

I enjoyed it all but I think nothing better than his distinction between the college teacher and the university teacher, between the actual research of the latter and the spirit of the research which ought to characterize the former, whether he teaches science or Greek.

Again thank you for calling my attention to the article, and believe me

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

To Professor J. Leverett Moore.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
March 24, 1909.

MY DEAR MOORE,

You remember, do you not, that Huelsen is to come? I have not heard a word from him yet, and I wonder, for I expressly told him that I wanted to arrange for his entertainment. I think I will venture to write him again now.

Do you chance to know the estimate in which Ferrero

is held as a historian? I read his article on Nero in the McClure just now, and it does not give me a feeling that I am reading a historian who is basing his investigations on facts, but rather one who is working out a psychological theory. I wonder if I am right. When he throws down Tacitus and Suetonius, what does he base his opinions upon? I had intended to buy Ferrero, and in fact once ordered it and found it out of print, but if he is simply an interesting speculator in history, or a man who stood as Froude did, as an advocate, I don't know that I care much about buying it.

Very truly yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

To Professor Abby Leach.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
November 27, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS LEACH, . . .

A word as to Mr. Eliot's speech. It is certainly conservative, but if this is a fair report it hardly justifies the violent outbursts I have heard reported, especially from our friend Miss T. To be sure, Mr. Eliot would have hard work to establish his thesis, that the majority of women take up the occupation of training children in some way or other and, even if it be their normal occupation, as the report suggests, it is hardly one that maintains people. It does not meet the bread and butter problem surely, and far and away beyond that, if this is a fair report, it in no way touches the enormous value to all life, whether in the training of children or in other ways of intellectual training and culture. The talk of education as an imitation of that of men, I must say I think very little of, though it is common talk now. I am impressed all the time with the fact that most people who talk about the early years of women's education do not seem to be at all familiar with the grave consideration given to this whole matter when Vassar was founded and by men who understood the education of

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men and were looking for something different, but in vain.

I can hardly think that Mr. Eliot could have said, as this report states, that it was intended, when higher education was first advocated, that the chief end of a woman's life was to enter man's occupation. If he did, it is certainly contrary to the facts as borne out in our early history. I think I shall have to begin and talk a little about the education of women from 1865 to 1880.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

What ready sympathy went out to ill health appears in the next letters.

To Professor Mary Whitney.

VASSAR COLLEGE,

March 18, 1910.

MY DEAR MISS WHITNEY,

This is not with my own hand, you see, and just to show you that I am thinking of you and have had your letter. Perhaps also it is to set you an *example*, so that you shall not write another letter with your own hand until you get well and strong again! Haven't they forbidden you to make any of these efforts? Just be the *queen* you really are, and let other people do your writing and your "walking," and everything but your thinking, and don't do too much of that! Really rest is the thing until you get completely strong, and we are very happy to know that you are approaching that day by day.

Faithfully yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

To Mrs. J. Ryland Kendrick.

Sunday Night,

Oct. 1, '11.

DEAR MRS. KENDRICK,

It is "taking time by the forelock," decidedly, to begin a letter to you tonight which I expect you to read only

after our shores have faded from your view. But I cannot tell what a busy Monday may bring, and you might get away Tuesday before I could write.

And I must put down a few words of appreciation for you to read. One can't be saying such things all the time in the midst of one's daily occupations, and yet one should now and then make evident that he appreciates such work as yours and knows what he is losing when you go away!

I have told you more than once what I have thought of your work as Lady Principal, of its breadth and depth and unique power. No one can ever tell you all it has meant to Vassar and to the individual girls you have influenced and directed. You know I thought your equipment for your duties unrivalled twenty years ago, and I have never changed my mind about it. . . .

We have worked together through many a trying experience, and I think we agree that the whole spirit of these later days is tending to make them harder for *any* administration than our earlier years together were, but you have kept your hand and head and heart in a wonderful way on all the changes of spirit and life, and your directing influence has continued patient and effectual. . . . You have held a firm and "*human*" hold on the entire social life of a college, and you have done it by keeping your own spirit from the slavery to routine and the destruction of general interests which so commonly results in an office calling constantly for "rules" and denials of "exceptional" and "necessary" requests. I shall never be able to tell you how high an estimate I put upon your twenty years of work, and how much it has meant to Vassar, and may I add, as certainly a lesser thing, how much it has done toward enabling me to do my work and meet my responsibilities. And so, though I am tired tonight, and know my mind is slow and my expression inadequate, I am writing to thank you, to assure you of our unending interest in you and of our hearty hope that the year will make all over your weary

mind and heart and bring you back to us vigorous and refreshed in spirit and courage. I am so glad you can go! But I shall miss you greatly,—though I shall never bring to you a question or discuss with you one of our trying problems. I am wishing you a complete rest,—and a return of joy to you, and a lifting up of the whole aspect of life for you, and a return of opportunity, so deserved, to feed your own soul a while, without thinking constantly of all you must do for others.

Let me add a more personal word, for our work has not wholly obscured our friendship! We shall miss you personally, and we shall think of you constantly and affectionately, and when you turn your face homeward again we shall be waiting with a hearty welcome to both work and *home*.

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

All these letters, mere selections as they are from voluminous correspondence, show the president himself and the permeating humanity in his administrative work.

Perhaps it is an artificial distinction to separate the educator and his theories from the president and his work, but where so much the larger proportion of annual reports must be concerned with details of administration, purely educational addresses and articles give a clearer picture of the theories and the visions underlying the work of administration. Such material is not wanting in this period. Historical and religious addresses intermingle with the educational: "South American Republicanism: Its Achievements and Its Failures"; "The Hudson-Fulton Celebration"; "Calvin as a Municipal Reformer"; "The Tercentenary of the English Bible." More significant for us now are purely educational utterances. Before the Association of Colleges and Pre-

paratory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland in 1906, Doctor Taylor affirmed "The Responsibility of the College for the Moral Conduct of the Student" in the institution and the community and in illustration urged the enforcement of law and equity in regard to hazing, the eradication of cheating, and the control of athletics. This theme of education for morals as well as culture was amplified in an address at Carnegie Hall, 1907, wherein Doctor Taylor set forth what the aims of true education should be: to teach every student "to see straight, to think accurately, to speak exactly"; to arouse his intellectual curiosity; to "awaken taste, love of good books, art, music,—and so furnish resources for after life"; and "to create, awaken, and intensify *moral* purpose, with its conviction of *responsibility* to society, and of duty to use all developed power and intelligence for the service of the world." In a talk to the Head Masters Association in New York, in 1909, on "Some Conservative Tendencies in Education," Doctor Taylor found reassuring signs in several recent inaugural addresses of college presidents: their insistence on the mission of the college for liberal education, not the so-called practical; the reaction against the free elective system with the recognition that young people need more guidance; emphasis on the desirability of the greater care of the undergraduate boy; and belief in the need of religious culture and care for the spiritual life.

Doctor Taylor's position as educator had become one of great distinction, bringing him such recognition as the election to a trusteeship of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and appointment as a delegate by the governor of the State to the conference of the

American Society for Judicial Settlements of International Disputes in Washington (both in 1910-'11). His work in these years was exacting, arduous, varied, but his buoyant power overflowed in a geniality that imparted stimulus to fellow-workers in public service and the larger world of education. President Hadley of Yale has given fine expression to this reaction:

"Besides his integrity and his intellectual honesty, President Taylor had a quality of responsive sympathy that does not always go with them. When you talked with him you did not feel that he was merely listening to your ideas. He was listening to *you*. He was actively and sympathetically interested in getting at your point of view; the things that you cannot put into words quite as much as those you can. One day not long ago when Doctor Taylor left a meeting the presiding officer said, 'What a good fellow Taylor is!' And this sentiment was echoed by every other man in the room. Yet when we came to inquire what had called forth this sentiment on this particular occasion, we could not remember anything specific which he had said or done to evoke it. In fact, he had probably said less than any other man in the meeting. But he had made every one feel that he was listening, in a way that helped each of us to say what he wanted, and made us feel sure that he understood it and understood us."¹

Such understanding of people was conveyed also in Doctor Taylor's preaching. Certain themes, as in his educational writings, are recurrent in varied guises,—the battle against the world, the duty of the individual

¹ Sup. to Vassar Quart. Feb. '17, vol. II, no. 2.

to society, the primacy of the spiritual, the seeing of visions,—and optimistic inspiration to action is the keynote of the sermons of this period.

A sermon, planned in Capri, shows the effect of Doctor Taylor's year in Italy, 1906, for to illustrate his text "I have overcome the world" he shows first how the old Roman Empire with all its corruption had its men of vision, and then recalls the message that St. Francis of Assisi brought to the commercialism, materialism and pleasure-seeking of his day.

"The wealth of the world lay at the feet of Rome and the temptation had proved too great for a people whose life had been restrained, temperate, and decent. Corruption honeycombed its politics, wastefulness and vulgarity marked its public and private expenditures, its art became careless and slipshod, and already the marks were noted at the beginning of the second century, of the degeneration and destruction of all intellectual values which is the inevitable result of a widespread materialism of life. Worst of all, its domestic and social life was blighted with the disease of sensualism. We have been familiarized with the pictures by satirist, historian, Christian apologist, and even modern novelist. But the better side of it has been too often neglected in the effort to show the hopelessness and helplessness of the world when the Saviour came, in singular forgetfulness that human aspiration witnesses to God as truly as humanism. 'Suppose that one should sketch our time from the daily sensational journals, and from the professional satirists. Is there an evil of ancient Rome that we cannot parallel in our great cities? And there was a Trajan as well as a Nero, a Virgil as well as a Martial, if a gossiping Sue-

tonius, also a Tacitus, preacher of civic righteousness, and the younger Pliny, refined, public spirited, revealing in his letters whole companies of men and women of like spirit. Seneca preached as earnestly as a Christian teacher against the bondage of the temporal and warned his time of its lost condition. And who can forget the great sad Emperor who stood for simplicity and righteousness against his generation? But most impressive of all was the growth of the new religions which swept over the Empire from the east and Egypt and made Isis and Mithras as familiar as Jupiter and Mars,—and which grew and throve not just because men were lost, but because they would be saved, and yearned with unsatisfied and unresting souls for the faiths which gave them hope of the future and the sense of a God near to them. We must learn *this* lesson if we learn the rest, that the Roman world, satiated with all that wealth and pleasure could supply, cast down and verily destroyed, cried for God in its distress and would not and could not be satisfied without the higher vision. . . .”

While praising all the spiritual vision of St. Francis, Doctor Taylor rejects the asceticism of both his vows,—poverty and chastity.

“‘Blessed is he to whom all his earthenware is as silver,—but no less blessed is he to whom his silver is as earthenware.’ That is the point to make clear. St. Francis was wrong in statement but right in spirit. Wealth is opportunity and poverty is obligation, and opportunity and obligation are never far apart for the spiritual soul. Nothing in themselves, they are what their possessors make them. Wealth may be a privilege, an honor, a divine power,—or it may be a disgrace, a vul-

garity, a travesty on all true worth. Poverty may be a cramping, confining, narrowing necessity, or it may be a limitation serving to bring out the essential greatness of a true life. Wealth may be a Midas, with asses' ears, and Poverty a Diogenes, whining and snarling like a dog. Or Wealth may be a St. Elizabeth whose common bread turns to beautiful flowers, and Poverty, a Francis, the sweetness of whose life and sacrifices sanctifies generations of mankind. The secret is not in garb or doctrine but in the real aim in life, in the underlying estimate we put on things. . . .

"And his second vow was chastity. St. Francis interpreted this in the spirit of the church of his time and we take it in its broader, truer meaning—One word on his mistake. It seems to me a dire error, while insisting splendidly on the sacrament of marriage, as the Roman Church does, to so exalt celibacy as to create the suspicion that it is a holier state which often seems a slur on marriage and creates almost inevitably a false estimate of woman. Francis' thought was broader. He was preaching purity to a sensual generation, and his vow is a protest against the overzealous spirit of our pleasure-seeking. As an end and aim pleasure-seeking is debasing and insidiously destructive; which led an apostle to say, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.' To be really strong we must subordinate pleasure, and be temperate in recreation. Must so orient our minds that our pleasures cannot rule us, absorb us, or give character to life."

No sermon is more typical of Doctor Taylor than this, with its insistence on the spiritual and its rejection of the ascetic,—the true Greek *σωφροσύνη*. As this sermon

was made in Italy, another, full of mountain imagery, might have been made in the hills from whence cometh our help. To see things *sub specie aeternitatis*,—that is its message.

“When one fastens one’s attention on a mountain at the horizon, the intervening scene,—forest and field, tree and rock and stream, up to the very fence and road near by,—is painted on the retina of the eye,—*but one sees* the mountain. It would be a mistake to say that the details are not in view because attention is focussed on the particular object. Yet something like that is experienced in almost every discussion of great themes. . . .

“It is the vision of the spirit that brings all to proportion in a larger view. We know in life how the great issues lift us above minor differences. We are hopelessly divided on a tariff, for example, and we talk bitterly, and with reason, of the way the dominant party in Congress is playing with its pledges, and with the interests of the people at large, but if an immediate danger strikes at the nation’s life, our differences disappear in a great and uniting love of country. How frictions and disputes and partial estrangements sink out of sight in the presence of deeper trouble and sickness and death! In the larger interest we gain *wholeness*. So the spiritual absorptions of life lift out of physical and intellectual provincialism, till we see things in their larger and more enduring relationships. Have you never carried your weariness and depression and repulsion to the frictions and littlenesses of life to some mountain-top, and in its rarer atmosphere found all adjusted, till the small things became really small, and the large things important again, and your broken life was healed,—

made whole? . . . Because I am God's child, all things are mine, and I see myself related to eternal destinies, and breathe already the atmosphere of an infinite life, and the *proportions* of life are enlarged, and the little is no longer the big, and the spirit sways my deepest interest. There is a vision in sincere prayer that is not in the intellect. "The best men always seem the wisest too," Euripides said. It is the highest philosophy as well as the truest religion which declares that the pure in heart shall see God."

Of course, in regard to all preaching before a college audience, it must be remembered that to many, either reared in ritualistic service or alienated temporarily or permanently by a radicalism of thought that finds no comfort in revealed religion, sermons have little message. But the sincerity and earnestness of Doctor Taylor himself carried meaning to all, and to some his spoken words were no less inspiring than his life. One night, near the end of his stay, when talking with some *alumnæ*, Doctor Taylor mentioned that he was about to burn all his sermons. One alumna wrote afterwards and asked if she might not have the manuscript of her own baccalaureate. Doctor Taylor's letter in reply shows his feeling about the significance of the spoken message.

To Miss H. Velma Turner.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

November 10, 1913.

MY DEAR MISS TURNER:

Well, now, your letter is refreshing and suggestive. I am even willing to do what you suggest, though I know you will be disappointed. One of my reasons for not

thinking well of published sermons is the fact that they are written for a specific purpose and everything depends upon the occasion and the delivery of them. In the case of your own baccalaureate, 1899, it would not even be true, as has been true of the last five or six, I think, that the notes were written out in final form, and no one, perhaps, but the speaker, knows how varied is the actual delivery from even fully written notes if he has studied the matter and has the subject wholly in his head.

I have no sort of idea that I shall ever make the slightest use of these sermons but if there should be any occasion for my needing the notes in the extremely unlikely, and to me quite impossible, consideration of printing any baccalaureates, then I should feel that I might call upon you for the return of the notes. . . .

I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate your very kind words and how much they mean to me, nor can I say how much it is to me to feel that I have helped such a life as yours.

With great appreciation of your friendship, I am,
Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

Not only in sermons, but in chapel speeches did Doctor Taylor convey his message to the college. Here is a package of literally hundreds of little slips of paper covered with fine notes in his clear hand, outlines of his Sunday evening talks, a revelation of how carefully he planned everything which he said to the young women for whose spiritual education he had so profound a regard. As in the sermons, the message is of vision, growth, prayerfulness, faith, service, sanity. In the regular evening chapel, Doctor Taylor seldom departed from the usual simple service:—the opening anthem, the reading of scripture, hymn, prayer, organ Reces-

sional—but when some special event had stirred the college (secular or spiritual) he would give direction to public opinion there or he would report some educational gathering which he had attended, such as President Lowell's inauguration, the Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk, or would review the history of the early education of women in America. These speeches were always brief, clear-cut, of interest. The usual chapel service was very impressive, both because of the dignity and beauty of the building with its harmonious shades of browns and bronze, its high-beamed roof, its flowered and arched windows, its organ music, and because Doctor Taylor's peculiarly rich and appealing voice gave fitting expression to his deep, religious sincerity. Two notable instances of his changing public feeling by chapel talks come to mind. When the little old brick lodge, so long the entrance to the college and endeared to all by associations, was being removed to make way for a new building which none of us had seen, the love of the familiar and dear found vent in many complaints and groans about campus. One night Doctor Taylor began a talk with quotations of these remarks: "It's too bad!" "To think no one has any respect for landmarks!" "I don't know what the Alumnæ will say." And as the college good-humoredly smiled, recognizing its own expressions, Doctor Taylor went on to relate how his dream was to be fulfilled in the majestic art building which was to rise at the entrance to the college, as beautiful as library and chapel and fitting link between them, stately and noble approach to the college. He told, too, how for town visitors who would be welcomed to loan exhibits the situation at the entrance seemed most appro-

priate, but more than that, for so stately an entering portal for all future generations, it was inevitable and desirable that the little old building, cherished for no beauty, but only for association, should give way. I heard no more lamentations for the lodge at college after that talk.

Another memorable occasion was at a time of deep distress for the college. A very popular upper classman, a girl all charm, verve, and life, had remained at home ill after a short vacation. Suddenly the shocking and incredible news came that she was dead,—by her own hand. One family as we were, even those who did not know her felt the horror and grief of her friends. That night at chapel, Doctor Taylor faced the mystery of it with us, speaking of the mental tragedy that must have swept across that young life to plunge it forward by so terrible a way into the unknown, and then, around the mystery for us, the struggle for her, he wrapped a message of the tenderness and understanding of a heavenly Father who pitieth his children, and who knoweth our frame, and as he talked, he enfolded us in the sense of the unseen world where vision is clear and the lost are found again. And listening, a whole body of people was lifted from gloom to the dawn of light.

President, Educator, Preacher. What of the man unofficial? Perhaps it would be better to say the man in lighter moments, for as Doctor Taylor's home was in the center of the campus he could virtually never be out of office. No social occasion was complete without him: at reception in the Senior Parlor, interclass debate, Hall Play, ice carnival, his presence was expected and accepted

as essential to the general happiness, and his hearty laugh from the front seat at dramatics was the best applause. Two Founder's Days, anniversaries of the Founder's birthday celebrated by the students from the beginnings of the college, may picture how Doctor Taylor entered into such celebrations. The first is described in a letter.

To his Daughter, Mary Taylor.

May 4, 1907.

DEAR M.,

It is the morning after the ball and you will expect from your Daddy about the kind of letter that ought to be written by the last man on deck. It was half past one when I turned in to my little couch and I have been awake since six this morning but I am by no means reduced to nothingness. . . . Your mother received for an hour and a half, . . . went home at some reasonable hour, and seems to be all right this morning. . . .

Mr. William T. Stead gave the address and it was very interesting, very earnest and very sincere, and was listened to with excellent attention by a full house. I am bound to say that I do not believe one thing in ten that he said, but that doesn't matter. He is a very interesting man, as we found at dinner afterward, but when he started in on his spiritualism after dinner and told us about the fair Julia that uses his hand to write with, I draw the line. It is all right to dictate letters in this world but when it comes to taking the actual hand of a man to write out what you are thinking of in the next, I think a line ought to be drawn. I ought to tell you that he gave a good deal of good advice to young women and I think puffed them up mightily, a thing that they do not much need, by his assertions of their equal rights to everything on the planet with a leaning toward that mercy which that sort of speaker indulges in, which means robbing my weaker sex of a fair portion of its privileges.



A Founder's Day Speech at the President's House.

Mr. Stead was very jolly afterward and throughout the reception and kept indulging in confidences of all sorts with the ladies, young and old, and really made himself very entertaining. Your mother will give you some sort of sharp judgment about him, though she enjoyed his society, but he certainly is not the most balanced man in the world. . . .

The girls enjoyed their dance and had an apparently nice set of men here and the girls themselves looked as well as possible, which is saying a good deal. . . .

I went to New York last Wednesday night and spoke to a splendid audience in Carnegie Hall, an educational meeting. Hamilton Mabie and I were the speakers and we had a good time and afterward a nice long visit together in my parlor at the Murray Hill. . . .

Stay just as long as you want to and make all you can out of this visit now that you are away. A few days more than you planned, if they enable you to accomplish something you really want to do, will hardly count, but there is a great welcome for you when you do come in our home and in our hearts.

Your loving father,
J. M. T.

Another Founder's Day, unique in character because it was made a sort of Old Home Day for trustees and alumnæ in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter, was opened by Doctor Taylor with the morning speech from the steps of his house which had become a regular feature of the anniversary. The entire body of students, dressed in white, marched, singing, to the president's house and there, joined by alumnæ and faculty, "they were given," says the account in the *Miscellany*,¹ "the hearty welcome which only our Presi-

¹ Vol. XL, 1910-1911, p. 580.

dent can give. In his genial and tactful way he imparted to us the delightful feeling that we were again a vital part of the actual college." On such Founder's mornings, Doctor Taylor always sketched the life and character of Matthew Vassar, and on this morning he told of his one glimpse of Matthew Vassar. When he was a small boy, his father had taken him on a drive up the river to "Springside," the Founder's country home, to see this wonderful man who was founding a college for women. In the evening, Doctor Taylor in a formal address on "The Founder and the College," added to these light anecdotes a serious review of the great heritage of the college and its great traditions.

Among the happiest memories is the President at home. Letters have already shown how generously the Taylors devoted their Sundays to hospitality, and it was their regular custom to end the day by entertaining at informal Sunday night suppers members of the faculty, visiting alumnæ, the minister and the evening speaker. Four or five small tables were set through the long living-room and sometimes during the supper Doctor Taylor would move from one table to another that he might have an opportunity for conversation with a greater number of the guests. On Wednesday evenings, Mrs. Taylor was at home to the faculty and week after week during the winter a semicircle gathered around the open fire, chatting over coffee and doughnuts. About nine, Doctor Taylor, coming in from office or study, would join the circle and soon by his genial conversation draw all into one animated group. Then there were luncheons and dinner-parties for distinguished guests which all of us

shared from time to time, so that among my most golden memories is sitting opposite Gilbert Murray, with the happy consciousness of the presence of two very great and simple gentlemen.

Of the significance of the Taylors' home a frequent guest, Mrs. William T. Thompson, writes:

"Mrs. Taylor quietly filled one of the most important chairs in the college economy: hostess to hundreds. During more than a quarter of a century, amid all the changes of family life, her simple unaffected hospitality to the growing circle of faculty and students was offered freely. . . . The President's fireside and table were the hub binding many centrifugal forces. There the college community brought members of their family and friends, there they frequently met strangers from overseas, and men and women well known in public life, and best of all there the students met the teaching forces *ex cathedra* in their habit as they lived. Doctor Taylor had a comfortable creed that care could be left in the office when the time came around to go home to his dinner. He knew when to drop his pack. That hour he enjoyed at the head of his table, entertaining and entertained. . . . In his house, he relaxed and wore his dignity with a difference. He knew by experience what home really means. Outside it may be like Joseph's coat, inside it fits the owner, gives human warmth, and keeps secrets in deep pockets."

President Taylor's work in these years was so multiplex and exacting that it is pleasant to find occasional references to such outings as a fishing trip at Mr. S. D. Coykendall's mountain home.

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
President's Office, July 8, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

I have your telegram and you know how very cordially I appreciate the effort you have been making on our behalf. We are going over to Mohonk for Sunday, I think, and then next week we may decide to go up to Saranac where Mr. M. has offered us his cottage, and stay there a week or ten days before going in to our own club. We hope, unless there should be a further development there, that it will be safe to do it by the twenty-first or twenty-second. . . .

I wish you had been with us fishing. I am just back. The fish were not as eager as usual so that Mr. Smiley and I took only about twenty-five each evening in our boat, but I think about a hundred fish were taken out of the lake there yesterday. We had a good time, and it would have been better yet if you had been with us. The ride up on the pony-engine, and up the mountains in an auto, and the day and a half there in the mountains were altogether delightful.

Faithfully yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

Months out of the country meant the most complete rest and the summer of 1910 was spent in travel in England and Scotland.

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

PRINCE OF WALES' LAKE HOTEL—GRASMERE,
7/11/10.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED,

I think I'd better begin a letter to you when I can, while I am waiting a few minutes for breakfast. How one does "fall in"! Breakfast at 9 seemed to me im-

possible, and yet this is the first time I have been down even fifteen minutes too early! But dinner is late, and it keeps light so long (we saw good reflections of horses in the lake at 10 last night!), that it is eleven, and later, before one remembers to go to bed. It is altogether a charming place, *on* the lake, beautiful lawns and flowers, and the delightful "planting out" that makes even a little English spot a delight. It is *the* place for us, but a short walk to the village, a few hundred feet from Dove Cottage,—wellkept and most comfortable. I have the great fourposter to sleep in, in which the Prince of Wales was less comfortable when he ("the late King") was sixteen!

We came here last Tuesday afternoon, and shall stay out our week. When I said that all the talk about staying very long in one place is moonshine, I knew I was right. No one, unless myself, wishes to settle down long,—and there's sense in it, but I could enjoy a few quiet days now, reading,—and a long walk, each day. But all goes well. It has been a charming week.

It rained our first day, but we donned our new rain coats and "did" the village, and had good fun. Since that till now it has been *delightful*, but the mists are gathering this Monday morning.

We, wife and I, have climbed a mountain, and D. and K. did unheard of climbing yesterday, and we have had several beautiful walks, such as the lovely one about this lake, on the hills, which I have enjoyed twice, so far. Saturday I added to it a long extension, walking the highway to Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge and De Quincey lived,—a cunning little cottage (stone of course) directly on the road,—and then on to Rydal Mount where W. W. lived after leaving Dove Cottage. Such walks and such views would delight your soul—and I wish I could help you to the delight.

We drove in an auto one day to Furness Abbey, great ruins of one of the largest and richest of the old abbeys,—about 30 miles from here. The country down there is nothing like so beautiful, but we came back by Coniston

(Ruskin's home) where the lake and mountains are most beautiful.

Our great event (because so unusual) was a sheep-shearing—400 sheep,—and some 16 to 18 shearers. We drove through a magnificent country, past Arnold of Rugby's home ("Fox How"), near Harriet Martineau's "Knoll," through a long valley, by tarns and a great stream to Dungeon Ghyll, where our host has another hotel and a farm. There is a famous fall there which we saw. The shearing was under great trees by the barn, the benches in half an ellipse, and a man shears a sheep in about five minutes. The seizing the sheep in the pen and getting him to the bench, the rapid work and constant click of the shears, the great pelts (?) of wool, for they come off as a whole, the marking of the sheep, and the wandering off into the yard of the plucked creatures, the lambs searching for their mothers whom they can't recognize (!), the little boys active as they can be, carrying the wool, invading the pens to bring out the lambs (one youngster was but *three*, and working like a man), the little girls distributing bands to bind the sheep's feet, the gathering of a great flock with the help of the excited dogs and driving them down to a field, the gathering of another lot to shear,—all was a sight to see. Then tea in the garden meanwhile, and the walk to the falls, and waiting and watching till dinner, and then till the shepherds and lassies (separately) had dined, and then the dance in the barn, the old shepherd's song, the vaudeville performer (a friend of mine host) and so on till we had to leave them after 11. The drive home (never *dark*, you know) toward midnight, over the wonderful hills and through the deep valleys, was also a treat. It was a great half day for us.

No plans today,—but always plenty to do. We go to Keswick Wednesday and hope to spend Sunday in the Trossachs.

. . . I hope you are keeping up your best strength and cheer. I think of you very often. Hope the work

isn't too much. Kindest remembrances to Z. T. and M.
B. . . . from Grasmere. It has cleared beautifully.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. T.

What pure fun Doctor Taylor sometimes had with his
pen is seen in a poem, jocosely Wordsworthian, written
at Grasmere July 13, 1910, after a fly besieged walk.

THE WAY TO EASDALE TARN

To W. W.

Oh! fie!
Now tell me why
Wordsworth, all nature's poet,
— And he himself did know it!—
Nowhere invokes his muse
To praise or to abuse
The common fly.
I do not mean the fly called "deer"
Which buzzes in a way so queer
And makes our woods at times so drear.
Nor yet the "moose"
Whose wretched use
It is to bite a hole in us
Without the least apparent fuss.
Nor yet the common fly
Which makes our housewives sigh.
I mean the fly of Wordsworthshire
And what I charge is that the seer
With his all seeing eye
Neglected the omniscient fly.
So sing him, trot him out,
Muses hymn his powers about!

Oh! persistent fly
Searching ear and eye
Careless of our wish
Despising our swish
Oh! loud buzzing fly

Heard above the high
 Bleat of lamb and cry of bird
 Such a buzz as defies word
 Dulling even the torrent's loud roar!
 (Not so do the waters come down at Lodore).
 Oh! Sticking fly
 That hand, or cane, or handkerchief defist
 And, save through lucky stroke that never diest.
 And the buzz and whiz and hum and stroke
 And the dart and fling and whirl and poke
 The rush, the whirr, the sting, the bustle
 The beat, the wrath, the smite, the hustle,
 Patience at times, at times—a darn?
 Ah! but good luck! there's Easdale tarn!

It was not like Wordsworth, if he wrote of a daisy,
 To leave you O reader in an attitude hazy
 Concerning his meaning. He painted a moral.
 So if I do likewise with me you'll not quarrel.

If "beauty is its own excuse for being"
 It yet requires a fitted mind for seeing.

It's hard to follow crag or fell or meer
 And keep the poise of a poetic seer
 And catch the note of harmony in nature
 When pesky pests are trying for to ate y'r.

Life is a mixture and the pure aesthetic
 Is not in vales nor on the hills majestic,

'Tis in the mind's pure contemplative eye;
 Apart from that all ointment has its fly.

Then take life as it comes, its pests and pleasures,
 Its tarns and vales, its worries and its leisures.
 Don't hate life's flies,—don't utter e'en a darn.
 That lesson's from the walk to Easdale tarn."

To Miss Ella McCaleb.

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON,
 Sunday night, 10:20,
 Aug. 21, 1910.

MY DEAR MISS MCCALED,

I fancy I wrote you just before we left London, and
 leisure has not been my chief asset since,—leisure for

letters, that is. We had about a week in Oxford, and I saw the colleges as I never did before, and especially the lovely gardens, but I had next to no time to sit down and read in them. One should do that—get the sense of loafing about and dawdling in those charming retreats. We are too many (a nice many) for that. On the other hand we got much into our week. . . . We drove an auto one day to Warwick, Kenilworth and Stratford. Another day we coached to Blenheim, and saw the famous palace, garden, and park, another to Iffley with its wonderful old church, and Dorchester with its ancient abbey church,—a great drive. Best of all, I think I hear you say, we had twenty miles on the Thames, a charming idyllic voyage. Of course the best is from Henley of Windsor, but it was sweet and lovely by Oxford.

Then we came here, a fair day's journey, and a very pleasant one, and we shall make near a fortnight's stay, as we plan it. I am to have my chance now to block out two speeches, and make a sermon,—this week! I have inspiration enough in nature. My room has a bowed front, three windows, commanding the sea and the highlands and the cliffs. It is a *beautiful* country, the heath and heather and gorse and ferns carpeting the hills, sometimes like a huge rug, sometimes like a mosaic, —and often clinging in clumps of loveliness to the gray rocks.

The walks are superb, along the cliffs, or through the narrow lanes down the hills,—the high walls draped in vines and flowers, a most luxuriant growth. We have had two or three drives in our own hired char-a-banc, over the most wonderful hills and through the loveliest valleys. Our rule, for two days, was a walk in the morning, a long drive filling the afternoon, but yesterday a rain broke our plans to drive out to the meet of the stag-hounds, and we went down several hundred feet to Lynmouth, to see them launch and try the lifeboat, and then wandered up by one of the great rushing streams. It is a country to be enthusiastic about. . . .

After this summer in the British Isles, Doctor Taylor returned to Vassar for his twenty-fifth year of service. This anniversary of his coming to the college did not pass unnoticed. The senior annual, the *Vassarion*, of the year, is dedicated to the President with the inscription:

"Dedicated by the Class of 1911
to
James Monroe Taylor
Twenty-five years
President of Vassar College,
Scholar, Philosopher, Friend."

The whole book, indeed, was planned as a Festa on this happy occasion and on the title-page against a green tree is set this legend:

"All hail ye people one and all
The University
Doth hereby set apart this week
For Festal Jubilee
Which marketh for our President
His Anniversary."

Then the thoughts of many friends turned towards the Taylors and found expression in such letters as these.

SPARKILL, NEW YORK,
September 22nd, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I am only one of many who are thinking of your coming to the College twenty-five years ago this month, when Vassar was a young thing. There is a choir invisible of old girls thinking tonight of your constant devotion, ready to sing of Prexie and the lady behind her miraculous cruse of welcome. I wish it were possible to pass under the yoke, with the lodge-clock above it and join the white processional of undergraduates tonight. But

. . . from Sparkill I send you both many thoughts, grateful for the past, wishing you joy in your present and the happy tomorrows. This is a day of our beautiful September weather, with river, sky and trees under the spell of mellow autumn. I can see the campus trees, sunset light on the old brick front and my dear friends facing the long year together.

Always faithfully yours,
MARY THAW THOMPSON.

In this September the Trustees of the College sent to Doctor and Mrs. Taylor a silver tea-service bearing the inscription

"From the Trustees of Vassar College
as an expression of personal friendship
and of appreciation of their quarter
century of devoted service,"

a peculiarly happy form of recognition of the hospitality which so many friends had received at the Taylors' hands. A joint letter of thanks expresses their happiness at the end of the twenty-five years.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
Sept. 26, 1911.

Rev. H. M. Sanders, D.D.

Chairman:—

DEAR DR. SANDERS,

I have been wondering for two days how my wife and I can best express our grateful appreciation of the beautiful and to us priceless gift which has come to us anonymously, but inscribed as from "The Trustees." There has been *no question* in our minds as to our gratitude, and our hearts are deeply moved by the gift and by its inscription.

We have gladly given our best to the college, and our

hands have been held up and made strong by the unceasing friendship and confidence of the trustees, and we have had our abundant reward in our knowledge of their approval. And now comes this beautiful tea-service, with the precious words engraven on it, to keep always in our sight and thought the assurance that those whom we have most gladly served and with whom we have been proud to work, are with us in friendship and cheer. We cannot too heartily assure you all of our thankfulness, and of our wish to be worthy of the inscription on your gift.

Faithfully yours,
KATE H. TAYLOR,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER IX

Last Days at Vassar, 1911-1914

*"I am near the end: but still not at the end;
All to the very end being trial in life.
At this stage is the trial of my soul."*

Browning, "The Ring and the Book."

LITTLE has been said of the Adirondack League Club where for twenty-five years the Taylors spent part of nearly every summer. Here they owned their own camp, a typical log house with broad porches which constituted a far more popular living room than the one indoors. A short, heavily wooded trail led to the clubhouse, where the family took their meals. Another short trail in the opposite direction went to Doctor Taylor's study,—a tent set among the trees, looking out across the broad lake to the mountains. There he spent his mornings reading and writing, undisturbed. The afternoons were usually occupied in long tramps through the woods or in rowing about the beautiful lake.

An amusing episode in the Adirondacks is recorded in a letter.

To Huntington Taylor.

THE WOODS,
Sept. 8, 1901.

MY DEAR BOY,

It is Sunday P. M. about 4:30. . . . A good fire is burning on the hearth, and outside it is crisp and cold,

about 55°, and a great change from yesterday which was warm—for us.

We have had our hunting, as you have heard in part. My exploit pleased me as the fruition of a long promise to you boys to show you how to do it. We went to Proctor's camp,—the loveliest part of our preserve, I think, and never before visited by me. I wonder if you've been there. It had been raining hard for a day or two and we found it a wet way. . . . We didn't get to camp till about 4:30 P. M. The boys were fooling with a partridge and Uncle C. was chopping wood, and M. and I were alone. Quoth the old man, "Whence goes that trail?" "To the upper Stillwater." "How far?" "A good strong $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile." "I'll just wander up that way," said the old man, carelessly, and taking his gun sauntered off. It was a lovely trail, and he kept his eye open for deer on the river and especially above on the Stillwater. He was passing by a rapid and the waters were noisy among the rocks, when turning his head to the hill he spied a fine deer thirty or forty feet away. He raised his rifle, covered the poor deer, waited a minute, fired, and the little thing fell in its tracks, dead as a hammer. It was only a few minutes before M. came rushing down the trail, then P., then the others, —all amazed though I had been saying just this for nine years! And I hadn't shot a gun in years, I think! Well, the Dr. Philip soon had the beast skillfully cleaned, and in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour from the time we arrived in camp we had a deer hanging up.

We had liver for supper, and chops the next night, but the rest fed the club house, save for a little to the Parkhurst.

We were in camp till Wednesday, and home that noon, but we did no more hunting.

. . . My reputation was made at once, as everyone knows I never hunt or fish. Certainly *I* want no more. . . . It has made a good deal of fun here, as you can imagine. . . .

In the woods, the President could be metamorphosed not only into hunter, but into poet, or at least maker of rhymes.

How to tell a Bear from a Squirrel.

To M. T., who fears she will not know when she meets one in the woods.

But how to decide
When a bear you've espied,
And your word's been decried,
When they say it's a squirrel,
And your mind's in a whirl,
And the noise and the rustle
They say was just hustle—
The jump of a squirrel:
And their lips give a curl,
A sarcastic air,
As you talk of the bear
You saw near his lair.
Now how to decide
The young maiden cried
To the man at her side,
And thus he replied:

It's as easy to see as the leaf on a tree
Why confusion of these could easily be.
The points of resemblance are many, and such
As to awaken doubt and to puzzle one much.
For instance, both fatten on berries and nuts,
And both have a habit of avoiding ruts.
If a lake or a creek or a river they're in,
The bear and the squirrel are alike in the swim.
Neither sits on his tail, and though one is but wee
And the other so great, they can both climb a tree
But then if it's made a question of size,
The philosophers tell us *that's* all in your eyes.
If you really would know, then I recommend,
When you meet in the wood, you put out your hand,
If he gives it a paw
It's undoubtedly bear:

If simply a twirl
 It's probably squirrel.
 There's no other way,
 When your mind's in a whirl
 And your head's in the air,
 To distinguish a squirrel
 From a frolicsome bear.
 So wise! said the maiden, you certainly can
 Now tell me the difference twixt a fool and a man.

There in the woods the summer of 1912 was spent in vigorous out-door activity and much reading in the tent study. It was Doctor Taylor's habit to keep a memorandum of his summer reading and the one for this year is interesting, as a revelation of range and taste.

Reading—July 5 to Sept. 8th, 1912.

History of New College Oxford—Rashdall and Rait.
 Gribble's Romance of Oxford Colleges.
 The Great Analysis.
 Thayer's Cavour—vol. 1.
 Caico (Louise) Sicilian Days and Ways.
 F. Abbott—Society and Politics in Ancient Rome
 (almost all of it).
 Thayer—Cavour—vol 2.
 Andreyev. Seven who were Hanged.
 Stewart. Bergson's Philosophy (crit. exam.)
 Halévy—Life of Friedrich Nietzsche.
 Percy Gardner—Religious Experience of St. Paul.
 Bent.—The Sixth Sense.
 Mommsen—vol. III. Large part of it.
 F. Abbott. Common People of Rome (most of it).
 Mommsen—vol. IV.—almost all.
 From Oman's Seven Roman Statesmen,—*essay on*
Cæsar and looked through the rest.
 Victor Clark. Labor Movement in Australasia.
 Sachs. The American Secondary School.

Jane Addams. A New Conscience and an Old Evil.

Ed. Hutton. Life of Boccaccio.

Cicero's Letters—vol. III.

Trollope—Eustace Diamonds, vol 1. vol. 2.

Hauptmann—Narr in Christo—*Part*.

Black Monk, etc.

Elaine and from Ring and Book.

Eliz. Woodbridge. Jonathan Papers.

Her Roman Lover—Frothingham.

Wrote chapter for Hist. of V. C.

A sermon—an address for Mt. Holyoke 75th.

Some of this reading is reflected in a letter at the end of the summer.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

CAMP, Sept. 7th, 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your much-appreciated letter came to me over a week ago, I should think: anyway, I have meant to reply ever since. Writing out notes of a sermon and a speech, and various little suggestions of talks during the opening days, have occupied my week rather than books. I have run over my syllabus of ethics, too, and tried in other ways to get ready for the return to my work. We propose to be at home a week from tonight, Saturday.

I shall hope to see you Wednesday the 18th, for which day, in view of your engagements, I have asked to have our committee called. There will be a good deal for us to review,—about all of it, *this time*, from the business offices. The educational side will not have had time to say much. Five people were at work in my offices, at last report, and two in the Lady Principal's,—but I have kept myself out of the details successfully, and am acting much as if I were not responsible for a big machine. But my eye is on the glass and I shall be able to act quickly if I see the water falling or rising.

Meanwhile we have had a refreshing summer and are

readier for work than if our hands had been steadily at it. We greatly enjoyed our relations with you and your dear wife, and the knitting closer of the bonds of our friendship. . . . We have gone on with our life much as you knew it, but the weather has interfered with pleasant tramps. Yet we went to Lake Hannedaga, as you know, and though I was alone (for the first time) to do the man's work of my party, we came through that Monday happily and well, notwithstanding a considerable wetting from a hard storm and the wettest of trails. . . .

One book I've read would interest you, though five or six years old,—“The Labor Movement in Australasia,” Victor Clark. It will be good to see some of the theories you have discussed working out in a large and interesting way. It does not decrease one's skepticism as to the new panaceas, so many of them just reiterated at Syracuse,—and the minimum wage passed in Ohio.

I have *enjoyed* more, for literary interest, Cicero's Letters, and a new, and too large, life of Boccaccio, and Dr. Sachs' admirable book on The American Secondary School. If you get a chance, too, run through Jane Addams' last book, A New Conscience and an Old Evil. We must *face* that problem! Do you ever read your relative, Elizabeth Woodbridge? I occasionally run through an essay in her Jonathan Papers. She has the art, and the interest, and I greatly enjoy her work.

But *abás* literature! I wish I could be sure to go to Amherst, largely because it is your Amherst and I want to see your building to the dear boy. Why didn't they put it the week with Holyoke? Whether I dare cut classes two weeks in succession, I doubt. And our N. Y. State Educational Building is dedicated that week, too. We shall see!

. . . Hoping that you are well and not working hard, and that all is prosperous with you, I am, with our love to you both,

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Two letters written after the President returned to the college show how keenly he was watching every detail.

To Mr. George E. Dimock.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
September 19, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. DIMOCK,

I was very sorry to get your letter yesterday, not only because I had anticipated seeing you again but because your letter makes it clear to me that you have not been entirely well. I had heard nothing for some time and hoped that you were in your best condition. I cannot bear to think of you as anything less than that. I am hoping, however, that another month will bring you around so that we can have you with us, and if you would just plan to come up and stay all night with us instead of hurrying back and forth in a single day, you would give us a great deal of pleasure. We are very fond of you, my dear friend, and you can't trouble us, you may be sure, by coming to see us at any time.

We came home Saturday night. We are ready for the start and indeed are admitting students now, and I have been chatting with parents for the last hour. . . . The electricity is all in. . . . The steam work in Main is all finished and so are the elevators with the exception of the glass in the Main elevator. We are therefore ready to run notwithstanding the fact that we have a good deal to finish up. . . . The new hall is ready for occupancy, and Friday night we expect to serve dinner there as in all the other halls. You see that we are ready for business as usual at the same old stand, and barring the fact that our men are still cleaning up instead of being in the background, I think that the new-comers would consider us in fine shape. The grass is thoroughly green and the campus looks beauti-

ful. Mr. Pratt's new work about the upper lake is finely carried out, and his new lake by Sunset is rapidly filling up. You will be interested also to know that the new post-office boxes are in place, and . . . I fancy that they are about ready for business there too.

We all send love to you and yours. Believe me

Faithfully yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

To Mrs. Russell Sage.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
Sept. 27, 1912.

DEAR MRS. SAGE,

At last college is running as if it had never stopped,—only that we are better equipped than ever before. Your "hall" is *beautiful*, good to look at, good in equipment, fine in the size of its rooms, well-furnished,—and occupied by 118 people who vie with one another in their delight and praise. "Olivia Josselyn" is now a name to conjure with, and her face looks out from the fire-place (or over it!), benignant and lovely to see, over a body of lovely girls who "rise up and call you blessed."

I am not going to write you a description of it,—certainly not till I have to give up hope that you will soon see it for yourself.

Would it tax you, or overtax you, if you came up here . . . and were our personal guest in our home? I would not urge you, you know, against your wishes or your interests, but it would give us very great pleasure to have you come to us, and to have you see the beautiful work of your hands. We would make any suggested arrangement for your comfort and your pleasure.

I am intending to send you a picture of the Hall as soon as I can get a good one. Do we say Josselyn with the hard S, as I suppose,—or with the soft, like Z, as I find myself tending to? And could you have your secretary write out her direct descent from Standish,—

and your direct line from her? Possibly we have it in your Sage-Slocum book,—which we have?

We are invoking blessings on you, and we are continually and increasingly grateful to you.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Doctor Taylor's twenty-sixth year at Vassar brought familiar routine and ever-increasing demands on the president's time. The past had its claims and called for addresses at Old Home Week at Marlborough and the dedication of a church in Providence. The outside world summoned him in the interests of education or national life to meetings of Carnegie Foundation, Armstrong Association, Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk. The annual report announces no unusual changes in the college régime except a plan for the improvement of the material equipment by constructing a new lighting and heating system, at last an urgent necessity, whatever the expense. The report looks forward to future policies of the college and urges first more rapid promotions in the faculty and the acquisition of a large educational endowment for the increase in salary budget involved; a reconsideration of entrance requirements that will make it possible for students to enter college at an earlier age; the maintenance of the distinction between the college of liberal education and the vocational school.

Doctor Taylor spent much time during the year along the line of reorganization. The new business administration, proposed before in 1909, had been achieved by the appointment of a new treasurer as the business head of the college "with responsibility to the Executive Com-

mittee and in its absence to the president.¹ Under him was appointed a superintendent, who was at once buyer for the College of all its enormous supplies, and direct head, with report to the treasurer, of the various business departments. An assistant treasurer had control of the business of the financial office. A director of halls of residence was supervisor of the work of the house-keepers, and reported to the superintendent."²

Doctor Taylor, also, working with a large committee of the trustees on reorganization and a special sub-committee of this, formed a plan for the reorganization of the administrative side of the academic and social life of the college. The correspondence shows with what thought and with what advice from educators the final plan was formed. This is stated briefly in the history of Vassar.³

"As early as 1901 a plan was suggested for the social organization of the College, which was more than realized in the legislation of 1913. By action of the trustees in that year the lady principalship gave way to a head warden and wardens, with the duties and responsibilities of the older office, constituting a committee of which the head warden was chairman. The duties formerly centering in a single office were divided according to residence halls, unity of action being secured by conference of the committee. The duties and influence which had gone far beyond the endurance or power of any individual could in this way be maintained and the inestimable value of the older office in shaping the social

¹ "As ex officio chairman of the Executive Committee."

² "Vassar," pp. 153-4.

³ P. 153, for full plan see "Vassar" Appendix III, pp. 219-223.

ideals of the College continued. With a view to further perfecting the form of the new administration, the secretaryship, a term nowhere used to designate the duties performed by this office, which were substantially those of a dean, was constituted a deanship, the nature of the work remaining what it had been for many years."

Another plan of organization which Doctor Taylor made at this time has wide possibilities of usefulness and success since it solves a problem which not only Vassar, but many American colleges must inevitably face. To the experienced educator, the Scylla and Charybdis of the undergraduate college were, on the one hand, overgrowth in old colleges, with failure to care for the individual student, and on the other hand, mushroom growth of new institutions, started to fulfill educational needs without adequate roots or traditions. To meet both problems, Doctor Taylor suggested that in America we might well adopt a modified form of the English college system,—that is, the American college might be developed into a group of two or more small colleges which should be under one president and business management, sharing experience, ideals and traditions, but each developing separately a vigorous individual life with a distinct equipment, social organization and faculty. Such a system preserves every advantage of a small institution, yet permits growth of numbers for institutions of tested ideals, and by such affiliation a new college could be quickly started (granted endowment) without suffering a crude period of experimentation and struggle. This plan, which was published in *The Educational Review*, June, 1911, received favorable notice, and Doctor Taylor himself was so convinced of its wisdom that

he reported to his trustees ¹ that a gift of three millions of dollars would enable him to realize his vision of establishing a second college at Vassar and declared, "Were I ten years younger I should ask your leave to realize this dream."

In the spring of 1912, Doctor Taylor had been asked by Professor George Philip Krapp, editor of the American College and University Series of the Oxford University Press to prepare a volume on "Vassar" for the series. Under the pressure of administrative work, Doctor Taylor felt unable to undertake so heavy a literary task, and asked the editor of these letters if she would write the history. Instead, I urged a second plan, proposed by Professor Krapp, collaboration, assuring Doctor Taylor that I should be honored to relieve him in every way possible in the work. This plan proved acceptable and was carried out. Collaboration could not have been more delightful, Doctor Taylor insisting on our sharing alike in the work of drudgery and of writing, bestowing much time on the discussion of the book as it grew, and giving new inspiration in the association of such joint work. Much of our discussion of the history was by correspondence and as the file of letters shows the making of the book, perhaps a few of them will have interest.

A. L. CLUB,
OLD FORGE, N. Y.,
Aug. 10, 1912.

MY DEAR MISS HAIGHT,

I have just finished nearly eleven pages of this size and "type" as a tentative first chapter of our book, "Earlier College Education for Girls." It is reduced from two articles the proof of which I have just returned

¹ 1911.

to N. Y. which are to appear in the Educational Review for October and November. . . .

I have no other material here, or I would write a short chapter on the reception of Mr. Vassar's plan. After all the *history*, it does seem to have been novel and *original*, and the way the world took it is a most interesting thing. I will work it up after we get back.

I foresee a great deal of counsel together, which will be pleasant, and a good deal of work to bring out the great salient lines of "*our*" development. . . .

I have been working rather steadily, but have had less time than usual. Thayer's Cavour (a huge book!), Halévy's Nietzsche, some Bergson, a little literature, German and English, some of Abbott's capital Roman essays, a volume on Sicily, are the chief things.

I am sending you the New College volume, by mail. All well.

Sincerely Yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
September 30, 1912.

DEAR MISS HAIGHT,

I shall be glad indeed to meet you and think it time that we should get at this. I want to say to you that I am becoming increasingly embarrassed as I think of co-operating in a book which purports to be a history of a college over which I myself have presided for more than half its life. I had hardly taken into account what that may involve, but it at least will give me the opportunity of seeing that there is no undue exaltation of what has been accomplished in these years of great growth. I am particularly interested, however, to point out to you what I regard as three or four very fundamental stages of progress which bear most closely on the academic life in which, notwithstanding the material growth, I am and always have been more deeply interested. . . .

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
November 22, 1912.

MY DEAR MISS HAIGHT,

At present with this attempt to finish up the Jewett portion of our history and the preparation for my class work, and with the general filling up of my hours with interviews and correspondence, I find myself very hard driven. I am reading nothing almost, though I ought to except Jastrow's cantankerous article, and am grinding every hour I can. I worked an hour before breakfast this morning and an hour and a half afterward, and have got my history down to a study of Jewett's plans for the college. I think I shall boil it down into brief space. . . .

The back of the task will be broken when we get Dr. Raymond's administration in shape. Dr. Caldwell's is somewhat difficult but not a long task, and we can boil down the last twenty-seven years into succinct form. I will furnish the bones of the educational development, at least, and you can boil out the marrow. How is that for a fine figure!

You will be immensely interested in a copy of a letter that I received this morning on Mr. Vassar's view on the suffrage. I will show you the correspondence. . . .

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

As Doctor Taylor worked on the History of Vassar, he found so much new material in regard to the education of women before Vassar opened, the inception of Matthew Vassar's plan and the hitherto unrecognized influence of Milo P. Jewett, the first president, that he decided to publish a separate volume, "Before Vassar Opened," treating this at greater length than the one volume history could.

The difficulties under which Doctor Taylor wrote both these books are shown in another letter.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

January 12, 1914.

I will try to see you before long but I am asking when. This week seems to me banked up with requirements. I am just now getting the reports from the departments and trying to get them in shape for the Committee on Faculty and Studies, and I have the Executive Committee all day Wednesday, appointments tomorrow, and three dinner parties this week, two at my house. That looks rather black when I think of doing the work that I ought to do, but I will try to fill in the chinks.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

That our work was one of real collaboration is shown in two letters where Doctor Taylor speaks of the welding together of our separate writing.

Now as to your letters: I hope you really liked my joining process, for this is *really* a joint work (see Preface!). You are to say freely all that is in your mind. But you are also to help protect me from seeming, at any point, to blow my own horn. That criticism I *couldn't stand!*

That chapter is well "mingled." Have I seen it since it was finished? I found myself wondering if you wrote this, or I that! Or which wrote which! Funny, isn't it? Did you see the article on Hay, in Harpers,—one of his letters to Lodge,—where he anticipates their meeting in Washington, "Where Hay unto Lodge uttereth speech and Lodge unto Hay showeth knowledge?"

After the book was finished, Doctor Taylor wrote:

July 12, 1915.

I had no intention of reading the book again (!) but after your letter came I ran it through. It is ready for the critics and you and I haven't much to say,—but

I will confide to you that I think it a good book, well-proportioned and in the main well-written. I should think it might prove interesting. . . .

Now I must stop,—“collab”! We have enjoyed our task, most of it. Now we “sit tight,” and wait and hope for a kindly public judgment, knowing, at least, that the definitive history of Vassar for some time, is in print. It will not be time for twenty-five years more to “size up” the past twenty-five. That is the weak point, a *necessary* one,—in our book *as history*.

“Vassar” was issued for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the college, October 9, 1915. On the fly leaf of the copy given to his wife Doctor Taylor wrote this inscription:

“To my wife whose name appears nowhere in these pages, but who was an essential feature of Vassar’s life for nearly 28 years, I present this first copy of the book. To Kate Huntington Taylor, New York, July 10, 1915.”

In Mrs. Taylor’s copy of “Before Vassar Opened,” Doctor Taylor had inscribed:

“Our friendship began ‘before Vassar opened’ and we have shared happily more than half its entire history to our leave taking in Feb. 1914.

To my wife, this first copy of the book.

J. M. T.

Received in San Francisco, May 12th, 1914.”

During this half year Doctor Taylor’s mind, unknown to his colleagues, was working on a problem of vital importance to himself and to the college. His final decision was announced in the following letter of resignation.

To the Trustees of Vassar College.

February 18, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I wish to consult with you regarding my resignation of the great trust committed to me by the Board in 1886. Our relations have been so unbroken in cooperation and friendship that I cannot send you a merely formal renunciation of my privileges and powers.

My desire is to give up my duties permanently within a year. If for reasons I shall suggest you find it desirable that I remain so long, I shall ask you to consider my labors ended with the first semester, February 2d, 1914. If you can make suitable arrangements sooner, and find it expedient to do so, I shall wish to place my resignation in your hands to take effect at an earlier date. My reasons for this step and the grounds of my judgment that I should take it now, are as follows:

By the first week in March I shall have had forty years of public service. All of it has been arduous,—thirteen years in two pastorates,—twenty seven years, June first, in my present position. I need not tell you that these college years have involved incessant strain, and exacting and exhausting care. Beside the responsibility involved in the transition from a small college to a large one,¹—business, financial, educational, admin-

¹ In his administration of twenty-seven and a half years the college expanded from a small institution inadequately equipped to a college for 1,000 students, all housed on the campus. The material expansion in that time included, besides the erection of six dormitories, the building of a recitation hall, laboratories for biology and chemistry, a library, a chapel, an infirmary, a gymnasium and a students' building. The library grew from about 12,000 to 80,000 volumes. Five hundred thousand dollars were added to the general endowment, and the inner growth of the college was far more significant since it involved the abolition of a preparatory department and of the admission of poorly prepared special students in music and art; one epochal revision of the curriculum; the establishment of twelve new chairs in the faculty, including those of history, biology, economics, psychology, Biblical literature and political science. With

istrative, social,—I have had charge of its religious interests, and have held a professorship from the beginning until now. The demands upon us from without, I need not tell you, have grown steadily with the years. May I not be excused for shrinking from the extension or continuance of the responsibility?

To my own mind it seems better for the college and for me that I resign before the years become oppressive, or before it is thought that my age is rendering me less responsive to my duties and opportunities.

I remind you also that the matter of a year or two more cannot make any vital difference to Vassar, and may make much to me. When the time came the difficulties would be the same as now unless, indeed, I had overstayed my time.

The advantages to the college in a change are that a new régime, if a wise one, will bring fresh impulse to our work,—that the president will travel more, will visit oftener the associations of the *alumnæ* and the schools, will awaken fresh interests, and bring increased and much needed endowments to the college.

The foundations are sound: we have labored together always to make our work honest, real, enduring, not courting the praise that comes from sensational display: the organization is good, and we have been planning it together in view of such a change, with purpose to make it independent of any single head. New adjustments will be easy if the task is approached with balance and unselfish purpose.

I have thought much over the question of my remaining, should you wish it, till the fiftieth anniversary, in the fall of 1915, but my reflection has only confirmed my judgment that I should terminate my service within a year unless I am willing to assume the responsibility for the preparations for what should be a great occasion.

these factual changes, moreover, there was maintained in the college a high ideal of what a liberal education should signify and an inspiring standard of college life and college work.

The plans should be formed by those who are to carry them through. The effort for enlarged endowments should be part of the scheme and I do not find myself willing to assume the burden of that. Moreover, it would seem to me disadvantageous for the college and the new administration if I should continue in office and resign synchronously with the celebration. The new administration would itself acquire great advantages by the large acquaintance with visiting colleges gained at that time and the exaltation of the anniversary would react for its good.

It has even occurred to me that a year's leave of absence might bring a fresh perspective and enable me to give the college a little longer service. Apart however from the fact that such an absence generally involves a large additional burden the following year, the objections to my responsibility for the fiftieth anniversary would still hold.

This review of the case makes clear to me that the interests of the college call for my resignation, and my own inclination to gain a little rest and leisure after forty years of active service, supports the claim. I repeat therefore my wish to resign,—but if my leaving earlier would embarrass your plans, either because you wish my experience in introducing our new scheme of social and educational administration, or because in case of my going sooner you would have no provision for carrying the course of ethics with the seniors next year, I shall adapt my plans to meet your wishes, and not retire till February 2d, 1914. I shall need to know your decision by Commencement of this year.

I need say nothing to you of what this step must mean to me. Though only two or three of the present Board were members of it when I took office, we have all been closely associated in a great work, and through all these years no friction has worried us and no sharp differences of policy have divided us. It has been my singular happiness to work with a body of men and women who

have always set the interests of the college above every personal consideration, and who have therefore worked together harmoniously and successfully. I congratulate you on the largeness of the opportunity given to you. No other can ever be so near my own heart or so move my prayers on its behalf.

I accepted your invitation to become President on the twenty-first of April, 1886. I made no promises and no prophecies beyond my simple pledge to give to this work all the powers I possessed. I have endeavored to fulfil that pledge and I return to you the trust with every hope that you may secure a successor worthy of your cooperation in advancing the interests of Vassar College.

With affection and respect,

I am

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

As Doctor Taylor seemed to all who knew him in the prime of healthful vigor and intellectual power, his resignation produced an outburst of regret. Letters from trustees, college presidents and clergymen show with what concern the news was received beyond the walls of Vassar.

Redlands, California.

February 17th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter of the 12th came last evening. As a trustee of the college I regard your decision as a calamity. As your friend I am glad. Reflection over night leaves me in no doubt. Life is more than meat. Men are more important than things. You need, and have well earned, a time of leisure. More than thirty years ago when fitting for a life of teaching it was firmly fixed in my mind that twenty to twenty five years of it was

enough in the life of any man. Observation since has in no way modified the opinion. You have done better than that. As trustees, whatever we may wish, we have no right to ask for more. You have worked hard, have been wonderfully successful, and made it certain that in the future your administration will be regarded as a pattern for others. Without you at its head the college can never be quite the same to me. There will be lacking an element of personal, loving friendship which has meant a vast deal to me. Never the less you are right. No one supposes that you mean to stop work. You may easily be busy nearly as many hours of the day as now, but, situated as I am today, it is perfectly easy to understand the desire, the necessity even, to be freed from anxiety and perplexing cares. I trust you will not be far from us, and that in the years ahead of us we may waste many happy days together.

With abounding love from me and mine to thee and all thy dear ones,

Ever affectionately thy friend,
DANIEL SMILEY.

17 SIBLEY PLACE,
ROCHESTER,
Jan. 27, 1914.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR:—

My daughter K. has told me about the alumnæ banquet in New York, and the glorious sending-off they gave you. I was able to give her some information even more flattering to you, at which she was rejoiced. I wish to add my personal congratulations, and to say that nothing that has been done or will be done for you will ever repay the debt the College owes you for the rare wisdom and poise and ability and good nature you have shown in its administration for these many years. We who have so often visited the College cherish the warmest memories of your own and of Mrs. Taylor's charming hospitality, and will keep it as one of the best treas-

ures of our lives. My only regret is that you retire so soon, and that no satisfactory name is yet presented for your successor. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there must be some left in the world yet. May the Lord show them to us! As for yourself, I do not fear that you will <not> be useful and honored wherever you may be. I wish I were President Wilson! I know where I would put you! It would be where I could see you at least once a year. Give my best regards to Mrs. Taylor, and believe me ever

Affectionately Yours,
AUGUSTUS H. STRONG.

BROAD BROOK FARM,
BEDFORD HILLS, New York,
June 7th, 1913.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR,

I am not quite sure whether or not I wrote to you when I first read that you were about to retire from the Presidency of Vassar College; but reading the other day of the Commencement of Vassar I am moved to express to you my sympathy in all the experiences which are the incident of such a retirement, and to say to you how much, as a fellow citizen and a fellow college president I have valued the splendid work which you have done during all these years as the President of Vassar College. I hope that in retiring you will find life so full of other interests, as I have done, and so full of opportunity to be of service in other ways, that you will never have cause to regret the decision which you made when you offered your resignation. I hope that among the happy effects to follow will be the opportunity for us to meet each other more often, and to talk over the things in which we have a mutual interest. When I retired from the Mayor's office of the City of New York, John Hay wrote to me that he knew of no man so well able to enjoy freedom from irksome care as one who had long borne it; and that he thought such a man who had within

himself many resources ought to be among the happiest of men. I sincerely hope that this will be your own experience, as it has been mine, in the years since I have been free to shape my own life, free from controlling obligations which shaped them for me.

Mrs. Low joins with me in wishing to be remembered to Mrs. Taylor and your Daughter, as well as to yourself, and in the wish that every possible happiness may come to you all.

Sincerely yours,
SETH LOW.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT,
CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA, New York,
Feb. 26, 1913.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR:—

When you wrote to me some weeks ago that you were teaching Ethics I said to myself that you could not conscientiously long remain a college president, and so I was not surprised to learn that you had resigned the office. . . .

Can we not arrange to go to Rome (I take it Rome is the only place a retired president will care to live in) on the same steamer next September!

But seriously, you are to be congratulated and envied; congratulated that you have completed the first and most difficult part of a great work, and envied because in laying down your office you will have the affectionate regret and esteem of a great body of alumnæ all over the world.

How great a work you have done you yourself can not properly estimate but it will clearly appear in the future histories of American Education. I am looking forward to my own release and it will be additionally grateful if it gives me an opportunity to see more of you in the future.

Sincerely yours,
T. F. CRANE.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
in the City of New York,
February 18, 1913.

DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR:

While I am writing the news reaches me of your resignation from the Presidency of Vassar. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret that you have finally thought it best to take this step. You have spoken once or twice as if you had it in mind, but I had hoped that the time was far off. You cannot really be spared from the active work, for your full quarter century of service at Vassar has been one of the greatest possible service to the cause of college education in this country. Your clear head and firm hand have kept Vassar in the paths of genuine progress and advance without surrendering well-established principles for the pursuit and application of much-vaunted panaceas. Moreover, I shall miss you personally in all our little academic bypaths and associations. I am profoundly sorry and wish there were some way to get you to recall the fateful word.

Always sincerely yours,
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE,
BRYN MAWR,
Penna.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

April 19, 1913

DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR

I have not written to you before about your resignation because I did not believe it for a long time, and after I realized that it was really true I was in bed with my ankle and found it difficult to write. It makes me feel sad both on Vassar's account and my own because when you leave Vassar you leave me the president of a women's college who has been longest in office and your

resignation makes me wonder whether in nine more years I too shall feel as you do and wish to give it all up.

I cannot imagine Vassar College without you in the future but I can imagine you enjoying yourself immensely without Vassar. On the whole I offer my condolences to the College and my congratulations to you. I am sure that you have chosen the better part.

With my kind regards and the pleasantest anticipations of seeing you next week,

Sincerely yours,
M. CAREY THOMAS.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
HOBART COLLEGE,
GENEVA, N. Y.

November 12, 1913.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR :

One so seldom has an excuse to write out of the heart that I am making the most of this and telling you how one, out of countless thousands whom you will never know, has been inspired by your great work at Vassar. While I never dreamed that I should in a smaller field be called to the same responsibilities, I have often said to my dearest friends that you were the kind of a College President I should like to be; which is now before me to realize in actuality.

Ever faithfully yours,
LYMAN P. POWELL.

THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE,
Broadway and 56th Street,

Feb. 18, 1913.

MY DEAR DR. TAYLOR :

I have read with regret of your resignation. I am not resigned. The fool reporters are talking about friction and trouble with your trustees and I don't know what all. Tomorrow they will probably say that the girls

February 18, 1913.

MY DEAR DR. TAYLOR—

The announcement of your resignation which I see in today's "Sun" quite appals me, as it must every Vassar woman who cares for sound education. It seems too great a calamity to be true—a calamity not only to Vassar but to the whole cause of women's education. You seem the only barrier between us and the rising sea of fads and follies that pass for education in these iconoclastic days, and what will happen now if Vassar too goes over to the Philistines, one hates to think. You must forgive my writing, but to me you have always stood for the humanities, for sanity, for the real things of the spirit, and there is nothing in my life except my husband which is of such daily help and sustenance to me as the stimulus that I have derived from you.

11 June, 1914.

DEAR DOCTOR TAYLOR—

Do you remember Stevenson's saying "when you're ashamed to speak, always speak"? I have a dread of sentimentality, because it's so easy, so when I'm ashamed to speak I always write and expurgate.

Your going to Rome—how fitting it seems. Nothing more provocative and appropriate could happen to the Taylor family. It is like Byron in Greece or Stevenson in Samoa. . . .

Of course you will always be there, at the college, and wherever Vassar women gather, a presence and a symbol of the strong and sane: and the deep personal affection that Vassar women feel for you, must remain a living, saving thing. But I'm some how, like the poor little girl who was told that God was with her—"I know", she said, "but I like something with skin on it."

A few quotations from many other letters show his hold upon the students.

"I want to thank you for something you told us once in Ethics. You said truth was not in a compromise between two apparently opposing truths, but in the *joining* of them. I think the knowledge of that, crystallized to my realization by your expressing it, was one of the best things college gave me. It is what you stand for to me."

"You can never know how I have always valued your interest and friendship, especially during my Senior year when I count the added duties that brought me more into contact with you as one of the most precious things in all my college life. And I am only one of many, many more who feel the same way, whether they express it or not. To me you weren't just the president of the college, but a sort of father-friend whom I love and honor more than I can say."

"Every alumna since '87 knows and has told you, or should rejoice to tell you, that you have made the college almost all that it is today. I wish that I had words to tell it as it should be told. Since I have not, may I, like countless others, say something more personal?"

"When the relation between president and student was closer than it can be again you, who talk so wisely about the value of discipline, gave a girl who knew no authority higher than her own will a consideration that was in no way her due but the lack of which would have done only harm. Year by year I agree with you more fully on the value of discipline. But I hope that I may develop even a little of the bigness and the patience that made it possible for you to be so tolerant with a pupil and to show so grave a courtesy that she did not suspect the tolerance."

"There is something more. These later years since I have known you better, I have just believed that in times of great stress, if ever problems got too much for me,

The newspapers have been very misleading as usual. There is no friction, no Ambassadorships, nothing but my own desire and my judgment as to my going.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

As a result, in part, of the fact of his resignation, various new and signal honors came to Doctor Taylor, one at the very trustee meeting at which he resigned in the immediate gratification of a wish there expressed. The surprise is described in a letter.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

February 18, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. PRATT,

We had a good meeting in New York, a large attendance, eighteen indeed, and a very delightful spirit throughout. . . . We recommended the Board to declare its desire to establish a professorship of Political Science for the grounding of our young people in the science and philosophy of government, the study of the history of institutions, and the foundations of law and jurisprudence, etc. I have been thinking over this for a long time but with our present poverty did not see any way to procure the foundation, and it seemed to me wise at least to express ourselves as in sympathy with this point of view which secures for all of our young people a better grounding in the history and philosophy of government. I am persuaded that it will do more than anything else to save us from the prevalent lawlessness and the wild adoption of panaceas. The Board voted for this very heartily and a few minutes later to my own surprise, and of course to that of everyone else, Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson handed me a card, telling me not to make any announcement until she had left the room, on which she pledged \$75,000 to endow the chair.

A recognition that came from outside Vassar walls was the bestowal of an honorary degree upon Doctor Taylor by Smith College in June, thus acknowledged:

To President Marion LeRoy Burton.

April 23, 1913.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT BURTON,

I am deeply moved by your letter and by the proposition of your trustees to confer an honorary degree upon me at your Commencement. I am not only highly appreciative of the great honor but I shall bend my plans if it is a possible thing toward being present with you on the 17th of June that I may receive it at your hands.

It seems a bit ungracious after saying that to add that I do not see how I can deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address on the day preceding. . . . As I approach Commencement now with the thought of the addresses that will be expected of me and my baccalaureate sermon to prepare and perhaps some rather unusual exactions on mind and heart in connection with what I expect to be my last Commencement, I do not feel able to even contemplate the preparation of a new address and one worthy of such an audience and such an occasion as you suggest. I must not allow myself to think of it. The day or two after Commencement will find me well exhausted and may even bring some unusual demands this year, and it will be all that I can do to gather myself together, I am sure, and present myself in proper form for the great honor you offer me.

I am sure that you will understand this condition and will believe me with most cordial regard,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

In this last letter Doctor Taylor refers to the strain of his approaching "last commencement." What that meant to him few could realize unless they understood

the feeling back of the restraint he displayed. Doctor Augustus Strong commented to him the next day by letter: "I admired your reticence at commencement, when you might have made a fuss at your departure. Well, other people sorrowed all the more!" Another letter expresses the same feeling more fully.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 15, 1913.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT TAYLOR:

I regret increasingly that I was obliged to arrive late and leave early and had no time for any personal talk with you. At any rate I want to thank you for the exquisite control with which you conducted the functions of Commencement. No one will ever reckon adequately Vassar's debt to you; but the example of perfect manner last week was not the least of your gifts. It was the fine flower of culture. It will not cease to mean both manners and morals to me, for me, and I cannot let the occasion slip without saying so.

My love to Mrs. Taylor and your daughter. Do not answer, but believe me

Yours gratefully,
JULIA C. LATHROP.

The restraint which President Taylor showed in public gave way somewhat in letters. He had the privilege of announcing to the commencement audience the gift of a new art building bestowed upon the college in his honor and how deeply that tribute moved him is shown in letters to the donors.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Saturday evening.

You must not think that I am taking that Art Building "as a matter of course" because I have said so little

in praise of your great and generous purpose. Until very lately, when Mr. Pratt's letters have practically revealed your intent, I have not allowed myself to assume it, though I have been deeply appreciative of all the interest you have taken in working toward a definite plan. *Now* I am more appreciative of you than I can say, and the plan seems to be working toward the substantiating of one of my dearest visions. I appreciate all your *thought*, your *putting yourselves* into this, . . . and I want you to have this just as *you* want it. You must be sure of that, whenever we talk of our various views.

But one great thing I found no chance to talk of with you, though it has been very much on my mind, you may be sure. Mr. Pratt's letter contained a suggestion of a name that took my breath away. I am deeply, humbly, grateful,—but name it "*Pratt*"—for me,—and all my affection will go into the name, so deserved—and so deserving.

It is supper time now—and then chapel, which so continually brings you back to us. I am always so glad when I see you in it! . . .

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt.

June 12, 1913.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I could never tell you, if I should try, how I appreciate your honoring me as you have. I have no sense of desert, but my sense of gratitude, my recognition of your goodness and affection, and my earnest wish that I could say something worthy of it, are *very* strong. I wish you could have heard the audience: I read amid their strained and enthusiastic attention, till I reached the name of Taylor Hall, when they broke out into long-continued applause. You know I was afraid my voice would break then over the precious praise of your next sentence: I did not dare try to read it. So when the

I never can! Its sympathy, its appreciation, the note of affection running through the words you quote from members of the class, are inexpressibly precious to me. It is not a feeling of desert that brings to me such deep satisfaction, but the knowledge that you all have so kindly interpreted my wishes and my purposes as if I had really carried them out. My interest in you and all that concerns you, and my genuine affection for you all, have been accepted by you at face value. I have indeed meant it all, and tried to do all you say,—but how it heartens one to feel that he has been measured up to his best! I once had a friend who said, after his marriage, "It is so fine to have some one look at you not as you are but as you ought to be," and somehow I am reminded of that!

The gift is very precious, and I shall put it away safely till I get to Italy and then buy my "remembrance" of a class I could not forget! But it will be an additional reminder of you. What a privilege for one to work amid such friends and to have assurance of a friendship that will last!

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The faculty, too, expressed their appreciation of Doctor Taylor's work in a gift accompanied by this letter:

*James M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Vassar College.*

We, the members of the Faculty of Vassar College, in asking you to accept this token of our appreciation and goodwill, desire at the time to express to you our sense of personal loss and regret at your departure from the College. We shall always recall with affection the courtesy, consideration and loyalty which you have ever maintained towards your associates in the administration of this College and particularly that spirit of toleration so often lacking in the executive mind.

We trust that to you may be continued in the future the happiness and success so richly merited in the past and we hope that in selecting for yourself some personal gift you will choose something which you may value not only for itself, but also as a reminder of those once your colleagues in Vassar College.

On commencement day, Doctor Taylor took time to write a letter to his oldest son about his feeling.

To Huntington Taylor.

June 12, 1913.

MY DEAR HUNT:

I have but a minute to write to you, but it has occurred to me that perhaps you would like to see the letter which I wrote to the Trustees in February, offering my resignation. It may be, considering all that you have heard of various reasons for my leaving, interesting to see an exact statement. The substance of it will be published now as the Trustees have consented to that.

We shall stay here until the first of February, apparently, as no choice has been made.

We had a very fine Commencement and a great deal of enthusiasm, and you may imagine that a great deal of sentiment expressed was trying to our feelings, though very gratifying. To have so much love and loyalty expressed is perhaps more than one man's share!

Your mother will write you, or M. will, and tell you some more personal incidents perhaps, including a beautiful present made to your mother in memory of all her hospitality, that came from what is called the "College Family." . . .

I shall be sending you copies of the Eagle, I hope, shortly but I will tell you now that donors who do not wish their names mentioned, at present, presented us with what I have so long asked for, an Art Gallery, fire-proof, and to be very beautiful, which will span the gate and be a splendid entrance to the college, between the

Library and the Chapel: but I must say no more; only let me add they call it "Taylor Hall"!

This letter, written on one of the busiest days of the year, suggests the close relationship which existed between Doctor Taylor and his sons. The next was written to his youngest son, who at this time was en route as a Lieutenant to his first post in Hawaii.

To Richard T. Taylor, U. S. A.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MY DEAR BOY,

Ap. 20, 1913.

Sunday morning is here and the hour (waiting for breakfast) when I hoped I might get a chance to write you. You have been on my mind and heart ever since I said good-bye to you,—hopefully, happily, and with constant prayer for your well-being. I knew it was best for you to go,—and it was no gain to wait and wait, with no regular occupation. You were going, I knew, to the very thing you wished to do, and all seemed bright and good. But just the same I hated to have you go and it was hard to part with you. I sat for awhile thinking of you and all the years since you came to us—so happily for us. At least you were really off for your own life,—not like going to school and college. All that we could do had been done, in training and direction, and you were striking out for yourself. Only the old influences, the old precepts and counsels and ideals of your home could go with you, and the old love which is always with you. But I knew these had all made for a strong, high-toned and manly life and one which takes a larger view than for this world alone. And so I had full confidence in you while I felt it hard to have you go and knew it was altogether right and best.

Keep your ideals bright, my boy,—*do service* for men and God,—and to all that stands in the name "Our Coun-

try." Be sure that all the time we are thinking of you, loving you, and trusting you.

We have followed you across the continent, and your cards and letters have brought us great pleasure. . . . Your last letter left you still in the plains, and you were yet to see the great mountains. We shall be so interested to know how they impressed you! Don't forget that everything you do now will interest us, all your routine and companionships, and *all* that enters into your new world.

I want you to cut off from your accounts all that stands in my name. . . . You owe me nothing but love, and *that* debt I can't let lapse. . . .

We had the coming English poet here Friday,—a very interesting young man (32) who read us his poems,—Alfred Noyes. He had a little reception in Senior Parlor, but went away at six. The Pratts were here and stayed over night,—a nice visit. . . .

We expect Dr. Stires of New York this A. M.—and Pres. Howard Bliss, Beirut, Syria, is to speak for me tonight. . . .

Blessings on you, my boy! "Watch—and pray—that ye *enter not* into temptation!"

Your loving
FATHER.

This comradeship of the boys with their father is again expressed in some birthday verses from his son, Morgan.

August 5, 1913

Here's the First of a Year, tho' belike it seems near
To the middle of summer 'tis hung.—
But there's many a creature, I'm thinking will feature
The Day that you're Sixty-five Young.

'Tis little I have but a wish for to send—
(As much as you'd pile on a tongue).—
But I'll bundle it off to me dear Father-Friend,
Who is just Sixty-five Years Young.

'Tis proud, so I am, that you reared me, dear Man,
 In the joys that to others you've brung.—
 And I'm pledging a cup, to the Lad who's grown up
 To be just Sixty-five Years Young.

Doctor Taylor received this poem while he was spending six weeks of the summer in the Canadian Rockies with his friends, the Pratts, and the acknowledgment shows how happy vacation there was.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE
 LAGGAN, ALTA., CANADA.

Aug. 7, 1913.

DEAR MORTIE,

Your verses came and brought me much joy, especially for the true ring of love and friendship in their fun. I seem to have been especially remembered this year, because of our situation. Mardie had a birthday three weeks ago, and we had a dinner, with wine, to celebrate. It was then that M. wickedly gave away Aug. 5, as another chance for such an orgy. So we all dressed up, and they arranged the dinner behind screens so that we were by ourselves. I found on my chair a big leather jacket and the half trousers of leather the cowboys wear. . . . There was a huge cake (excellent!) inscribed "Heap big Vassar Chief,"—and a lot of postcards of the region on which the various ones had written clever verses. They made of the leather they got at the barn, and brown paper, a book in which they put a set of the fine Kodaks they've made (which you will be glad to see), and M. gave me an old picture of her with a witty verse, beginning

"This is the Ape that climbed your tree
 And mused up all the Family T"

and a box of candy with another more intimate verse. M. and D. were exceedingly funny in their sallies at one another. It was a great celebration.

I wonder if they've written you about our Field—Lake Emerald—Yoho Pass—Burgess Pass trip. Probably they have. . . . It was a great excursion. Those of us who rode . . . had the chance of sitting our horses while the steady beasts wound their way along a narrow ledge, just wide enough for them,—the mountains sloping back above us, and sharply below for thousands of feet. The views were wonderful, but somehow one didn't care to tarry on "Surprise Point," where the trail turns around a corner, and the great Bow Valley is suddenly revealed, thousands of feet below. The trail *may be* two feet broad in a kind of clay, but there's plenty of room up and down! The Dr. and Dick P., I being last, stopped their horses and said, for my benefit, "Let's take a picture here!" But one didn't tarry! The views on the trip,—the glaciers, the falls, beggar description. . . .

Of course you'll take possession of the camp. We'll be there the 20th p. m. If you can get Mr. F. to send a man down he might put up my tent, but don't bother. It doesn't matter. . . . You'll manage about the boats as you choose. Mr. F. has the keys. . . . Be comfortable.

A great deal of love. Kate P. was just in and sends her love.

Your loving
FATHER.

Another letter from Lake Louise shows the richness of this out-door life for Doctor Taylor, also how his thoughts continually hark back to the college.

To Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson.

CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE,
LAGGAN, ALTA., CANADA.

July 29, '13.

MY DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,

I am always glad to hear from you, but I never forget that you have a great deal to do and I never want to

add to your burden. Just the same I *did* wish to know how you were and if your homecoming had been prosperous!

I have thought of you in your lovely home. It would have been "very nice" if we could have gone there, but I am glad we have been. It is a spot to remember, always and everywhere. . . .

We are having a very good time and a quiet one. We have been here ten days (after five at Banff) and are likely to spend most of another fortnight here. Mr. P. . . . planned the trip with a view rather to rest than work. We can get enough of the latter, in appropriate ways here. Our young people . . . were on top of Mt. Temple yesterday, 11,600 ft., capped with a glacier. Many of our mountains have been snowcapped since we have been here, and the lesser ones, down to 7000 to 8000 ft. were sprinkled with snow yesterday. A glacier comes down to near the head of our lake. We ride, climb, drive, walk, fish as tastes incline and opportunity offers.

Several times this morning I have thought of a card you sent me from Darjeeling (I am not at all sure of the spelling). Of course there's no comparison in altitude, or in magnificence, but these mountains and valleys are beautifully grouped. We are 5600 ft. up at Lake Louise. . . .

You asked about the payment for the Library—work you authorized. . . . The work has not been done yet and the bills aren't in. As I recall it, this was all to be done this summer, Mr. Allen having approved all plans. Did I tell you that a graduate whose name I don't know, erected two beautiful lamp-posts in front, in place of our plain ones, Mr. Allen designing the same. A. & C. also designed the '87 gate, given in my name, and near Joselyn. . . .

And now a happy time to you and your sisters (especially) and to all your large party, for all your stay.

We all send our love to you and every wish for all possible blessings for you.

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

As no president had been found for the college by fall, Doctor Taylor, in accordance with his promise, returned for the first half of the year and another letter tells of the opening.

To Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. THOMPSON, Sept. 19, 1913.

I had *intended* to write you long ago, and not wait three whole weeks after your good letter came. I read and wrote a good deal, though, at the camp, and had many letters to write, and so pushed off my real friendship letters till I came home and found myself busy!

I sold my camp the day we left it, furniture, boats, and all. As I tell them, I do not want to own real-estate in the woods after I become a pilgrim and a stranger, and I do want the interest instead of paying it out in taxes, insurance, and dues.

We are opening college this morning,—and have had numbers coming for two days. Everybody is busy but the president, and even he has had many odd jobs to do. I am thinking, at every step, of the knitting together of all ends, so that all will go on well after I go,—especially if they do not settle on a successor. It will be, in many ways, a rather hard half year, but it can't be *long*. When one is known to be going—well, he doesn't gain by staying. Yet my heart is rather warmed as they keep telling me how glad they are to see me back and to have me awhile longer. . . .

I have to preach once more, Sunday,—and no one ever had a better audience. Then I must wake myself up again to teach on Monday, which is the *best* of it all, and

to make countless small addresses of advice and inspiration! I had hoped not to start the college again,—and yet it brings great privileges!

You are wholly right as to our needing to go out for large endowments. I have been telling the Board for two or three years that we *must* have another million. All of these colleges are *rich* beside ours! . . . Smith has just raised \$1,000,000. But *I* couldn't do it again. . . .

Your gift enabled us to do a great thing. I am very hopeful that our <new chair> is going to prove a fine addition to our force. As to your payment, you must consult your convenience and not burden yourself. . . . We are *everlastingly* grateful to you. The gift has brought immense approval and your way of doing it—well, it was yours!

Everything looks *fine* here. About Mrs. Sage's building they finished up the grounds admirably, and around the new Students' building, and the new lake has been immensely improved. It is all a beautiful place. You should see the Library under the moon-light! You have done so much for us!

We think we shall get everything packed (of course we shall be having senior parties almost to the end), by Feb. 1st, and leave at once, going, after a few days in New York, for two or three visits in California (and Colorado?) and then sailing to Hawaii. My wife thinks we should go on that way to Italy, but I incline to come back and cross from here. A short stay in Japan, China, India, doesn't much attract me. But that's a long way off!

I think of you in your very lovely home and wish we could see you there. But one must work now! Our very kind remembrances to your sisters. I hope they are well. All would gladly unite with me in my special remembrance to you.

I am
Always faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The satisfaction of having Doctor Taylor back at the college for six months was indeed to his friends a joy mixed with sadness, for though little was said, there was in the thought of many people on many an occasion: "This is the last time we shall have him here." How that "last time" echoed in Doctor Taylor's own mind comes out again in a letter in regard to faculty meeting.

To Professor Marian P. Whitney.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
January 22, 1914.

MY DEAR MISS WHITNEY,

Your final words are very pleasant to me. It was hard to say anything at the last faculty meeting and I thought that the less said the better, under the circumstances. I am inclined to think our faculty meetings have been better as a whole than those which we hear of in other institutions. In any case, though there have been many trials and an occasional very hard one, for me, my whole feeling is one of gratification that I have had so many admirable friends and that I have been able to do my life work under such delightful auspices. One ought to be grateful, as I told the trustees in my last report, for the opportunity of working in such surroundings and toward such ends.

Assuring you of my great pleasure in our own friendship in these years, I am

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

Probably no president ever had warmer friends among his colleagues, and this in spite of the occasional natural differences to which the preceding letter refers. Vassar shared in the general movement in colleges for more inter-

relation between trustees, faculty, and alumnae. And at times efforts to establish joint committees of conference between the different parts of the college revealed differences of opinion on college organization existing between the administration and the faculty. This was only a natural part of the development of the college organism as Doctor Taylor realized.

Doctor Taylor's close personal relation to members of the faculty, his interest in their work, his sympathy may be read through a few letters, printed as typical of many to other colleagues.

To Professor Oliver S. Tonks.

VASSAR COLLEGE,

March 6, 1913.

DEAR DR. TONKS,

I sat down after breakfast this morning and read your lecture before I came to my office. I want to thank you very heartily for giving me the volume. I shall probably go on and read the rest of it because the subjects interest me, but I shall not have in any of it, I know, the interest that yours has awakened. It is a thoroughly alive and useful lecture. I wish that all of our classical teachers here might read it, although I hope most of them are alive to its general principles.

. . . You do these things so well that I am glad whenever you do them, and it is a joy to see your own broad training and culture come out in such practical ways, and I say that when understood to fight shy of the *practical* in education! You don't know how glad I am that you are here, and I hope to see you getting more and more of what you want to make your department satisfactory to your own ideals.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

To Professor George C. Gow.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
March 25, 1913.

DEAR DR. GOW,

I tried to see you after the music on Sunday night. I enjoyed it very much and I meant to speak to you about both the music and the poetry, one part of which I especially appreciated and enjoyed. You certainly have the versatile gift. But I am writing only to tell you that I wanted to express my appreciation of all that you did. I was caught after the close by some people who wanted me to meet their friends, and you passed out while I was doing it.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

To Doctor Elisabeth B. Thelberg.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Oct. 20, 1913.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I was *sorry* to miss you, but these everlasting questions of student government compelled a committee meeting this afternoon.

There isn't much that is new to say in my wish to you for the happiest of voyages. You know I think you deserve it. . . . Your devotion to the interests of the college, your cheer, your courage, your intellectual ability, where that counts for so much (!), . . . have added all one could ask to your professional skill. . . .

But the personal note leads to this letter. You have meant a great deal . . . in our family and to us all. Not only have you been a "beloved physician" on whose counsel we have leaned, to our great blessing, but we have valued you among our most treasured friends.

We shall miss you,—but we are *so* glad you are able to go. May it make you over,—for ten more fresh and

refreshing years. May every day of your trip be full of pleasure, and no serious check come to your happiness in it all. May the sea be good to you, and every land give you its best! When you have had all that it will be but part of what I am wishing for you. . . .

. . . Again, goodbye,—God-be-with-you!

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

To Professor Marian P. Whitney.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
November 6, 1913.

MY DEAR MISS WHITNEY, . . .

I read your little paper that you sent me this morning and am much impressed by it. It is a capital talk. I thought that what you had to say about the reading in distinction from the speaking a language, was excellently put, and your point about translation as contrasted with reading the language had in it fresh force to me, though in a way I have thought over it before. I have myself been weakened always in my effort to read a new language by my old classical training and my feeling of unwillingness to do the reasonable thing; that is, to read along whether I understand or not with the sure knowledge that in time I shall. For months in Germany I read German with all the thoroughness that I applied to Latin, looking up every word I did not understand. It was a habit more than a theory, but I well remember when I began to learn better as I journeyed from place to place and could not carry my dictionary with me and had to read for hours on a train. But even yet that old bug-bear of thoroughness limits me every time I start in to learn anything or read anything in a foreign language. I somehow feel as if I were being led around in the right way by reading this talk of yours.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

To Doctor Jane Baldwin.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
Dec. 20, 1907.

DEAR DR. BALDWIN,

I heard last night of your mother's death. I have no idea that I can say a word of real comfort, but I know you will appreciate an expression of sympathy from your friends,—and we wish to be counted in the number. I know what it means,—the break, the loss, the sorrow,—but there is also the hope, the healing, the reunion to remember. May the comfort of our faith be yours and may it rob the shadow of its real darkness!

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

How another member of the faculty valued his work is shown in a letter, written after Doctor Taylor's death.

106 ACADEMY ST.,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
December 28, 1916.

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOR:— . . .

All the men who were at the college when I came in 1890 have passed away—Ritter, Van Ingen, Dwight, Drennan, Cooley and now Dr. Taylor. Among those on the business and employee staff Dean, Maxon, Wheeler, Van Vliet, Norris and others are gone. So it behooves those of us who stand next in line to be up and doing. To me who had known him fairly well for over twenty-five years your husband's supreme characteristic was his earnestness and seriousness of purpose in an age which is sadly lacking in them. These were, I think, largely the explanation of the remarkable loyalty the alumnae felt for him, for he never thought of the college and its work, nor of them and their lives, in a trivial way. In

chapel, in class room, in alumnae gatherings, in his writing there was always this emphasis upon the importance of woman's education, upon Vassar as its representative, and upon their own moral and intellectual responsibility. In an age which lays so much stress on system, machinery, organization, he dwelt upon that which is likely to be overlooked, namely, the power and moral strength of the individual. His guiding principle not only in religion but in the intellectual life was: "The Kingdom of God is within you." This was also his belief as to the true source of power for the college—that its strength and influence would come from the life and spirit within it rather than from the distracting connection with the outer world. I hope this will not be forgotten.

Far more than the differences in our ages would seem to account for, Dr. Taylor and I were brought up in different generations of thought. We did not agree on theology, religion, politics, the means of social progress, college government, although rather strangely we were amazingly of the same mind on educational policies. But our differences of belief did not interfere with our friendly relations. It is a source of great satisfaction to me that despite our divergent views, he made me together with Mrs. Kendrick and Mary Whitney a confidential committee to exercise authority in case of emergency during his last year's leave of absence, and that, when he finally retired, he thought me the one who should preside over the Faculty in the interim.

I cannot express to you my sympathy and sorrow over our loss. Half my life nearly, three fourths of my life after arriving at manhood, has been spent in the college of James M. Taylor to which I had become adjusted. In the different college which is now evolving I feel at times lost and out of place; but we must try to keep it as wholesome and inspiring an influence in the future as it has been in the past. . . .

Sincerely yours,
HERBERT E. MILLS.

Professor Margaret F. Washburn, in retrospect, summarized for us all the fundamental qualities in Doctor Taylor's relations with his faculty.¹

"There were three qualities which no colleague of Dr. Taylor's, however differing from him in opinions, could possibly or conceivably associate with him, and these were vacillation, underhandedness, or egotism.

"His was a mind of great clarity and definiteness. When I say that he did not vacillate, I do not mean that he was impulsive, or that he could not suspend judgment when deliberation was in his opinion necessary. But he always understood his own position; the moment of decision was a sharply defined one with him, and once having reached a determination, he did not readily change his opinion. With this intellectual quality the moral quality of his straightforwardness was closely associated. No member of the Vassar faculty was ever in doubt as to Dr. Taylor's policy on a matter which he had time to consider. The conjectures and rumors which are rife in some institutions as to the presidential attitude would have been ludicrously misplaced in the atmosphere which he created; plots and schemes and suspicions could not flourish in relation to his office. So marked was this transparent honesty and outspokenness of his that I believe it was the chief characteristic associated with the thought of him in the minds of the academic world at large. Decision and straightforwardness had their roots in the nature of his thinking processes; the third quality I have named, the absence of egotism, had a deeper basis in his character. Dr. Taylor was intensely human. He desired intensely the things he desired; he had strong

¹ Vassar Miscellany Weekly, Jan. 12, '17.

personal likes and dislikes. He was, I feel sure, sensitive to the joy of seeing his plans succeed and realizing that it was his own power which had thus found expression. But he was not interested in himself. The world around him and the people around him were so intensely interesting to him that he had no attention to bestow on himself as a spectacle. Hence, while he was vulnerable through his feelings, he could not be reached through vanity. This objectivity, helped by his steady sense of humor, was a happy trait rarely found in a personality with so much reason to find itself interesting, with a temperament of so much vigor and fire, and an achievement so notable. It does not often happen that so powerful a will is associated with 'a heart at leisure from itself.' "

The last annual *alumnæ* meeting which Dr. Taylor was to attend as president was on Jan. 24, in New York, and all sadness was concealed by a determined spirit of happiness.

The regard of *alumnæ* and friends found expression on this occasion in the gift of a "Good Time Fund" and of a beautiful watch, bearing about the face the inscription *monumentum et pignus amoris* and on its obverse the design of the rose window in the chapel, given in honor of Doctor Taylor. To accompany the watch the students later presented Doctor Taylor with a fob on which were engraved views of the library and Sunset Hill. A secret spring opened to the inscription:

τοῦ δ' οὐκ
ἐπιλήσομαι
ὅφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ γε
ζωοῖσιν μετέω.¹

¹ Him I shall not forget as long as I am among the living.

To J. M. T. from

1914, 1915,
1916, 1917

Doctor Taylor's later letter to the President of the Associate Alumnæ perpetuated his thanks.

To Mrs. Harlan W. Cooley.

January 27, 1914.

DEAR MRS. COOLEY:

You gave me no opportunity after your most gracious address on Saturday, to thank you for your kindness which was at once so laudatory and so protective. I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate the way in which you bade me goodbye,—you the great body of alumnæ gathered there.

I needed no proof of your loyal affection since you all have so held up my hands and made it possible for me to do my work. I needed no evidence of your consideration and tactfulness which I have learned to know so well in your gatherings and in many of your homes. And I needed no witness of that regard for me which has been the great treasure of all these years.

But you have enriched me by your gifts and made more possible for me and mine a larger comfort for our later years, and you have gathered all your gifts, beside, into a symbol that shall be with me every hour, and which, as it marks the time, will tell me of the place where we have gathered daily and thought of the unseen and eternal. The image of "my window" will always remind me of the great college in which we have worked together, and of the happy relations which have bound me to trustees, faculty, alumnæ and students.

I cannot *express* my gratitude. The goodness and love of years you have crowned with this great evidence of abiding loyalty and affection. I can only *acknowledge* your generosity with deep gratitude to you for judging me and my work not so much by the result as by the

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spirit and purpose and desire I have tried to put into it.

With affectionate remembrance of you all and with deepest wish for your future blessing,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The fund, in which trustees and friends had delighted to share, was accompanied by this letter, which was not read until later.

NEW YORK,

24 January, 1914.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR:

As a pledge of our friendship and affection, we, trustees, alumnae and friends of Vassar, have this day deposited in your name at the First National Bank of New York the securities represented by the enclosed receipt.

We beg you to accept the same in token of our enduring gratitude for the years of service you have given to Vassar College and to the world.

Signed,

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE.

MRS. FREDERICK F. THOMPSON.

CHARLES M. PRATT.

MARY THAW THOMPSON.

THE ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE,

FLORENCE M. CUSHING.

One of Doctor Taylor's letters of acknowledgment was written on his first day as "Ex-President."

UNIVERSITY CLUB,

FIFTH AVENUE AND 54TH STREET,

February 1, 1914.

DEAR MRS. SAGE,

Only last night, from our common friend Mrs. Thompson, did I learn of the part you had in the more than

kind "testimonial" which came to me from "trustees and friends."

I am overwhelmed with gratitude these days, as from one and another comes some expression of recognition of service done, of loyalty, of friendship, of appreciation. I have felt no sense of *desert*, for through all these many years my friends have given me so much of fellowship that I have had more than my reward. But now, as the day of my retirement has come, to receive such a gift from such friends moves my heart to its depths. I have enjoyed a long acquaintance with you,—ever since we dedicated the Emma Willard monument—and it has always been a pleasure to meet you and talk with you. You have also enriched our Vassar, where my whole heart has been for nigh twenty-eight years. But all this had not prepared me for the great surprise. My gratitude to you is deep, my appreciation of your kindness and generosity beyond my power of expression.

You may be interested to know that we go to California Tuesday (*this* is my *first* day as an *Ex*-president!), that we plan to go on to Honolulu to see our youngest boy, and to return to hand the diplomas to my class in June,—and then away for a time of residence in Rome.

We are wishing for you every blessing that life can bring,—health and strength, the assurance of His presence and peace. I should have called to say this,—but I have been sure that would be less kind than the writing.

Sincerely, and very gratefully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

On Friday night, Jan. 29, 1914, Doctor Taylor led chapel for the last time, reading from the Epistle to the Philippians certain memorable verses:

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding,"—

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true"—

The hymn sung was

"In heavenly love abiding

No change my heart can fear."

Doctor Taylor prayed that we might remember the beautiful things in life and its blessings, especially the bonds of friendship, and that we might press onward always. When the students had marched out as usual to the strains of the great organ, they did not scatter but formed in two solid lines on either side of the walk leading from the chapel to the president's house so that when Doctor and Mrs. Taylor left the cloisters, after stopping to speak to the faculty, they walked between two lines of white-clad girls who were bravely trying to sing their farewell song.

One of the last letters which Doctor Taylor wrote as President of Vassar was a farewell to the employees of the college.

To All Employees of the College:

January 30, 1914.

I am unwilling to retire from the position I have held here so long without a word of good-by to all of the helpers of the college, men and women, who are doing so much to contribute to its comfort and well-being. With many I have had an acquaintance of long years, and although as the college has grown it has been less possible for me to know the employees, I have remembered them, and been interested in them, and cannot leave without expressing a wish for their welfare. For

all of you I hope that life will hold great blessings and much happiness.

JAMES M. TAYLOR,
President.

It was on this day, Saturday, January 30, 1914, between semesters, that the Taylors quietly left the president's house and the college.

CHAPTER X

Vacation Days and Happy Returns, 1914-1915

"I could not go to Carcassonne."

Gustave Nadoud.

IN Maitland's life of Leslie Stephen, the biographer quotes two of Stephen's own dicta—"Nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography" and "The biographer can never quite equal the autobiographer, but with a sufficient supply of letters he may approximate very closely to the same result." It is good fortune that from this time on there are enough letters to make virtually an autobiography of Doctor Taylor's vacation days and they may be left almost alone to tell the story of his wanderings, his reading, his writing, of the people he met and the places he saw.

When Doctor and Mrs. Taylor started west the first of February, many good wishes went with them.

TWO EAST NINETY-FIRST STREET,
NEW YORK,

Feb'y 2d, 1914.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

I hasten to acknowledge receipt of your kind note and wish you and yours many years of happy life which you have so nobly earned. We shall hope to meet you and yours upon your return. Hope your wife accompanies

you. It is the Wife that enables us to abandon the old form "Heaven our Home" for Home our Heaven,—one world at a time.

Such notes as yours give me my greatest of all satisfactions, making others happy.

Ever Yours

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The letters begin from Redlands, California, Feb. 14.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

We had a pleasant trip out, two happy days in Colorado Springs, where by the way the mercury dropped one night to 16° below,—two wonderful days at the amazing and indescribable Grand Canyon, and we have had two delightful ones here already,—and have over a week more in prospect. . . .

It is so charming here! All the country is wonderful, not least so the barren, strong, unproductive land lying against the wonderfully fertile and beautifully planted acres that looked just like it two or three years since, till it was irrigated. It would delight your soul to walk down one of the broad avenues of one of these towns, planted with pepper trees and palms, the spaces filled in occasionally, for effect, with great cactuses, the gardens, golden with the beautiful orange trees. But none of it is so wonderful as this great estate, from whose crest we look away in every direction to mountains and through great canyons,—all about us showing the wonderful result of the Smiley taste and love of trees and flowers combined with a kindly climate. It is indescribably beautiful.

We drove a long way yesterday, up canyons and over plains, through orange orchards beautiful enough to be ravishing and abundant enough, one would think, to overfeed the world, and lunched in the barren wild, under cottonwood trees, fifty miles away. One hundred and four miles of delight in one day,—balmy and beautiful.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

HONOLULU, HAWAII,
March 27, 1914 (evening).

DEAR MORTIE,

You see we've changed our hotel. . . . Here we are in town, ten minutes by car from the station—a great gain for us, . . . an easy walk to shops and bank, &c, yet in a great "yard," or park. It is an old mansion surrounded now by scattered cottages, though the front is free, and the lawn and great trees are very fine. Mangoes, lemons, bread fruit, papaia (the "melon" tree that furnishes fruit for breakfast), cocoanuts,—figs, a number of flowering trees, and a huge central tree like an acacia are about us. M. has a tiny cottage, her room about ten feet square, with a screened piazza, all her own,—her table and chairs, &c, all on the veranda. It is near us, and we have a private entrance into our palatial room in the old mansion. It is 30 x 25,—and off from it a dressing room and two closets and bath fully ten ft. by 20. It is huge and wasteful for the hotel but fine for us. . . . We couldn't have better accommodations, and we are paying little more than \$6 a day for us all. The dining room is a very long veranda open on three sides. Here we plan to stay. . . .

I wish you and I could go about here together. It's of unending interest. On the trip to the barracks, e.g. you pass rice fields where the Chinamen are working just as they do in China, great duck farms, with lanes of water separated by lines of grass with sometimes banana trees growing on them, little villages where Japs and Chinese (and for all I know, Koreans) sit in their open shops, playing with the funny babies that look like the dolls on fourteenth St., or bartering with one another,—here and there Hawaiians,—and everywhere mixed breeds. The lines of crossing are innumerable: they tell me of a school here where they count upwards of twenty races—Japs, Chinese, Koreans, Hawaiians, Portuguese, English, Americans, Germans, a few Span-

iards, Filippinos, and every possible crossing of these—and others. At the school just above us I talked with some neat little Portuguese girls, *well* dressed, but without shoes or stockings. With them was a little Hawaiian who told me she was half Chinese, but her *grandfather* full Chinese. They tell me the Chinese-Hawaiian mixture makes excellent citizens, particularly.

It's fun to see them in the market, bartering,—all kinds of orientals and islanders and Europeans,—and to look over the new vegetables and fruits, papaia (melons from trees), water-lemons (a queer yellow shell which you break, like an egg, and peel off from an inner skin like the inner white one of a lemon, and then you suck out the contents, seeds and all: very good, and a wild growth, I am told), breadfruit (not tried yet), several varieties of bananas, some only good for cooking and excellent thus,—taro (a root which bakes like a mealy potato and from which they make the famous poi),—guavas, mangoes, figs, (a little girl threw me down some beans from a tree and they tell me they are tamarinds): and the fish! Well your imagination can't take them in: their coloring and shapes would drive the cubists to despair: they'd hang their heads and say "It's no use," like the skunks which sat on the fence when the first auto passed. Perhaps we'll get a few postcards off to you, but they can't do the fish justice. Think of a *dark* lady, with a white tail fringed with pink, with a bright red spot underneath, and little side fins of brilliant yellow! That's in the aquarium! And a dark blue one with a head like a parrot,—fish that sit on their tails in the aquarium, or lounge about on the rocks as if exertion were useless in such a pleasant ocean! And a lot of these are on sale and are to eat! Of course we aren't playing with these *all* the time. We had a delicious luncheon, e.g. at the Castles', Saturday, then drove up and up to a high point where their summer home is,—and it reminds me of all I have read of Stevenson's at Samoa, magnificent views of the ocean between the great headlands, and views into the

canyons and valleys that are beautiful in their blend of color,—from the dark greens of the trees to the brilliant brightness of the sugar cane and the gray of the acres of pineapple.—Then we dined at the Country Club (Capt. and Mrs. Scherer, *she* Laura Harris of '90) and met . . . Major Gen. Carter and wife, and Brig. Gen. Edwards and aid,—in beautiful surroundings, among the hills and looking to the sea. I also attended (and D.) the farewell dinner of the University Club to Gen. Maccomb. At our Country Club dinner we met the McCandlesses, old residents,—and they take us . . . to Haleiwa, a hotel at the north end of the Island, about ten miles from D.'s camp,—on the ocean. . . .

Your loving
FATHER.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

HALEIWA HOTEL,
HALEIWA (HAWAII),
Sunday, Ap. 12, 1914, 7:20 A. M.

DEAR MORTIE,

It is odd enough to be away out here in the Pacific, but we are *used* to our little city of Honolulu,—and it is stranger now to be off here on the northern shore, in the country, at a pretty little hotel, with a long veranda . . . and the tables for meals on another veranda, and a fine openness all about, and this large room hung with pieces of tapa cloth, here and there, and *open* all around to the country and the sea. Just in front of the little lawn and the trees and shrubbery is a beautiful little river flowing across the front between us and the sea, and turning suddenly just beyond, and emptying into the bay. That is a real surprise,—the river! There are Jap boats on it, fishing boats, and we cross it on a pretty arching bridge that is more like Japan than America. Japs are sweeping up about me, and a Chinaman waited on us at dinner, and Hawaiians greeted us just before as we strolled along the road, waiting for D. and M.

For you see we came up by rail, around the shore, on the very borders of it,—and they came over from the barracks, in the center of the island, eight or ten miles by auto. D. had had a hard day, morning and afternoon in the rifle pits,—up at 5:30, took retreat, dressed and hurried over here. We left at 3:20, travelled half an hour or so over the road to the barracks, but kept on then along the shore till our arrival about six. . . .

Our journey was an unceasing delight. The mountains were glorious in color, often pelted with rain,—and once glorified with a wonderful rainbow, and then beautiful in contrasted sunlights. Until we turned the sharp corner at the Northwest point, Kaena, . . . we looked up *into* the mountains, into valleys closed at the back, just as is true of our views about Honolulu, into the *other* range.

Then a large part of the way, on the other side, we looked over the boundless sea, often down on a breaking surf, all beautiful and absorbing.

The villages weren't many, but there were one or two big sugar factories and their surrounding towns, or hamlets, occasional ranches for cattle, gardens, honey ranches, wood farms, &c. . . .

All last week I spent my mornings working on a chapter of the larger history of Vassar. My own administration is the job,—and I am doing it! I shall be glad when I am through with it, and I am working now so that when we sail next August I can cast off my past! I am really tired of re-confronting its problems! Brings up too much!

But we do a little new day after day. One afternoon we went to the Museum, immensely interesting and devoted to the illustrations of the life of the Polynesians, and particularly these islands. It is admirably arranged, designed, set up. Dr. Brigham, who showed me around has been here and about some fifty years and remembers Honolulu when it was largely grass houses. He knows all his collections as Lanciani knows Rome, and interests you in them all. . . . We drove to the Pali (I mail you

a picture!) last Sunday p. m. It *poured* and we couldn't see the startling precipice. But we did see the amazing waterfalls pouring from the cliffs as we drove along, and I counted 17 in sight on one side of the auto. We shall go again—by sunlight.

We had part of one morning at the Mid-Pacific Institute, devoted to islanders and foreigners,—and they saluted the flag for us in turn,—Japs, Koreans, Chinese, Hawaiians, and I forget how many others. It was an interesting sight, 8 distinct races, and 18 mixtures, as my photograph of them will show you. Of course I had to speak.

One night I talked for the Y. M. C. A. on Sicily, assuming man, and really interested them. The mixture of races there has rivalled this, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Goth, Saracen, Norman, French, Spaniard.

We are to go to the island of Hawaii and see the volcano, this week, latter part. It will take three nights, two days (only one night *there*). Then we have the reception of the college club, Tuesday p. m.—and Wednesday evening dinner at George Carter's (He ex. gov.—a Yale man,—she niece of Dr. Strong, of Rochester). . . . So it goes, and time is full. . . .

A great deal of love from us all.

Next steamer goes Tuesday, so this is in time!

Your loving
FATHER.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

VOLCANO HOUSE, HAWAII, Ap. 19 (Sunday), 1914.
DEAR MORTIE,

I wish you were with us on this trip: incidentally, this is your mother's birthday, and it is just 7 a. m. But I wished for you on the trip over and you would have enjoyed it all with us,—though you will agree, as you read on, that it has not been unqualifiedly successful.

Our boat was a day late at port, and so we are here

today instead of in Honolulu. We left Honolulu Friday, 5 p. m. i.e. instead of Thursday. At first we skirted the south end of Oahu,—a beautiful sea,—and scene, the rough, jagged, mountains, reaching up to 4000 ft. making a fine picture,—and all the shore now quite familiar to us. We crossed the straits to Molokai,—but it was dark when we began coasting along it (it is quite a long island, I think 30 miles). There were three light houses, and it gave one a sense of home-iness that the sea always lacks for me, to see even a dark shore line and a light! Near the end of the island the land rose abruptly,—and over *the other side* was the famous leper settlement. Then we coasted along another little island, Lanai, on the other side of us, and before we turned in had sighted the great lights of the big sugar factory at Maui. We were at Hilo early and had breakfast about 6. It looked beautiful, and over across from us was a lovely little Coconut island, and the ground rose rapidly to a great height,—but rounded off, never abrupt, and yet with its two mountains Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, 13,825 ft. and 13,675 ft. respectively. Clouds were over the tops and we couldn't see the snow. The former is an extinct volcano: the latter poured out rivers of lava in 1881 which almost reached Hilo. Our volcano, Kilauea, is another one,—though looking like a small mountain on the side of the other. It is only 4000 ft.

But we aren't there yet! We started on an auto for a little drive. People had been asked to meet us,—the heads of the Hilo Boarding School which is said to have given Gen. Armstrong his first plan for Hampton. . . . Then a Mr. Scott, head of a big sugar mill, asked us to his house, and we were glad we went. It was a simple frame house, large rooms, in beautiful and extensive grounds,—and the rooms were full of nice things, the Koa furniture, pictures, statuettes, books. It is "a long way off," but they have to travel!

About 9 we started on a railroad trip,—a wonder. Mr. Dillingham, a friend in Honolulu, arranged the

trip over his road. It is the one on the map running northward. It crosses immense chasms, runs on shelves that have been excavated around the mountains, twists and turns continually, and keeps you in sight of the ocean. It was a wonderful scenic trip. Then we returned to take another road, to Glenwood (I enclose map) and there caught our auto for the volcano. It rained a good deal of the way up.

We got our rooms and drove at once in our auto to the crater,—a wonderful drive, seven miles, I think . . . around by an extinct crater, pretty large, and very deep, with a great, black, rough, solid, lava floor,—then for miles through ferns, small and large, tree ferns running up twenty feet of trunk, ferns with occasional bright red leaves (soon to settle into green, of course), of every shade of green, . . . as your mother said, like a drive through a huge conservatory. Then out over sand and lava almost to the brink of the present crater. There we stayed till half past seven,—so as to watch it by night.

It is not very active, but down 650 ft. below us we saw every now and then the brilliant boiling lava,—*not* in large volume, and then the steam and clouds would blow across and obscure it. All about the rough lava, now and then the slide from across the volcano of a shelf of lava, and then the snort, like a bull, as the volcano began again to boil up. . . .

I don't know that I can give you any idea of this crater,—but fancy a huge hole, with fairly precipitous sides some 400 to 500 ft. high, here and there broken into by tongues of land, the floor black, rough lava, with occasional fissures one of which, on the foot trail, is crossed by a bridge that, from above, I would judge to be 10 or 12 ft. long. It is seven miles walk around the edge of it, from the hotel. In this *old* crater, about three miles in straight line from the hotel, is the active crater,—and that, as I said, is 650 ft. below the other. You see it is somewhat stupendous. This small crater is, as I understand the talk, about three quarters of a mile

around. I talked with men who have seen the boiling lava *fill it*, and rise to within fifty feet of the top,—at times lashed like sea waves. That is the kind of a Kilauea I had read of,—and I am sorry not to have seen it, but it hasn't been that way for two or three years. Once, I think forty years ago, the floor of the whole big old crater dropped a long way! . . .

We took our auto at 9 a. m. By the way, our host, Demosthenes Lycurgus, collects "\$6 per" for a full day, from each innocent, and he doesn't profess any elegance either,—though he's entertaining and bright, for a Spartan!

We went down the road to Glenwood . . . and on to Olaa (vowels *all* pronounced and a la Italian), then turned south toward Pahoa, then east to Kapoho, where Miss Beckwith, who was a teacher at Vassar, and is now seeking material for the folk-lore of the Hawaiians (she was *born* in Maui), was waiting luncheon for us. I say *waiting*, for on our way, long before we reached Olaa, in turning a corner we met another machine. The road was narrow, the Jap driving the other wasn't quick enough, and it struck our fore-wheel and shattered it to bits. No one hurt, let us say thankfully. It delayed us an hour while our man got to a telephone and ordered another car from Hilo, 15 miles away.

We had a very informal luncheon, and a neighbor, Henry Lyman, grandson of a missionary, but half Hawaiian, a sugar planter (three brothers Westpointers) came over, and took us in his machine, at a smashing rate, over a road where grass filled the center, through a country of black lava of ages since, now mostly grown over with trees and shrubs, to a little hamlet called Po-hoiki. There was a real Hawaiian family. A mother sat with her babe and they had crowned her (the mother) with a beautiful lei (the flower-wreath), other women and children were about, the men were on the ground near by about a big bowl (probably poi), and the sea was just there dashing on their rocks. In a recent erup-

tion (40 years?) the shore suffered a subsidence, and the result is seen in the little bay where we halted, and in stumps of trees out in the salt water. Then we went into a yard of a little house all done up in ancient style, the lava blocks forming an entrance path, and then near the house a large platform, all around it, of round paving-stones of black lava. I never saw anything like that.

One other thing we saw, to note, on our way home,—lava trees,—where lava had caught large trees,—surrounded them and cooled off in *their* shape,—quite remarkable, I fancy, even in volcanic regions!

Then we sped to our ship and sailed at 5 p. m. It is rolling a bit, but I think we are all weathering it, and we must soon be under the lea of Maui, and I think we shall be in Honolulu by 7 A. M. We have two weeks more, and a good many things we wish to do yet. . . .

We send a great deal of love to you and enjoy your letters greatly.

Your loving
FATHER.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, Ap. 28, 1914.

DEAR MORTIE,

I may go to sleep over this letter, since I have just had dinner, and am by myself, and haven't been in bed since one o'clock a. m. It is now 7:30 p. m. I will tell you about it, though I thought I should have no more special tales to tell you from here. . . .

Our friend Capt. Scherer . . . told me a few days ago that his troop would be ordered out for a night march on the night of the 27th,—the direction to be settled by orders at the hour of going. He asked if I wouldn't like to try it,—a ride of twenty miles, between one a. m. and ten or eleven. I agreed it would be fun and I would stand the consequences. So yesterday we all went out. . . . Just for a test, and to try my horse, Captain said we'd better have a little ride in the afternoon and we rode

four miles. Then we had a nice dinner, D. and M. were there,—and the Colonel of the post,—and as soon as they left we “turned in.” At one we were called, dressed and went to the stables where the men were saddling, packing, &c.,—for they were ordered to go full-armed. Before two we were winding up dark pathways toward the great Kaala Pass,—a hundred and more of us, in uniform all, brown shirts, slouch hats, riding breeches of khaki, &c., and all armed with sabres, rifles, &c., &c. We also had a small pack team. Two sergeants went ahead and one carried a lantern,—then came the Capt. and I,—and then, with a lantern here and there, the troop,—two by two. We rode in that way to the top, seeing nothing but a narrow road and the stars, though the country was all open on that side. Then we dismounted and led our horses down the pass in *single file*. It was narrow, rough, often very stony, sometimes muddy, . . . and how steep it was, and how very beautiful we only learned as we came back. It was all romantic,—the kind of thing you’d like, if you liked a horse. Then we reached a road where two or three of us could ride together and talk, and some went on, in a rapid walk, till we reached Waianæ (west coast) where there’s a sugar mill. We found a large field, (it was yet so dark that I thought it bare, but it was in brown grass) and the men ran out a long rope at either end and tethered their horses, unsaddled, pitched tents,—and there we were!

Captain and I sat on a broken box and saw the sun rise—very slowly,—in the foreground the horses and men, at the borders of the field a row of cocoanuts, of various heights,—a great feathered palm—the graceful algerobas at the side,—and through the trees we looked on the great mountains, jagged, irregular, deeply cut, curiously beautiful in a mossy effect on the brown lava-stone, which comes, much of it, from the abundant cactus. Then we wandered over to the little bay nearby, Pokoi, and saw the fishermen, Hawaiian and Japs, and

watched the sea brighten up as it caught the beautiful sunrise above the mountains. Then we descended to a simple breakfast.

I started back, with a trooper, at 7:30, and the troop came at 8. That gave me my own time and gait, and I trotted and walked, and dismounted at good points, and rested. It is a *great* pass, and the mountains rise all about you, often in sheer precipices. When I reached the top I dismounted and waited and we all rode down together, trotting part of the time, the Captain and I in the lead. And so to the stables, and a bath, and a fine luncheon, and a sight of the house they'd made very pretty for the tea,—and home. . . .

Your loving
FATHER.

As this wonderful spring in Hawaii drew to a close, Doctor Taylor wrote to Mr. Pratt of a promise to present the diplomas at the Vassar commencement April 29, '14.

Engagements increase as our time for sailing is drawing near. We have had a very happy time and should linger on, I think, if I hadn't half-promised to go to Commencement. I begin to think I made a mistake in this,—that it will mean more farewells—and a hard day or two. But—! My chief and *only* regret at my action really grows out of what I have put on you and other tried friends.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

May 23, '14.

As to my membership in the Board, I *am* a member, *by election*, not *ex-officio*, but I sent a formal resignation to — long ago. . . . I will jog his memory. It has seemed to me wise to sever all connection with the College. I think I will not risk a feeling on my successor's part that I am in the way. . . . I think I would better play the part of a mere guest,—and I shall like it. I will

tell them my position is not due to lack of *interest*. But no one must think now that my hand is on the helm in *any* degree.

Before Doctor Taylor returned to the east, he was honored in the west by the presentation of the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of California.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

CLOQUET, MINN.,
May 23, '14.

We had a good quiet uneventful journey here, after a Yosemite trip and the Mariposa trees, and Commencement at the University of California. Did anyone tell you they gave me another honorary degree? It was a fine day and interesting to me to see how Wheeler did it. The great open theatre was fine . . . and the luncheon under the trees very interesting.

The words which President Benjamin Ide Wheeler used of Doctor Taylor when he conferred the degree are notable:

"Contulit ad quaestionum difficilium solutionem in arte docendi fidem profundam, animum bonum, mentem fortem robustamque."

The *alumnæ* record of the forty-ninth commencement at Vassar states that the reunion classes "all sent back an unusually large proportion of their numbers to greet the new era and to say farewell to Dr. Taylor at his last official appearance." Certainly the *alumnæ* procession that marched about the campus Monday afternoon to the strains of band music, bespoke their hearty greeting of their Ex-President as class after class was reviewed by him from the steps of Josselyn Hall and in turn sang him greeting. In his speech at the commencement din-

ner, Doctor Taylor "explained that his resignation from the Board of Trustees, which followed his resignation from the presidency, was dictated by no desire to lose touch with the place and the body of people he loved best of any in the world, but by a strong sense that his successor must be left entirely free to shape an independent policy and to make his own connections with college problems."¹ Then he paid rich tribute to the work of the *alumnæ*, their sanity and their devotion.

The speaker who followed, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, gave fitting expression to the thought of every one when, after describing the inspiration which he had received from a few great teachers, he declared that Vassar College had been peculiarly fortunate in having so great a leader and one who had infused his noble ideals into the whole life of the college.

The Taylors were now looking forward to sailing for Italy on August thirteenth and their trunks indeed had already started for Rome when the terrible news of the Great War broke upon a peaceful world. How this cataclysm affected Doctor Taylor's plans is briefly told in letters.

To Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson.

UNIVERSITY CLUB,
FIFTH AVENUE AND 54TH STREET.

DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,

I determined that even if Italy kept out of war it would be too uncomfortable to be there. Who knows what may come, financial, from epidemics, famine, riot,—besides the horrors of this most inexcusable of wars? Its horrors surpass any possible words of ours.

What next for us? Of course it's a woful (or *woeful*,

¹ Vass. Misc. 1913-14, p. 650.

as you choose!) disappointment, but we shall adjust ourselves to the facts. Now, I think, we may go to the Adirondacks for a few weeks, and then settle down in New York, or near by, till say January first. We have no wish to spend a winter up north,—but Florida and California are open,—and Honolulu!

To Miss H. Velma Turner.

MARLBORO',
Aug. 16, '14.

DEAR MISS TURNER,

It is very good of you to write me a word of praise about that little book of mine.¹ I thought I owed it to the college to write it,—and expect no returns beyond the satisfaction of that conviction and the pleasure of some of you who read it. I doubt if that will be a very large number, even of the Alumnæ, but it seems a pity for them not to know their beginnings!

Yes, our well-made plans are scattered and destroyed. We were to have sailed last Thursday! We have had no time yet to adjust ourselves, but I think we shall take refuge in the Adirondacks for a few weeks, and then possibly settle in or near New York, till we can go abroad. I must be where I can do some systematic reading and study.

Our keen disappointment is nothing in the light of the incredible horror in Europe, but it shows how world-wide is the influence of the event, reaching to seemingly most distant and most unimportant concerns. . . .

Sincerely yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

To Doctor Elizabeth B. Thelberg.

Aug. 13, 1914.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—and I might add FRIEND!

My wife has just sent me your letter of the 7th, with your characteristically generous offer of your house to

¹ Before Vassar Opened.

us. It is certainly a very attractive suggestion,—but one I cannot take up definitely yet. You see we don't just know "Where we are at," and must hold a family council when M. gets back from an auto trip. We have been at my sister's at Marlboro for a fortnight and mean now to go to the Adirondacks for a time. I set that plan in motion just as soon as we discovered that there was no Europe for us. I think we may stay, if all goes well, till past the middle of September. But I shall keep your beautiful, bountiful plan in sight and see what we can do. I rather think a settlement in, or near New York till about New Years will be the outcome.

What an unspeakable horror this war is! What a slight veneer has been applied to brute man by science, experience, art, religion!

We were booked for today, and M. for Saturday last!

I was sorry not to see you when you came over; and what a wealth of experience you must have brought! I want to hear you talk about it. Really!! I am not one of the travelers who can't bear to hear others tell about their own experiences! . . .

I go back to Marlboro' Saturday. Nothing else seems sure! . . .

I am always

Faithfully yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Plans were soon readjusted and September was spent at the Adirondack League Club.

To his Sister, Doctor Mary Bissell.

LITTLE MOOSE LAKE,

Sept. 16, 1914.

We are just *living* happily,—reading, writing, walking in the woods, enjoying these rarely beautiful days since Saturday. There haven't been too many of them here this summer, they say,—a good deal of rain and many

threatening days. These now are ideal,—just as we could wish as we recall how we've felt as we've left here at just this time for twenty years or more! The sense of liberty is intensified as we know college is opening now without us,—and it hasn't done that for twenty-eight years!

To Miss E. H. Haight.

LITTLE MOOSE LAKE,

Sept. 18, 1914

You are probably thinking little of the book these "opening days," and I have been doing very little. The days are supremely beautiful and my wife and M. have lured me several times to whole days in the woods.—I must refer to one of them before I turn to "business."—

We went three miles away through the forest to a river and rowed down a couple of miles to a spot where the shallows, rocks and stones, stop navigation. We thought we would work through the rocks to a nice spot on the bank for luncheon. Soon we were on a small rock. I took an oar to push, slipped, and fell into the river, but standing, when the slimy rocks did their part and I was sitting in the river, up to my shoulders, an oar drifting away, and my hat. I soon recovered these, but I was *wet*! About a half a mile away was a little club camp, in the woods, and we hurried to it, built a fire, and soon I might have been seen wrapped in blankets, seated in a rocker, in the open filled with warm sunshine, smoking a cigarette (I *never* do it!) . . . reading an ode of Horace from a precious copy you know (the other lovely volume is in my trunk in Rome, which I am ordering back!). What did I read (aloud to my family!)? *Aequam animam* &c., "*arduis*" &c.! And then the little ode to Pyrrha which tells how *his* wet clothes hung in the sacred fane an offering to the river-god! And mine were in the sunshine and the oven! And there we sat and lunched and rested. I never had a quieter time in the woods!

But business, business! Only, when I read an ode now and then I wish I *knew* Latin. I was thought a good scholar, O ye gods! But I must ask you about some construction—where the *sense* is manifest! But the volume is upstairs—and now *business!* . . .

Well, I *am* enjoying my sense of un-responsibility while college opens! But the Lord bless you all, as you begin your splendid work! May it be the best of all years for Vassar! . . .

That international complication at Vassar (and other colleges) may have more effect than we have thought, so high is feeling running. But who can read the White Books, and note the assumptions, too, underneath all the German talk of Pan Slavism, &c., and not know that German Militarism has planned all this—and forced it? It is unspeakably terrible! And very painful must it be for our fine Germans to see how the military ideals (which have touched them *all*) are corrupting all their moral ideals (witness Belgium) and destroying all notions of *human* brotherhood and the federation of the world.

Have you seen Prof. Usher's Pan-Germanism? It ought to be read—for *one* side.

We shall be here till October first, we think. My remembrances to—so many!

Sincerely yours,
J. M. TAYLOR.

November found Doctor Taylor in New York where he wrote:

Nov. 20, 1914.

I am doing nothing these days in my studies. Letters are many,—and the Academy,—the Immortals,—occupy mornings (two) and one afternoon. But life, though so strenuous (!), is interesting. However, it hurries me a bit! I laugh when I think how *really* busy I once was! . . .

It was from New York that Doctor Taylor wrote his good wishes to his recently appointed successor, Henry Noble MacCracken.

December 24, 1914.

DEAR DR. MACCRACKEN,

I was *very* sorry to miss your call, and I did not get "home" till after the hour you suggested on your card.

You will be sure that I am intensely interested in your going to Vassar and in your fullest success. If I ever seem to have withdrawn wholly from the blessed scenes of my long service, I should like to have you know that my action has been deliberate, in thought of my successor and the interests of Vassar. Nothing is likely, at my time of life, to drive from my heart the paramount interest for its well-being, but I have withdrawn from the board and from every local attachment as deliberately as I laid down my presidency. I want you to know that, if ever you hear intimations that I have cast off my old love!

For the rest, my abundant wish and prayer is for your fullest success through a long administration. There is no more blessed service offered a man than that you are taking up,—and few more arduous. But a young man has no fear of the arduous, and should not have. I congratulate you on your youth and your splendid opportunity. May you have as hearty a support as I have had and as loyal a friendship as that which has sustained me with students, alumnæ, faculty and trustees! And *I* was some months short of thirty eight when I began, and entered on a work much broken and distracted by unhappy schism. You, happily, will find a united and well-founded college. And it will be against my very freely imparted advice if you ever have thrown at you the statement that "Dr. Taylor did so and so"!

May your work be blessed, may your household be as happily situated as was ours, and may you have years—

many of them—of greater fulness even than has been our portion!

It is not an anticlimax to add our wish for you and yours for a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

Very cordially yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

A month later Doctor Taylor sent another greeting to President MacCracken on his entering into office.

DAYTONA, FLORIDA,
Jan. 30, 1915.

MY DEAR DR. MACCRACKEN,

I have thought of you fifty times today and as many times have determined to send you a word of greeting and good cheer. Now the day is over, the mail is about to leave, and my first real opportunity is here.

It is not that I have any particular word to say: I only want you to know I am thinking of you,—as you have met the alumnæ today, as you will go into the office Monday morning,—and from the bottom of my heart am sending you my "God bless you!"

One year ago this morning I left Vassar, and one year tomorrow, Sunday, ceased to be president. I am sure I was right; I have never doubted it one moment. But I have been anxious as the college has gone on so long without a head. Now I am glad it has one, and I am wishing with all my heart that your paths may be pleasantness and peace. Power to your arm, Patience to your spirit, Courage to your heart! Time will do the rest for you. It is no easy task you have, but it has the promise of a great reward, far greater than most such positions really yield to men. May you reap all that it can possibly give you!

We unite in greetings and good wishes to your wife. May the home also be blessed in what I pray may be many years of happy service! Do not feel called upon

to answer this: you are, I know, very busy. It is just a word of cheer to you.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The last part of the winter was spent in Florida and again the letters tell the story of happy days outdoors with golden leisure, old books, old friends.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

DAYTONA, FLORIDA,
Feb. 5, 1915.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have in mind to send you a book I have just finished, by Prof. Bacon of Yale. You may not care for it, but I think the chapter on Eliot's "new religion," entitled "Nineteenth Century" &c. will interest you anyway. Bacon accepts a quite extreme view of the age of the documents, but it will interest you to see how with even the little he has left of contemporary documents he constructs a picture of Jesus sufficient to sustain the Faith. Personally I, no scholar, but a reader of these things for many years, incline to believe these critics too cocksure of themselves in their criticism of documents so old. They can tell *too surely* how one verse is contemporary and the next a century later, &c., &c. But it is something to have the *essentials* left to us! The book has very much of interest for us. I deserve no thanks for sending it, and it lays no obligation on you to read it,—for I buy and scatter now, as I go along. I have no place for books,—but I must have them for a while!

I have enjoyed some reading in our between three and four weeks here,—this book I send, Ross's book on Immigration, which I am nearly through and find very instructive and suggestive,—Kinglake's old, old book, Eothen, which I have read over for eastern travel in the forties, two or three things on the war (I've written some, too!), pamphlets, reports, &c.,—and, just to give me

pleasure while waiting for breakfast, the second book of the *Æneid*. It has been a delight, and the fall of Troy is almost as real as the sack of Louvain. And I am reading Julius Cæsar again (the play) with joy and fresh appreciation. But my chief time has gone into writing. My work of the past few months has been boiled down and worked into shape, not final, but material for an address or essay (which may never see light). It has been good to do it and I feel on much sounder ground than heretofore, regarding the making of our Constitution. The fathers knew something. Most fathers do!—though it sometimes takes their children a century to discover it!

I have made a rough sketch for a speech at our Fiftieth, on the contributions of Vassar to Educational theory, or something of that sort. And I have sketched quite fully a chapter for a little volume "To Japan," which chapter I am asked to write and may never send!

This is a good deal about *me*, but I want you to know what I'm at. I insisted on a month here so that I could get something done.

Of course we have walked and driven and loafed, and enjoyed ourselves every day. One all-day excursion we made on a boat up one of the little tributaries of the Halifax. Daytona is a *long* city on the river, one fine street, shores and an esplanade, along the water, and two more fine avenues parallel, and streets running across these to the river, abounding in trees, with hanging moss;—the avenue we are on is one of the loveliest I ever saw. Bridges cross the river, near a mile, and half a mile further is the wonderful beach of twenty five miles, a great drive or walk. Of course we often walk over and along the sea. We have been happily well. . . .

We plan to take a motor boat that runs once a week to Palm Beach,—putting up nights at hotels. It is a three days trip down this shallow river and we think it will be "fun." We must *see* Palm Beach, since we are here,

and Miami. . . . A few days will do. . . . Then we hope to work up, via the river from Sanford, to Mandarin and visit our relatives for a time. . . .

Are you well and content and *fairly* free in mind? I hope so. You should be, now. May the lovely valley and the perfect house bring peace to your soul, and the roses give you their bloom! Our love to you and your dear wife,—always.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

The following letter was written from Mandarin, where many years before Mrs. Taylor's father and an interesting circle of friends, among them Harriet Beecher Stowe, had made their winter homes. The cottage stands on the banks of the St. John's River, the orange groves behind it, the great live oaks around it, and from the porch, fragrant with climbing roses and jasmine, one looks down across the garden to the blue river, to the cypress trees standing with their grotesque roots in the water, to the cattle wading along the shore, the occasional boat, the flying cranes and ducks. In this country of live oaks, trailing moss, and orange groves, Doctor Taylor enjoyed the leisure of the spring.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

HUNTINGTON COTTAGE,

MANDARIN, FLA.,

March 4, 1915.

. . . It is charming here,—a beautiful little spot on the river bank, and the nicest people. . . . The voyage down was great fun,—Palm Beach is *beautiful* and most enjoyable,—and though the vanities are there so is much else, beside the great ocean—to *see* and to *bathe* in! It is really a charming spot. And Miami, if one is down by the great bay, is *very fine*. It was really *warm* there,—and it was a constant reminder of Honolulu with its

fruits, vines, shrubs, and flowering trees. Both of these places are well worth visiting. At St. Augustine, as we came north, we had a nice visit and drive with Mrs. Kendrick. We were there two days only,—our oldest, and here and there quaintest city, interesting, but to me not as attractive *for a stay* as the other places we have visited. At all the others the ocean counts for so much more. . . .

Doctor Taylor had accepted invitations to make two speeches in May, one at Williams College, for the presentation of a portrait of Mr. Frederick F. Thompson, a generous benefactor of both Williams and Vassar, the other at Vassar on the dedication of Taylor Hall.

The following references are to these speeches.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

MANDARIN, FLA.,

March 27.

You would have enjoyed such a day as this now ending,—not a usual one even here,—reading a while, writing an hour or two on my Williamstown speech, then a walk with my wife of two and a half miles to a lovely spot on the river, among great trees, where the others joined us (in a wagon) for a picnic,—another trip to a beautiful point beyond,—a longer walk home alone,—time to . . . read the papers, and then supper under the trees, next door, wonderful great oaks with hanging moss, with four great bonfires and a splendid moon,—a really remarkable sight,—weird and beautiful.

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

MANDARIN, FLA.,

March 3, '15.

My interest in all you say and send me of the Art building is supreme. . . . And now I hear from the Founder's Day Committee, telling their plans, and asking

me to give a brief, historical account of the Art Department and especially of Prof. Van Ingen. Of course I cannot say nay to such a gracious request, but I would like to say, *instead*, what Art means to a College Course, and what the Pratts have done for Vassar, and how they are the *modestest-est-est* (aroma of Italian Vintage!) givers that ever gave themselves in their gifts. But I suppose I must do as I am told and I have said I would try to meet their wishes if they would tell me how long they were! So to speak!

To his Sister, Doctor Mary T. Bissell.

MANDARIN, FLA.

We have had a *very* nice time here. It has been a charming home for us,—good company, good cheer, good food,—a quiet place with a few very nice people. We came for a fortnight and have remained six weeks! Our daily orange “debauch,”—about eleven A. M.,—under the trees, has kept up till now, and I have never felt the slightest ill-consequence of indulgence—from three to six at a time.

My addresses and sermons have given me more than a little to do, and I have read a good deal,—and walked quite a little every day, and these latter days have added a swim in Mr. Crane’s charming pool—which you may recall, with its fine setting.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

NEW YORK,

April 26, 1915.

Your letter came to me at Old Point. We were there two days, and were persuaded to make our necessary trip to Washington at once and return for their anniversary at Hampton, Thursday and Friday. We had a fine time and came north Saturday with the special train which always carries an unusual party. We got here Saturday night. . . .

I have plenty to do for the present, my Williams and

Vassar speeches to finish,—then my baccalaureate, Mohonk Conference,—and a ΦBK address for Kenyon, in June. And I was not to talk any more! They die hard!

For those of us who were at Vassar May 7, 1915, the day will always have doubly poignant memories. The ceremonies of the dedication of Taylor Hall began outside the building where a platform had been erected on the east, and against the golden granite of the Gothic hall, in mid-afternoon sunshine, architect, President and donor did honor to Doctor Taylor.

The presentation of the keys and the speeches by President MacCracken and Mr. Charles M. Pratt were followed by Doctor Taylor's address on the place of art in a liberal education and at Vassar itself. In closing he told with deep feeling how one of his greatest dreams was that day more than realized in the beautiful Gothic hall into every part of which had gone the thought, taste and "the rare concentrated interest of the most modest of givers" and how profoundly he appreciated the honor done him and his.

A reception in the art gallery concluded the dedicatory exercises. In that beautiful hall of browns and golds, where high beams support lofty ceiling, old pictures hang against silk tapestry, and long seats invite to quiet enjoyment of beauty, there we first heard the appalling news that the *Lusitania* had been sunk without warning by a German submarine.

Various letters of this time reflect Doctor Taylor's opinions on this most vital subject of the war. April 3, '15: "How terrible the *savagery* of the German submarines! Dernburg is smooth, jesuitical, here for a purpose, but he shows the barbarism to which the blind hate



Copyright E. L. Wolsen.

Taylor Hall.

of England has driven the German leaders." Again, July 7, '15, he wrote: "Ah! how sound of you to go back to the Greeks! Sanity! Sanity! The world has never been so mad, politically, socially, economically. I am thinking if I can get a little time, of reading over the break-up of the Roman Empire, and the conditions of civilization in Gaul, *after the incursions*,—just to see how it parallels the Hunnish invasions of today." Aug. 27, '15: "Poor English people, just now! All-absorbed in the awful war,—grim as of old,—and as of old not ready for the fray! Heaven help them through! And us, too! What we are coming to only Heaven knows. Our need of 'preparedness' threatens to make us a military people, and there is no room for lovers of peace just now. But it *does* look, alas! as if we must get ready. What an *awfully* changed world since I formed my plans for a few years of peace!"

To Mrs. James B. Mennell, (*Elisabeth Allen, Vassar, '04*).

Aug. 6, '15.

I can't tell you how often we think of you in these dreadful times, and have, since your escape from Germany, about which we were long anxious. Now, worse than ever are our anxieties for your cause—and ours, as Warsaw falls. When will the turn come—as it must come? . . . We keep thinking of you and praying for the war to end (in the right way, of course). When shall we ever cross in peace again?

To Mrs. James B. Mennell.

Sunday evening,

May 14, 1916.

Our sympathy goes out to you in these dark days of constant suspense in which you must all be living. We often think of you. Be sure that though our country

is coming to be judged rather bitterly, I fear, by both sides to the war, there can be no question as to the real direction of its sympathies. Our people are overwhelmingly for the Allies, and the feeling for England seems stronger to me than I remember to have noted before. It is a hard road that a neutral must tread whose sympathies are so pronounced but whose responsibilities are so intricate and so definite. We certainly pray for the ending of the war, but as certainly we pray that it may end for *our* side—which is *yours*. Meanwhile we wait, glad when we can note a British victory by land or sea, and sorry whenever misfortune follows the “Union Jack.”

To Mr. Edmund Gosse.

THE RIDGEWOOD,
DAYTONA, FLORIDA,

MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

Jan. 17, 1915.

I should be able, had you your deserts, to say “my dear Sir Edmund”! I like that! Not having heard of it, and knowing you have retired from the Lords, I am ignorant of your proper title,—but I am always assuring friends that “Mister” is good enough for *me*! With Gosse after it, it means more to me than you perhaps imagine. It brings back happy hours in Florence and Prato, and the delightful hospitality of your home, Mrs. Gosse, and your daughter, and delightful hours—overstayed always by the conscienceless and beguiled Taylors.

I am fulfilling an old and neglected impulse in writing you. I meant to do it, and to tell you of our sympathy, when the terrible war came out of an almost cloudless sky. We had hoped to call on you,—were booked to sail August 13th,—on our way to Italy where we were to establish ourselves (in Rome) for two years or so. You know I resigned on the first of February 1914,—and we went at once to California and then to Honolulu,—my baby boy, Richard, being at an army post in the latter place. He *would be* a soldier, though I held him back

till he had tried one year in college. He is a second Lieutenant, married and with a baby! It is a small thing, in the terror of what has come, to refer to one's personal disappointment, but it has been very keen, for all my plans of study, reading, writing,—gathered about Italy. Now I am waiting,—studying in other lines, enjoying New York till a few days since, when my wife and daughter and I came to this sunny land of flowers to escape the rigors of our northern winter.

There has been no doubt here as to the *right* in the war. With remarkable unanimity our people have seen through Germany's self-deception and the hypocrisies of the war-party. Here and there I know a professor whose sympathy with Germany has led him to blindness to all but German claims, but in the Century Club, where I have been much for three months, the sentiment is all but unanimous against the German purpose and in condemnation of Teutonic methods of carrying on war. I have not seen our public sentiment so strongly united since the Spanish war.

Oh! but how terrible it all is,—even so far away! And to you whose friends are at the front,—already gone beyond war's terrors, perhaps,—it must be—well, I can recall our own civil war, but I was a young boy. I want you to know our hearts are with you and we long for your complete success.

My wife and daughter join me in greetings to Mrs. and Miss Gosse as well as yourself. May all blessings abide upon you, and may life give you your heart's desire!

Faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

From Mr. Edmund Gosse.

17 HANOVER TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK, N. W.,

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

March 20, 1915.

We were very much delighted to get your kind and loyal letter. You do not know how much, in this

grave and tremendous crisis, we value the sympathy of American friends. We hear so much in the newspapers of American "hostility" to us, that we get discouraged, and come to believe that our oldest and nearest kinsmen fail to understand us. But beautiful letters like yours delightfully assure us that we still may count on hearts beyond the Atlantic.

We often talk of those old times in Florence, in a Golden Age that seems quite fabulous now. Shall we ever meet in Italy again, I wonder, and what sort of a desolated Europe will be left when all is over? Our son got a commission in the Army as soon as the war broke out. His mother and I have schooled ourselves to bear with fortitude whatever God has in store for us. The united energy of this nation is magnificent, and there are no political and social dissensions. It is wonderful how everybody is holding together, and what cheerful sacrifices everybody is making for what the undivided country believes is our righteous cause. And there is happiness in that unity.

Thank you once more for your letter, which we appreciated deeply, and do write to me soon again. We unite in kindest messages to you all, and I am very faithfully yours always,

EDMUND GOSSE.

In a letter to the Editor of "The New York Times" (reprinted in "Sixty American Opinions on the War") Jan. 23, '15, Doctor Taylor denounced Herman Ridder's appeal "to our fellow-citizens of German descent to combine for the furtherance of German ideals of power and 'culture' among Americans" as "pure alienism." In "The Evening Post," Oct. 30, '15, in a letter on "The German Mind and the Armenian Atrocities," signed "Humanity," he wrote: "It is one of the dreadful results of this 'reign of terror'—'frightfulness' do we call it?—that we

who have lived in Germany and loved her and her people are coming to know that for decades the savagery of Armenia and Belgium and the broken faith and disregard of international law and comity will be associated with the German Government." Again in the volume "America to Japan—A Symposium of Papers by Representative Citizens of the United States on the Relations between Japan and America and on the Common Interests of the Two Countries," he had a short essay on "Public Opinion" in which he urged the Japanese not to consider that the sensational journalism of certain sectional or unbalanced papers represented the true sentiment of the American democracy towards the Japanese people, and made a timely appeal for the preservation of the international friendship between the two nations.

Doctor Taylor with many other American educators received a copy of the famous letter sent out Aug. 31, 1914, by the Deutscher Akademischer Bund to the Universities of America, signed by Rudolf Eucken and Ernst Haeckel, and in reply he sent to the Executive Secretary of the League the following letter.

Mr. O. J. Merkel, Ex. Sec.

Jan. 26, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

I had determined not to reply to the circular letter of Drs. Eucken and Haeckel, but a re-perusal of your own letter of Dec. 26 leads me to say briefly:

1st, that I am not of those who lack "goodwill" "toward the Germans." I have lived in Germany and have preserved a deep affection for its people,—though not for its war party,—notwithstanding the fact that since 1871-2, when I resided in Berlin and Munich, I have sadly seen

the growth of a touch of assumption and arrogance that naturally grew up after the Franco-Prussian War.

2d, The circular letter of the two professors pains me, on re-reading, as it did on its first appearance. Where is the academic spirit, the fairness and breadth and calm of speech one expects from the cultured teacher? Where a scientific examination of facts? Where a familiarity with the documents already published at the date of their letter?

I enter on no discussion of the causes of the war, though in the light of a careful study of the documents, including Germany's statement which so unhappily omits the vital communications with Austria and Russia and substitutes dogmatic, official statements instead, I cannot agree with these eminent professors. But when urging England's sins against "culture" what will they now say of the alliance with Turkey and deliberate efforts to rouse a "holy war" against the Christians?

3d, In referring to "Japanese robbery an act of war," have they sufficiently remembered the unexcusable robbery of that great province of China by Germany under a flimsy assertion of injury? Have "the precious interests of Western culture" been sacrificed by the Japanese to the extent that they had been annihilated in Belgium?

4th, In the interests of science, history, and common humanity and morality, I protest against the assumption that German invasion of that neutral land was justified by anything Germany knew or Belgium had done. The mode of her conquest of that unhappy land even if the proclamations of some of her own generals are alone considered, have led many to ask if Germany's Kultur can include policies inhumane, barbaric, and utterly regardless of individual rights and sufferings. Nothing in modern times, among civilized peoples, approaches the tragedy of this policy of inspiring fear and creating despair among those who have dared to maintain their national rights. That such men as Professors Eucken and Haeckel can defend this conduct fills us with sur-

prise and indignation. The whole world outside of Germany is mourning for Belgium and the American Universities will furnish few sympathizers with those who condoned the crime of her destruction. I write for myself alone as one of those addressed. I pass over other matters of dissent from the letter you sent. I am filled with regret that written in such a spirit it is subscribed by such honored names.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR,
President Emeritus Vassar College.

One can not but wish Doctor Taylor might have been able longer to use his clear vision and able pen for the cause of the Allies.

May and June of this year, 1915, found Doctor Taylor in educational work, preaching the baccalaureate sermon at Columbia University, giving a Phi Beta Kappa address at Denison and delivering the commencement address at Kenyon College. Summer was spent in the woods and at Doctor Thelberg's cottage in Maine and in the fall he returned to Vassar for the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the college, Oct. 10-13. It is doubtful whether Doctor Taylor ever realized more fully what he meant to Vassar College than during those four days when, as President Emeritus, he was the most honored of distinguished guests. The welcome home given him the first evening when the alumnæ in their rally marched with bright Japanese lanterns to the steps of Josselyn Hall to serenade once more their President, was overwhelming. In responding to their greetings, Doctor Taylor dwelt upon what it meant to him to come back to the place where he had done his life-work, where his children had grown up, where his strongest ties were. Then

CHAPTER XI

The Last Vacation and the Last Return 1915-1916

"Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes!
Live now or never!'

He said, 'What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever!'"

Browning, "The Grammarian's Funeral."

AFTER the Fiftieth Anniversary of Vassar was over, Italy still being impossible, Doctor and Mrs. Taylor with their daughter again set their faces westward and after visiting their oldest son at Cœur d'Alene and the San Francisco Exposition, they sailed for Honolulu. The first letter on the Exposition is particularly interesting in view of Doctor Taylor's lifelong interest in art and his delight in the old masters, since it reveals a surprising toleration and fair judgment of the moderns, so repellent to many whose taste has been set by the touchstone of the classical schools.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

SAN FRANCISCO,
Dec. 4, 1915.

DEAR MORTIE,

The people are at the Exposition, but I am waiting to join them till night, and it is now only noon. There is to be a great blowout,—guns, fireworks, speeches,—all you can imagine, today and tonight. I think I would avoid it all were it not for them, for it will be a dreadful

crowd at the last. It is to end up with a bang at midnight, but they say they will come back about 10 or 10:30 (?). . . .

M. and I have been here near a fortnight and the ground is familiar—if not more! It isn't a *great* show: how could it be with the war on? Great Britain, France, Germany, practically Italy, out, officially, which means that instead of an intelligent display of resources, products, methods, &c., you have display of goods by firms—for sale. But Australia has done finely, though its appropriation was cut in half by the war, and shows the splendid chances, resources, products, achievements of that great Commonwealth. Canada also has made a *fine* exhibit, Argentine has many excellent displays, and some of our own states, notably California. New York (except for the independent city exhibit) is slim enough, but has a great, over-ornamented, extravagant expensive building, with a good restaurant! . . .

The *general aspect* of the Exposition is fine, attractive and beautiful. The setting of the fine arts building is especially so. When the lights are on at night and the vari-colored flash-lights are played over the scene, and fire-works of unusual beauty are exploding, the place is really very interesting.

Your mother, who to our joy came to us Wednesday evening, and M. will give you their general impressions. I will say a few things about art, as I see it here, and your friends whom I have looked up. You'd think from much you read that it is a *great* exhibition. It isn't, I think, though having so much that is excellent. E. g. such an exhibition should have shown American Art in its progressive periods,—arranged historically,—as was so splendidly done at Paris for France, in 1900. But the effort, though made, is badly and confusedly and very incompletely worked out. I doubt if anyone would recognize an effort, even, unless he were looking for it, as I was. They have done much in grouping artists, a whole room e.g. to Chase,—to Sargent (small), to Mel-

chers, to Childe Hassam,—&c. but the *omissions* are quite remarkable, too, and one asks on what basis the juries were formed and acted. Certainly the new painters and the futurists, and the cubists, have had full recognition. A great room is given to the Italian fakirs (I must cut you out some titles from my catalogue),—a disgrace really to an art committee, misleading the unwary and unaccustomed public. You should have heard one lecturer explain to an audience of credulous women the merits of a Hungarian futurist portrait, cut off at angles (i.e., the head) (Reminded me, at magnificent distances of the way they cut off the Naples Psyche,—the beauty!) . . .

I have been watching the merits of the new technique of painting in comparison with the old, and more and more, while I recognize a *Master* in *any* method, I am persuaded that the joy of art is enhanced by *finish*,—enough at least to allow you to *see* a picture within reasonable range. I have seen no modern man, whatever his skill with the trowel, produce a more brilliant, sparkling, deep effect than Homer Martin has in an amazingly beautiful painting of Saranac,—and you can see it nearby—without crossing the room. The “Grand Prize” is awarded to Frieseke,—for a picture called “Summer,”—a nude woman reclining in an orchard, corals and rings on neck and fingers, a clothed sitting woman near her holding a parasol, the leaves or fruit (I really don’t know which, and it may not be an orchard; perhaps it’s a crazy quilt!) reflecting on her in the sunshine. She has an unattractive greenish *unhealthy* flesh-tint, pale,—no life or ruddiness or living color. She needs distance, as such a nude should,—unlike the cubist nude, dynamism of, Form: Color, Italian, who would not excite remark in a pure monk.

I hunted up four *fine* Dougherty marines,—Lawson’s three (one a gold medal), excellent, May Preston’s bright sketches, James P.’s etchings (Paris) (only four, missed some two sold!),—Henri’s strong work, six at

least (his old men and women and his dark figures are much more interesting to me than his bold naked "Odalisque" . . . against a blue background), Rudie Dirks (four in one room, of which I think the "old Dutchman" got a medal, best of all of them, to me, all—and another I found yesterday, more markedly,—suffering from the modern mode so that I found it difficult to really see what the last, especially, was all about—though a pleasing assemblage of color), Glackens "Chez Mouquin" a rather more finished Mouquin than I know but of course interesting to us, then his whole family circle (is there a second sister to his wife,—and a young boy?), a large strongly painted piece,—then a Nude with an apple (so homely a picture in form and color-tone as to make you wonder why he didn't dress her). Chase has a number of fine portraits and other scenes (only two of fish!), Cecilia Beaux several fine portraits, Sargent a splendid John Hay,—also Henry James,—and a dozen general pictures. But enough: you don't want a catalogue. . . .

Sunday a. m.

. . . We were there till 10:30,—the bang was at 12. We were through the *crowds* of the Joy-Zone in a motor-train by night, for your mother's sake, hunted the whole Fair for a morsel of supper, dragged persistent Aunt S. through masses, thousands and thousands of people, saw the fine fireworks,—and when we got back here and it was *all over*, I was profoundly grateful. . . .

Your loving
FATHER.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt.

CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA,

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Dec. 11, 1915, 8 p. m.

For a long time I have meant to write you but since we reached San Francisco our time has been quite full. We were with Hunt in Cœur D'Alene for a week,—a beautiful situation,—a busy man with his responsibili-

ties, building a large mill and organizing his forces to operate it . . .

It certainly was not a great exposition, though in its buildings and setting and planting it was most attractive day and night, and we saw it thoroughly both night and day.

We came away, gladly, Tuesday night and were here Wednesday night. I am sure you know this place and its great charm. The court of this house reminds us of our Palermo hotel, and we love the views of the sea, and Point Loma, and the great distant mountains of Mexico.

We have had a good part of one day at the little San Diego Exposition. How exquisite the planting and how wonderful the resources of Southern California! And away out here, near the Mexican border, I saw and heard this afternoon, Forbes Robertson in Hamlet! I had never had the chance and could not forego it, and great is my reward! Meanwhile my wife and M. did a little Christmas shopping,—for we shall be far away at Christmas and what we do must be done at once.

We sail from San Pedro (Los Angeles) on Friday, 17th. We had expected to take the ship at San Francisco, but the saving of a day of coasting appealed to us and the need of spending a week or more somewhere, waiting, combined to lead us into this rather extravagant trip.

We leave here early Monday for Redlands, to spend two days with the Smileys before we sail. . . .

Our love to you, with best wishes for a Merry Christmas, and a very Happy New Year, free from anxiety and special pressure!

Faithfully Yours,
JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Christmas at an army post, twenty miles from Honolulu (with Lieutenant Richard Taylor and family) is described in the next letter.

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To his Sister, Doctor Mary T. Bissell.

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HONOLULU,
Dec. 25, 1915.

DEAR M.,

It is getting late to wish you a Merry Christmas,—2:30 p. m.—and late evening now with you. Yet we *have* wished it, and our Christmas has been the jollier for your cards and rhymes and presents. The children met us at our steamer Thursday a. m. (23d), and brought us out here at once. We had determined not to come, but to rest a day at a good hotel, then to have this festive day here, but they had planned it so and were so determined that it wouldn't "be Christmas at all" unless we were here for the Eve and the tree-trimming, &c., that we came at once. We drove into the city yesterday to finish up our Christmas shopping and have luncheon (as in old time, a la Smith Bros.—"on the old man"), and drove back in a rain. It eventuated in a tremendous tropical downpour in the night and most of today, so far, with some thunder and lightning, uncommon here,—but we have been merry within though no bands have been playing and it has been "as quiet as the country." We had the tree trimmed and the greens up before we went to bed and the presents soon after breakfast. Of course "little Mary" was the center of attention, and she was very cunning and intelligent. She found her things and pulled them out from the tree and was absorbed in each in turn, till a nice doll came to her. It was fun to watch her: she couldn't be separated from the doll she hugged and dragged about, whatever else arrested her interest. But she was absorbed in everything and wild in her fun. . . .

You can easily picture the whole scene within,—but perhaps not so readily the little shack with outlook over plain and mountains, and military post, simple in construction as an Adirondack Camp, but *burlapped* within,—and comfortably furnished. My room is the servants'

room (unused by one as yet), rough boards and quite susceptible to such a storm as this.

We went to luncheon at the Company's Quarters,—with the Captain, first Lieut. wife and child,—2d Lieut. ditto. The hall was set for the company (150) but we officers ate and cleared out before the men came,—an *excellent* dinner, where we had to refrain from indulgence because we have our dinner tonight. We came back in a car—and it is too stormy to try out-of-doors. . . .

Our trip was as fair a one as one could ask, though the ship was light and rolled a great deal. . . . We were out five nights, four days, when we arrived at Hilo. We had a nice two or three hours there and then drove to the Volcano. It was very active and we could appreciate much better than before the descriptions of the lake of fire,—as we watched the fiery outbursts of lava and the breaking of the liquid waves of flame against the lava shore. It was an amazingly impressive sight. Then we dined up there and drove down some thirty five miles in alternate moonshine and shower and were at the ship soon after ten p. m. A quiet night, and at ten a. m. we were in Honolulu. . . .

More when I get settled and down to work. We hope for a really delightful winter. . . .

Much love,
Yours
JAMES.

Life in Honolulu is clearly sketched in several delightful and leisurely letters.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

1641 NUUANU AVE.,
HONOLULU,

Jan. 5, 1916.

Just as I was about to begin this letter,—and wondering where I *would* begin,—Matsumoto came to my study

door and remarked,—“Mrs. Taylor order meat for stew—curry—no come—late,” &c., &c. and suggested a few onions, too! I have just telephoned C. Q. Zee Hop and Co. and asked them to hurry it up. May and Co. (English firm) I find have sent the groceries. My wife is out with M. and D. and M. and cunning little Mary, and Matsumoto and his wife Shiyo (Shee-yo) are supposed to be on deck. Yet once I have been to the door (no one else went) and found an agent for pictures there! Short course, little time wasted! But so do the ends of the world meet here. A Chinaman brings the vegetables, a Hawaiian the ice, and within a short radius the peoples of the world are speaking in their own tongues (*not*, I fear, “the manifold works of God”).

All this means that we are on our third day of housekeeping. My wife wanted to take a house and we have found one of moderate rent, pretty well furnished, great piazzas (lanais), which are *the* essential thing, large and comfortable rooms, a look toward the great mountains, and a wind down from them which is said to make this a cool neighborhood. It is an experiment, but we hope less costly and more comfortable than a hotel. It is in itself a really delightful house.

I hope to get down to some work now: I am very impatient over the obstacles that have kept me so long from it, but one can't get out notes and write on important questions as one travels from hotel to hotel. If I were *original*, now, and found it worth while to write “out of my own head,” the case might be different. I surely have enough to do! I think by tomorrow I can begin. This morning it was too late—and beside I wanted to answer some of these neglected letters by today's steamer if I could. It is odd to depend thus on boats,—a transport and a Japanese boat today, an American yesterday, perhaps not another for several days to come. . . .

Your letters have been very interesting to us—and most welcome. Your gossip amuses me, the Kennedys,

soon again. We have a De Folco troupe here, really quite good,—though an orchestra of a dozen pieces looks odd enough to a New Yorker,—and a ballet of three couples, remarkably good! But they've had all sorts of troubles, legal attachments, &c., and at last people are trying to help them out. Two or three of them are excellent singers. I have seen Faust, with the family, and K. and M. have seen one or two others. The children have been with us, two Saturday nights, and beside have had two operas Sunday nights at Schofield. We went down, we three, one night, and found everything closed up,—a sudden seizure of costumes, box office funds, &c.! They've been gone an hour so I think they are holding forth tonight!

All is going smoothly with us, to date. We are renewing a few friendships, making a few new friends, entertaining little, so far, save the children who come in Saturday p. m. for twenty-four hours. The baby is a cunning little thing, quick as can be, intelligent, full of fun, and every week now develops some new trick of manner. She is making a few noises that sound like words, and I am sure she will talk soon. She delights in our great rooms and "careers" about them to her delight. She brings a good deal of variety to us. . . .

We were at a dinner party a week ago, and have a luncheon engagement tomorrow,—and today made calls, including a little "tea,"—and for variety I have addressed the college girls club, and am to speak at the church this week,—one of a series of talks,—on the Stoics. But we are generally quiet and are at home a great deal, including evenings. I have read a good deal, lives of Jefferson, Marshall, Hamilton, Jackson, Calhoun,—while I have been relieving my arm from the strain of writing, but my "rheumatism" is about gone and this morning I resumed my writing. I want to finish a first draft, *at least*, while I am here, and easily can if we keep well. K. and M. want us to go on to Japan but I am not much disposed to, especially in these

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war times. The sea doesn't seem a desirable place, especially when the ships aren't neutral.

For recreation we walk, take the street cars to the Country Club, where the view of mountains and sea is glorious (an easy half hour walk back), or go out to the beach and swim. K. and I took a good walk Saturday up Punchbowl, the extinct volcano just behind the town and on which we look out,—quite near,—from our side porch or windows. One sees the whole town, harbor, and the ocean and all the valleys on this side of the island,—a really striking view and very interesting. Sunday afternoons we generally have an hour or more of riding with D., in his little car and so see much of this end of our island. . . .

To Mr. Charles M. Pratt.

1641 NUUANU AVE.,
HONOLULU,
Feb. 12, 1916

MY DEAR FRIEND,

No mail will leave here till the 15th: that must be why I've written 12th when it is only the night of the 11th! But we are planning an outing tomorrow and Sunday, at D.'s suggestion, and I may not get the time for a letter to you which I wish to have go next Tuesday. Not that I have anything specific in mind! I only want you to *keep* knowing that our hearts are with you all the time. What was that old poem the *Brooklyn* School Board elided years ago from your curriculum,—“our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee”? That isn't exactly *it*,—but it was just as “*improper*” as that!! . . .

No, this *isn't* Venice, but it is a fine place for a little while,—and full of fine people. I wish you *could* come over, but I suppose rest and your own fig-tree (*we have* fig-trees,—but I haven't found figs *yet*) are more desirable than further journeying. If, however, you repent and come with the Hadleys be sure of a welcome to our seven foot four poster. We are quite excited about the Hadleys and are getting a fresh blue on all our Yale

colors. I said to a Yale man that I heard there was a possibility. "But he ~~is~~ coming" was the answer. There will be great doings. Yale will try hard to show Harvard what's what! And as a Yale D.D., I shall be on deck!

What a thing college is! I went down today to see a few friends off for Japan, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Clark (Christian Endeavor founder) and N. W. Harris, the banker (Chicago) and his son, a professor at Northwestern, himself of Yale. I met one of our girls, from North Dakota, whom I met *in* the sea a few days ago, and she told me another one, from Kansas City was on the ship en route to Japan,—so we looked her up, and had a little jubilation. . . . I think we have six of our girls in town at this minute.

We are enjoying our experiment, so far. Matsumoto is capable, and a month has shown us we can do it all without any extravagance,—and for far less than we could live at a *first* rate hotel. The children come in for Saturday nights and till Sunday about 5. The baby is as "cute" as can be, bright and quick and jolly, and enjoys everything and *misses nothing*.

We plan a trip tomorrow and Sunday,—luncheon at the north end of the island, to which my wife and I make a wonderful railway journey. Thence we go by auto twenty miles or more to a little hotel near the sea and in the mountains, by some wonderful scenery and some old Hawaiian houses—we are told. The family wants a change!

I am quite content with my routine, working mornings, then loafing, walking, occasionally swimming. We break our habits for an occasional luncheon or dinner,—and I have even made a speech or two.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

1641 NUUANU AVE.,
HONOLULU, Feb. 18, 1916.

This paper! They tell me they haven't any writing paper, just as I sit down to get off a letter to you by the

next ship,—the 23d! And this is my book, or essay, or what-not stuff. I could fold it like a nice lady-like sheet, but I am accustomed to this shape, *mornings*. It is night now, full moon, magnificent soft light over the mountains we see from our side porch and over our lawn, shimmering among our palms and mangoes and pomegranates. It all reminds me of your wish that our house were nearer, and these lovely porches,—but if you were nearer, here indeed, wouldn't that meet the wish as well? And we wish that, as we sit here about our great lamp—a shame when the moon is so magnificent! But it is after nine and one mustn't idle *all* the evening, even here,—especially if one wishes to get more letters!

Your letter of the 25th January, was most "welcome" (that is a phrase, or word, I always balk at, and yet assume to be good English!), and its delightful gossip cheered the family and we laugh yet over some of it. . . . But keep on giving us the fun! However your letter brought the sad side of the illnesses, of which we've thought with great sympathy, as well as the jolly side of your guests (like Mr. Taft, and his cruel unfeeling girl interviewers.) Would one believe it? What hard hearted things girls can be! . . .

How do I dare write another book? Perhaps I daren't. But I have over eighty of these pages written and am on my last "lap,"—enough for a small volume, 125 to 150 pp. I have been hindered and wrote nothing for near a fortnight because of an aching arm, rheumatic, I think. But I read hard,—biographies of statesmen, a few Hawaiian books, a novel, magazines and reviews galore. Now that I am writing mornings I am reading less,—but have been through most of Faust, in German of course. Singularly, I haven't got back to my Latin: perhaps an ode of Horace,—no more. But I shall: my ideals of reading for a retired man I have not even yet approached: I mean to enjoy *literature*, art, &c, as I know how to. Somehow, though, I have felt impelled to write, very unexpectedly,—and this winter

about all my reading has gone into it. But "there's a hull day yet that ain't bin teched."

We were all "off" last Sunday,—went Saturday to a little place on the coast, like one of our better old Adirondack inns. In the evening we were about the only white people at a crowded "Chinese School House," filled with Hawaiians,—and we heard singing and playing (N. B. for a *Hawaiian* audience!), then saw a tableau, or pageant, representing old royalty and the approach to it of various petitioners of differing ranks,—and the famous and questionable old Hawaiian dance. And we learned it was for the benefit of their Mormon settlement!

And such a tramp, wet and hard, up the valley,—Sacred Valley and falls,—with sheer walls stretching to heaven, up which climb all the way most wondrous ferns. I mustn't stop to tell you why "sacred," but they say the people are even yet superstitious about it and use certain old signs and offerings when they go up.

The children and their very cunning baby girl are to be with us a week now for the great carnival. The town is to be full of tourists: hundreds arrive in a few days. Military parade, Hawaiian scenes, balls, fireworks, Japanese lantern parades, &c., &c., &c.

People pass through,—Prof Jenks I met en route to Japan,—Prof Harris, of Northwestern, also. Plenty to see and do,—abundance of social life, lovely weather, a beautiful fairy isle,—and an environment as foreign—as the orient. Our love to you all.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. TAYLOR.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

HONOLULU,

March 20, 1916.

. . . I have written and written,—finished a draft of my "book,"—written thirty pages on the Campus,—your old suggestion,—why it is what it is,—a sketch of a history,—and an article apropos of General Chittenden's "Manifest Destiny" (January Atlantic), a contribution

to a monthly paper here, "the oldest newspaper west of the Rockies." It will appear in April. Of course you will have to read it. I have really kept *busy*, working a good part of every day. A few days ago I found in the Oahu College Library, Zimmern's Greek Commonwealth, a book I have wanted all winter and never went up *there* to look for it! I am engrossed in it. What fine scholarship, and how admirably handled! I have also begun Miss Ellery's Brissot and read a quarter of it. And Stevenson! I have renewed my youth with his Inland Voyage, and Travels with a Donkey. It was a great test of old views, as I read much of the former sitting up all night with a tooth-ache,—and it bore the test! And have I told you of my recent reading of Faust, and of Davidson's Philosophy of Faust? Have you seen the recent Atlantic article on "The Forsaken God"? Apt—true as much as it is, I sympathize with a reaction against Goethe,—and Faust does not find me in any aspect, as it "found" our fathers. I opine that the fine spun philosophic study of it in German classes is overdone, and that the time would be better spent on more objective literature where the temptation is less than here to interpret the universe *into it*. . . .

Several of the letters have referred to Doctor Taylor's work on the manuscript "The Fears of the Fathers," an expansion of the Phi Beta Kappa Oration delivered at Kenyon College the preceding June. This was finished finally in March and sent to his son, with a letter which outlines the plan and states the object of the book.

To Morgan P. Taylor.

1641 NUUANU AVE.,
HONOLULU,
March 24, 1916.

DEAR MORTIE,

This is a business letter, so you need not stop your work to read it: put it aside till lunch-time. It concerns

my manuscript. . . . It is on "The Fears of the Fathers: How far Justified,"—or "The Foresight of the Fathers,"—or "What the Fathers feared for the Republic." I rather like the last,—but the first expresses what I am after. (You know I used the outline as a Phi Beta Kappa address at Kenyon College and was urged to print it.) There is a good introduction on the Constitution, the men who made it, the praise of it till now and the recent criticism and muckraking. Then, referring only to the variety of minor fears that were current, I take up four principal and vital ones;—

- I, The fear for the States, and the correlative fear for the Union;
- II, The fear of usurpation of powers,—presidential, senate, house, judiciary;
- III, The fear of Militarism ("Preparedness");
- IV, The fear of the *people* themselves,—*democracy* itself.

You see these are all "live issues." States-rights and Centralization are under I,—the presidential ambition and second term under II,—III is a present issue,—and IV discusses representative as against direct democracy, with all the threat the latter holds for us today.

But my method is what I "bank" on. Others have discussed the issues today, but I know no book that has gone back and asked, *first, What were the fathers afraid* of when they put into the constitution the limitations they formulated? I have not only given the opinions of the "Convention" but also of the outside critics,—and of the State conventions, and then I have asked,—*"Were they right?"* and have shown how they were. . . .

It is most unfortunate that a piece of work as scholarly and interesting as this manuscript from Doctor Taylor's pen could not have been published before we entered the war. "The Fears of the Fathers" had a definite message,

and the value of its historical background remains unchanged. But in the light of the rapidly moving events of the Great War, his opinions like those of the rest of the world would necessarily have been so modified as to make him unwilling that the manuscript should be published in its present form.

To Miss E. H. Haight.

HONOLULU, Ap. 18, 1916.

. . . We've lived very steadily and dissipated very little. I kept up my work vigorously till April 1st. Since then I've been out more in the morning, and have been looking up some social and political problems here and making some notes. I've written a little, a review of *Wake Up, America*, a letter to the morning paper on a social issue,—one rather agrarian, I may say,—and I'm writing a review of *Japanese Expansion and American Problems*, by Prof. Abbott. And I preached Sunday! I think my article on "Manifest Destiny" will come out this week in *The Friend*. What I wrote on the *Vassar Campus* ('86-'14), at *your* suggestion they will take, probably two articles, in the *Quarterly*. . . .

Did I tell you I'd read *Brissot*,—a capital and scholarly bit of work,—and *Plutarch's Pericles*, and now *Thucydides* (what a book that 7th is, on the *Syracuse campaign*! Those awful quarries!), and *Japanese Problems*? And *Owen Wister's Pentecostal Calamity*, and *Wake Up, America*. But other things have come into life,—a great drive around the island, and excursion to the "coral gardens," where you look down into the sea, at corals and at the wonderful fish. And such a delightful family luncheon on the ocean shore!

Then we of course are semi-military and must go to the great review at Schofield, and have more or less of the social side of its life. And we also entertain! . . .

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

SAN FRANCISCO,
May 10, 1916.

9 p. m.

DEAR LON,

I meant to write you from Honolulu before I sailed—but I didn't. We left there May 3d and got in yesterday morning and are "resting up" before starting out again. . . . We've decided to go to Monterey, to the Del Monte, on Friday and stay till Wednesday, 17th. Then we'll go to Seattle for Sunday the 21st, and take time to look about Puget Sound a while, and then go to Hunt's—Cœur d'Alene, Idaho. I think we should get there about the 25th. After a week or ten days we will go on to New York, and see you en route for a few hours, if you are in C. We go via Ogden and Denver and Council Bluffs. Let us know, at Hunt's, if you mean to stay on in C. after June 1st.

We have had a most satisfactory and happy winter,—to the very end, and have seen so much of our children in our home that we have had a good "family time." Little Mary has been a joy. I had a "wireless" (odious word!) from Rhees,¹ telling me I was the choice of the Com. for alumni orator this year,—but it was too late, and I will not bind myself to go east till I wish to. . . . I have just telegraphed my refusal to make the final address at a school now closing-up, which has been one of our best friends, but I am not going to be bound this year for anything—till K. P.'s wedding day. We mean to be in New York about June 10th, "more or less"!

Faithfully yours,

JAMES.

It was in Seattle that Doctor Taylor became suddenly ill so that his trip eastward was delayed for several weeks. His mind kept turning toward Vassar, and two letters show how warmly he thought of alumnae and colleagues.

¹ Rush Rhees, President of the University of Rochester.

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To Mrs. Margaret Jackson Allen.

SPOKANE,

June 21, 1916.

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

If you only knew how your telegram for 1901 warmed my heart and has cheered me since it came! But you could not guess where it found me!

I had just had an operation in the hospital at Seattle, and had urged my doctor, who was going east, to take me to Spokane that we might be near my son. So we came on here, by ambulance, "shutter," car-window and sleeper, and reached here Sunday morning, June 4. Here your telegram was brought to me—and ever since I have meant to tell you how it cheered me. But I haven't taken up my pen much (I am still in the hospital, but have hope that I may go to the hotel tomorrow and soon be out of my good doctor's hands) and have indulged my lazy weakness.

It was so good of you to miss me! How I wish I could be there at some reunion of your class and tell you in person how your friendship has cheered me and your loyalty sustained me. I am glad to be missed! But no one is happier than I am in all that denotes progress and prosperity for Vassar! *She* is more than all of us.

Thanking you and sending my choicest greetings to you all,

I am faithfully yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

To Professor Emeritus Le Roy C. Cooley.

THE DAVENPORT, SPOKANE,

June 25, 1916.

DEAR DR. COOLEY,

A letter came to me the other day which told me you were not well and were in bed. At once I thought I would send you a word of fellowship and affection—but I didn't. I have been ill myself,—indeed since May 16,—an infec-

tion and blood-poisoning that led at last to an operation on June 1st, in Seattle,—and a hospital experience of three weeks, most of it here. I was released on the 22d, but am still waiting for the *doctor* to release me. Then we go to Hunt's at Cœur d'Alene, about thirty miles away, for a short visit before we start east. Of course we meant to have been there long ago. We are all well, and my strength is increasing every day.

I am thinking of you, my dear friend, and of the strong, admirable, highly useful life you have impressed on generations of youth. I am thinking, too, of the tower of strength you have been to the administrations in which you have shared, of your precious friendship and counsel, of your steady balance and wisdom. You have deserved the absolutely high regard you have had from all your colleagues. And I think, too, of your service as a citizen, and in the church,—and I “rise up” and “call you blessed.” On your sick bed—though I hope you have risen from it refreshed and strong again—you have a right to be cheered by the thought that our Heavenly Father has vouchsafed to you the great privilege of such a service and such honor from your fellows.

But my note is one of cheer and affection from a long-time friend and co-worker. God bless you, and cheer you and keep you!

My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cooley,—and to any of the children who are with you.

Affectionately yours,

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Doctor Taylor was in New York by July and full of his usual interests, attending Gilbert Murray's lectures at Columbia University, finding a renewed pleasure in his association of many years with the Century and University Clubs and happily visiting again with old friends in and about New York.

A quiet week was spent in the home of Mr. Charles

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M. Pratt at Glen Cove and Doctor Taylor's happiness there may be read in one of the many verses which he left at different times in Mrs. Pratt's guest book.

"'Sing us a song' they said in Babylon
To captive, homeless, prisoners.
'How can we?' cried the mourning ones,
And down they sat neath willow trees and wept.
And I could weep this morn, a homeless one.
And friendship's captive, as I'm leaving here
The love, the fellowship, a beauteous home,
To wander in the great and homeless world.
A song? How can I *now*? Let me come back
And then like Browning's thrush I'll sing
My 'song twice over'—glad in my memories,
Gladder in joys renewed and love refreshed."

After the stay at Glen Cove, the Taylors sought their old resting place in the Adirondacks, and from Little Moose Lake Doctor Taylor wrote to his sister, just after his birthday.

Aug. 7, 1916.

DEAREST SISTER,

It is surely good to *be* here, though we have not yet seen any of the weather we call Adirondack. It is "humide," as you quote! no clear views yet, a hot sun (very generally obscured), a threat of rain and dry as a bean. But Morgan (here for a week) and K. have gone to the falls, and to fish a little, and there is breeze enough to save them. I have not ambition enough yet to venture on any *efforts*: I am waiting for "the tonic effect." Of course that shows degeneracy for me, but I have had no chance to get back my full strength and robustness,—and am just waiting till I feel like being active.

I started to acknowledge your fine birth-day letter,—very cheering from its specific wishes as well as its affection. I heard from C. (a nice letter . . .), and from

M., and Miss McC. sent a little red notebook such as she has given me for years,—and dearest K. (when I gave her your letter to read) exclaimed, "Why it isn't the 5th, is it? I thought it the 6th, and I didn't forget it!" Yet why should anyone be good enough to remember it at all! But I am very grateful and I am glad you had nothing to send but your nice greetings.

Your life up there sounds "*good*,"—the family life (I am so glad you are having *that*) and the hills and the berrying (always seems nice to have somebody else doing *that*) and the golf,—and the work for the soldiers. Alas! work for others has not seemed to be as essential a part of our life as it used to be! . . .

Now I am going to walk to the Club house to dinner (12:30) and be rowed back. We get our breakfasts down here: it gives so much more time! A great deal of love to you—from us all.

As ever, yours,

JAMES.

The woods did not restore Doctor Taylor's strength, and in September it was considered necessary to consult doctors in Baltimore. There finally he spent several weeks of illness.

To Doctor Mary T. Bissell.

BALTIMORE,

Sept. 3, '16.

DEAREST SISTER,

Your sweet letter came to me last night. . . . It *has been* rather a dreary break that has so quickly turned us out of all our traditional channels to say nothing of turning health and vigor so suddenly into semi-invalidism. But of course all that we expect to be temporary, though it has been very real. There were days at Little Moose when I read and wrote and enjoyed the quiet camp,—but days also when I couldn't even write a letter or read a

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book, and just sat there with the sole gladness that we were surrounded by peace and beauty. . . . Meanwhile K. and M. are angels, doing all they can think of for this worthless old thing who is quite ashamed of himself and is wondering where all the stores of grace are he has tried to lay up these many years. . . .

After a while we will all be in N. Y. together, and all well, let us hope. Anyway it will be good to see you.

Yours ever,

JAMES.

From Baltimore, also, Doctor Taylor wrote a letter to Doctor Parker, planning happily for a proposed meeting of the quartette. This was the last letter written by him in the correspondence begun in 1864.

To Mr. Alonzo K. Parker.

Sunday A. M., Oct. 1.—

DEAR LON,

Your letter gave me joy and your suggestion of a possible meet here is noble of you. I am sure I can arrange my end of it. . . . I am sorry to have delayed this writing, but—well I'm not up to the line, and I haven't written a letter, even like this, for weeks. A postal a day, for three days past, is my epistolary record.

It will be *fine* if you can come, but you dear fellows mustn't impose too heavy a financial burden on yourselves. I need not tell you I shall be delighted if you can come and that I am sure that after a few days I shall be able to spend some hours with you and to drive at least an hour,—and perhaps two. For two days I have walked a little in the grounds, and for three or four have taken an hour's drive.

Am going out now, and dine out! Leave of absence restricted to three hours! Love to you—and the “fellows.”

As ever, affectionately yours,

JAMES.

To Mrs. Huntington Taylor.

HOTEL BELMONT,
NEW YORK,
October 29, 1916.

DEAR J.,

Your dear letter of the 20th inst. gave me *great* pleasure. It came just as I was getting up and about after a two days' "slump," due to nothing in particular but just poisons that seep in (I don't know how to spell that word: never saw it in print!) . . . and that will give me no trouble when I get stronger. It was a day of fever, &c., and then a quick recovery, and then your letter came and helped me on. Ever since I have thought I would answer at once, and tell you how I appreciate you, but I was getting up,—then being told I must report for an examination, and then, Friday p. m., that I couldn't have any more treatments for six weeks,—so Saturday A. M. we started for New York and glad we are to be here.

We have no plans, save that we must go to Poughkeepsie to vote, and spend a day or two. The "ladies" are about ready to seek dressmakers and shoe stores, &c.—having spent *all* their time looking after me. Poor things! More hospital-chasing (I was incarcerated *four* weeks!) and then beside a continual care—and such good care!—of me, day and night. Oh! but they've been angels! . . .

We were in Baltimore two months: we had visits from Uncle Lec. Aunt Mary, the Pratts, Morgan, and Drs. Parker and Rhoades. Nothing like my friends! But it wasn't altogether a hilarious life!

I am getting stronger and am *much* better. I walked a mile this afternoon,—the most yet. Another week ought to show much progress. The doctor says I may do what I like and eat what I like,—*but not to get over-tired*. And M. watches me! I have to lie down a good deal and sit about most of the remaining time. Here I shall have my clubs where I can amuse myself and read

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and write and meet friends—and still be able to lie down and rest, if need be.

We are mightily interested in the new house and your settlement in it. Many a time I have wished I could sit down on your piazza with you.

I have sent out a little Christmas present, by express, charges all prepaid. We found it in Baltimore and couldn't wait! *But you must!* Put the box away till Christmas!

We are much interested in your Spokane dissipations! Keep it up and broaden out your social friendships thus. Nice people are the nicest things there are.

Don't think of the jelly again, thank you. I hope to have a normal appetite before long and one beyond the need of allurements!

My wife, M., Aunt Mary, the Jessups, went below that I might rest awhile, but they would all join me in dearest love to Hunt, the children (wish I could *see* them!) and your own dear self.

Your loving
PAPA TAYLOR.

Doctor Taylor, after his return to New York, marshaled his strength towards the object to which characteristically his sense of duty directed him,—the casting his vote for President in the November elections. This brought him to the college to vote in the township of Arlington, so that with Mrs. Taylor and his daughter he spent several days at the home of Doctor and Mrs. William Bancroft Hill. Thin, not vigorous, but with his usual power of personality and warmth of feeling, he was able to greet a number of his friends and to visit again the various offices, the library and his beloved Taylor Hall.

Those of us who saw him at Vassar were not pre-

pared, even by the word of returning illness, for the news that was telephoned from New York to the college on the evening of December nineteenth. I can hardly write of how great the general feeling of bereavement was. Yet to his friends then and since, as countless letters prove, the joy in his life dominates over the shock and pain of the loss, and, as he would have wished, a spirit of quiet peace and beauty prevailed in the services on December twenty-first in the chapel at Vassar. The campus was white in deep snow, but its many pines and spruces stood, as always, evergreen. All the morning alumnæ kept coming, carrying flowers for their classes and branches, and these beautiful remembrances and others like them lay, "a light of laughing flowers," across the chapel platform,—a symbol of the loving thoughts of alumnæ all over the world. One felt as the organ played solemnly that the great room was filled with friends, all brought together by a common feeling and common bond. And indeed all were friends who took part in the service, Doctor Henry M. Sanders, a trustee, reading the passages of scripture, ¹Doctor Lyman Abbott uttering words of high inspiration from the noble life, of serene hope for the future, and the college choir singing at the end the familiar chant: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled. Neither let them be afraid." At the Poughkeepsie Cemetery, the few last words of the burial service were spoken by the devoted friends, Doctor Alonzo K. Parker and the Reverend James M. Bruce. The grave, which lies on a high knoll

¹ Psalm XXIII, John XIV. 1-6, Rom. VIII. 31-9; II Cor. V. 1-10, Thess. IV. 13-18, Rev. XXI. 1-5.

under a great spreading tree, is near that of Matthew Vassar, the Founder of the college, near, too, the beautiful Hudson river by which Doctor Taylor spent so many years. For such a life there should be no obituary,—"too glorious the fate and fair the doom; his grave an altar; instead of lamentation endless fame; his dirge a chant of praise." Death's illumination was not needed to give any new revelation of Doctor Taylor's life. In the ordinary light of everyday association he had stood forth a great man. Beyond the hopes of most men, his dreams had come true in his life-work for the education of women and for the growth of Vassar College. He had received in his life-time the loving appreciation of hundreds of women and men whom he had inspired and he had seen with humility monument after monument erected in honor of his work and of himself. The old Greek encomium might be engraved on tablets as a memorial for James Monroe Taylor:

"Hard is it to find a man truly noble, four-square in hand, foot, and mind, wrought without reproach,—a blameless man. So I, having found one, proclaim him, and praise him and cherish him,—one who voluntarily did nothing base."

Yet he has received a monument more lasting than bronze,—the living inspiration of his life in hundreds of other lives.



APPENDIX

PARTIAL LIST OF WRITINGS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR

I. PUBLISHED.

The Catechumenate.

(In Baptist Quarterly, v. 8, p. 412-426.)

Hints on How to Read the Bible.

(Clipping, unidentified. Reverse lists the officers of the Central Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., probably between 1879 and 1889.)

The Education We Need.

(Apparently a clipping from a Baptist magazine about November, 1879.)

The Place of Preaching in the Plan of God.

(In Baptist Review, 1881, v. 3, p. 366-378.)

Inaugural Address at Vassar College, June 9, 1886.

(In Scrapbook, Vassar College, v. 1, p. 169. Undated newspaper clipping.)

Future of the Woman's College.

(In Vassar College. Addresses at the celebration of the completion of the 25th academic year of Vassar College, 1890, p. 65-96.)

Statements to the Board of Trustees of Vassar College Concerning the Need for a Residence Hall for Students and a Building for Lecture and Recitation Purposes. Poughkeepsie, 1891.

(In Vassar College. Documentary History, v. 2, no. 55.)

Elements of Psychology.

(Privately printed for the use of college classes. Poughkeepsie, 1892.)

To What Extent is Student Government Available as a Means of College Discipline?

(In Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Proceedings of the Annual Convention, 1892, v. 4, p. 75-78.)

Report for a Committee Appointed by the Board of Trustees of Vassar College to Investigate the Practicability of Grading Prices for Students' Rooms, by J. M. Taylor and Helen Backus for the Committee, November, 1892.

(In Vassar College. Documentary History, v. 2, no. 48.)

Neglect of the Student in Recent Educational Theory.

(Address before the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, 1893.)

Speech at the Luncheon at the Centennial Anniversary of the Founding of Williams College, October 10, 1893.

(In Williams College. Record of the Commemoration, 1894, p. 292-297.)

To the Alumnae of Vassar College: A Statement of the Condition of the College as Regards Its Accommodations for the Residence and Class-room Work of Students, October 30, 1894.

(In Vassar College. Documentary History, v. 2, no. 53.)

The Report of the Committee of Ten.

(In School Review, 1894, v. 2, p. 193-199.)

Graduate Work in the College.

(In Educational Review, 1894, v. 8, p. 62-74.)

Dr. Robinson as a Trustee and Friend.

(In Robinson, E. G. Autobiography, 1896, p. 337-345.)

Change in Entrance Requirements to Vassar College.

(In School Review, April 1897, v. 5, p. 242-243.)

Address of Welcome.

(In Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Proceedings of the 11th Annual Convention held at Vassar College, November 26-27, 1897, p. 31-33.)

Address.

(In Union College. 1795-1895. A Record of the Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding, 1897, p. 198-212.)

Address.

(In Smith College. Celebration of the Quarter-Centenary, 1900, p. 166-178.)

Education by Church and School in Social Righteousness :
Address.

(In New York State Conference of Religion. Proceedings, 1900, v. 1, p. 132-137.)

A New World and an Old Gospel. Philadelphia, 1901,
44 p.

(Annual Oration before the Alumni of the Rochester Theological Seminary, May 9, 1900.)

Report of the President of Vassar College, 1901, 1904-
05, 1908-13.

(1902, 1903, 1906, 1907 not printed.)

Is It Justifiable to Break the Treaties with the Indian
Tribes of New York?

(In Lake Mohonk Conference. Proceedings of the 19th Annual Meeting, 1901, p. 126-128.)

Practical or Ideal? New York, 1901, 28 p.

(What Is Worth While Series.)

Relative Functions and Powers of President, Trustees
and Faculty: A Summary.

(In Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Proceedings 1902, v. 16, p. 80-83.)

Shall We Send Our Girl to Boarding-school?

(In the Sunday School Times, August 16, 1902, vol. 44, no. 33.)

Letter to the Alumnæ of Vassar with Reference to the
Pressing Need for a Fund whose Income Shall Be De-
voted Solely to Educational Ends. February, 1903.

(In Vassar College. Documentary History, v. 2, no. 59.)

The Education of Women.

(In *World's Work*, August, 1903, v. 6, p. 3751-3753.)

What Should Be the Length of the College Course?

(In *Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Proceedings*, 1903, v. 17, p. 64-72.)

The Aim of Education and the Purpose of the Church.

(Clipping from *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, December 3, 1903.)

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